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DIRECTIONS:—Cream shortening and sugar together until very light; add water slowly, almost drop by drop, and beat constantly; add flavoring and stir in the flour and baking powder which have been sifted together twice; fold in the whites of eggs which have been beaten until stiff and dry; pour into two greased layer tins and bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Put together with any filling or icing.

LADY FINGERS

White of 1 egg
⅓ cup powdered sugar
Yolk of 1 egg
1/16 teaspoon salt
⅔ cup flour
¼ teaspoon vanilla
3 tablespoons hot water
1 teaspoon Royal Baking Powder.

Makes 13 Lady Fingers

The old method called for 3 eggs and no baking powder

DIRECTIONS:—Beat white of egg until stiff and dry; add sugar gradually and continue beating; add yolk of egg beaten until thick, then the flavoring and hot water. Fold in flour which has been sifted with baking powder and salt. Put in lady finger tins, sprinkle with powdered sugar and bake 8 minutes in moderate oven; remove from tins while hot.

SPONGE CAKE

1 cup sugar
½ cup water
3 eggs
2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 cup flour
1 teaspoon salt
⅓ cup cold water
1 teaspoon flavoring

The old method called for 6 eggs and no baking powder

DIRECTIONS:—Boil sugar and water until it spins a thread and add to the stiffly beaten whites of eggs, beating until the mixture is cold. Sift together three times, the flour, salt and baking powder, and add alternatively to the white mixture with the yolks of eggs beaten stiff. Add ⅓ cup cold water and flavoring. Mix lightly and bake in moderate oven about one hour.

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2 cups flour
1 cup milk
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
2 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon salt
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Contents for April

War Against War . . . . . **Anonymous** 9
An amazing record, a thrilling glimpse ahead, a prophecy that may come true!
Illustrations by Anton Otto Fischer

The Lifted Veil [*Concluded*] . . . **Basil King** 11
Illustration by James Montgomery Flagg

How to Have Better Children . . **Cleveland Moffett** 13
The finest article yet in the "How to Live Long and Love Long" series
Illustration by Arthur I. Keller
Photograph of Mr. Moffett, Copyrighted by Press Illustration Service, Inc.

What of the Children? [*Poem*] **Hermann Hagedorn** 14

Brew of Ashes . . . . . **Ida M. Evans** 14
Illustration by C. E. Chambers

April's On the Wind [*Poem*] . . **Edwin Markham** 16

The Great Dominion Bank Robbery **George S. Dougherty** 17
The first of two true yarns, giving a vivid account of an amazing crime
Pictures by W. J. Enright

The Wealth in Waste . . **Waldemar Kaempffert** 18
A wonder article that will make you sit up

She's in the Movies Now . . **Drawn by W. E. Hill** 19

Summer [*Serial*] . . . . . **Edith Wharton** 20
Illustration by F. Walter Taylor

The Better Part [*Poem*] . . **Theodosia Garrison** 20

The Opal Morning . . . **Ethel Watts Mumford** 23
A story of a wild night—and what followed—in wild Manhattan
Illustrations by Thomas Fogarty

Someone and Somebody [*Concluded*] **Porter Emerson Browne** 25
Illustrations by Clarence F. Underwood

Trailing Human Nature . . . . **Fred C. Kelly** 27
Sketches by Rea Irvin

The Unhappy Medium . . . . **H. C. Witwer** 28
Illustrations by Tony Sarg

The Invasion of Slang . . **Richard Le Gallienne** 30

Reorganization Opportunities . **Albert W. Atwood** 70

Questions Concerning Foods and Drugs **Professor Lewis B. Allyn** 77

Keeping Up the Cost of Living **Waldemar Kaempffert** 78
A problem in roads, legislation and motor trucks

Cover Design by Neysa McMein

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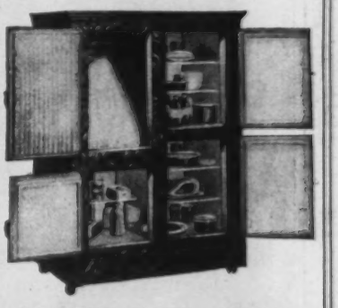

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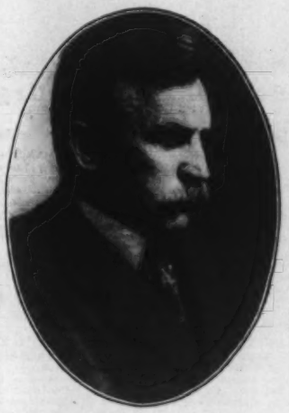

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My ideal was a magazine that would exploit a true knowledge on such subjects as really contribute to our progress and well-being, individually and collectively.

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S. S. McClure

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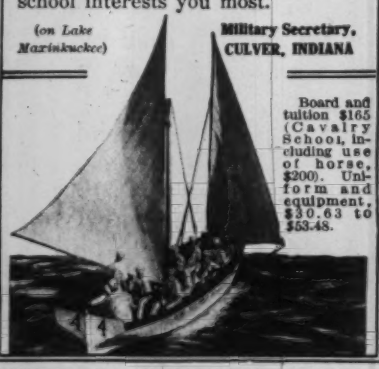

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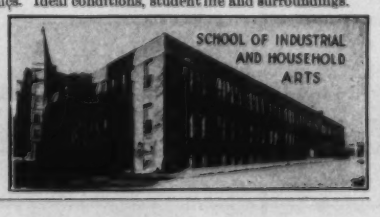

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McClure's April Bulletin

of Pure Foods and Toilet Preparations

THE following food products, beverages and toilet preparations, advertised in McClure's, have been investigated and approved by Professor Lewis B. Allyn, Food Editor of The McClure Publications. In recommending these goods to McClure readers through this Bulletin each month we believe that we can help you safeguard your buying. All have been advertised in McClure's Magazine within the past year. Others will be added to the list each month. Watch this list and use it as a buying guide.

Baby Foods

Borden's Condensed Milk Co.
Great Valley Mills Whole Infant Foods
Mellin's Food (Page 7)

Baking Powders

Royal Baking Powder (Page 2)

Beverages

Walter Baker & Co.
Postum (Page 37)

Candies and Confections

Dean's Cough Drops
Lowney's Chocolates
Luden's Cough Drops
Smith Brothers' Cough Drops
Sterling Gum
Whitman's Chocolates (Page 59)

Cereals

Grape Nuts (4th cover)
Quaker Oats Co. (Page 53)
Shredded Wheat (Page 36)

Crackers and Biscuits

National Biscuit Company

Fish Products

Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes
Frank E. Davis Fish Co.

Fruits

Atwood Grapefruit Company

Miscellaneous Food Products

Genesee Pure Food Co. Jell-O
Heinz 57 Varieties
Hill Bros (Page 75)
Holcomb & Hoke Mfg. Co.
Swift & Co.

Soups

Campbell Varieties (Page 31)

Tonics

Malt-Nutrine
Pabst Extract Co.
Sanatogen

Toilet Preparations

Baldpate Hair Tonic
Carmen Powder
Colgate's Products
Cuticura Soap
Depree Chemical Co.
Fairy Soap (3rd cover)
Florence Mfg. Co. (Page 78)
Hinds, A. S. (Page 7)
Ivory Soap (Page 8)
B. J. Johnson Soap Co.
Lambert Pharmacal Co., Listerine (Page 78)
Mülhens & Kropff Products
"Mum" Mfg. Co.
Newskin Company (Page 7)
"Nujol" (Page 66)
Oakland Chemical Co.
Packer's Tar Soap
Palmolive Products
Pebeco Tooth Paste (Page 55)
Pompeian Night Cream
Resinol Soap
Paul Rieger's Perfumes
Woodbury's Facial Soap

Miscellaneous

Pompeian Olive Oil
Pompeian Salad Dressing

All food products and beverages advertised in McClure's Magazine must conform to the Westfield standard, as follows:

The McClure-Westfield Standard of Pure Foods

Foods shall not contain added ALUM, COPPER, FORMALDEHYDE, SULPHUROUS ACID or its Salts, BORIC ACID or its Salts, BENZOIC ACID or its Salts, FORMIC ACID or its Salts, HYDROFLUORIC ACID or its Salts, SALICYLIC ACID or its Salts, nor any other non-condimental preservative.

Food shall not be colored with COAL TAR DYES, nor with poisonous VEGETABLE COLORS, nor be contaminated with inert fillers, nor shall any substance be taken therefrom or added thereto so as to injuriously affect their quality, strength or purity.

Foods shall be packed and sold under sanitary conditions and package goods shall bear no DISHONEST LABEL nor labels bearing any EXTRAVAGANT or OBSCURE STATEMENTS.

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Volume XLVIII
Number 6

McCLURE'S

APRIL
1917

FREDERICK L. COLLINS, *Editor* CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Managing Editor*

War Against War

HERE is an amazing record, supposed to be written in 1923—a few years after the present world cataclysm. For many reasons, the author's name cannot be revealed; but no more hopeful document has come from a profound thinker. It is a thrilling glimpse ahead, an inspiration, a prophecy that may come true. Who knows?

Illustrations by Anton Otto Fischer

From each of the tossing launches there stepped two closely hooded figures

IT matters little who I, that tell the story, may be. Suffice it to say that it was my lot in the course of an advance one winter's day during the great European war, to meet fairly the blast of a shrapnel that broke in front of a charging line. I have since known racking days and wakeful nights, when the events that led up to the culminating flash of the shell, leaving me a human only in soul and mind, march before my consciousness in grim array.

The resources of the world and the triumphs of science cannot endow mankind with power to create the most infinitesimal spark of life; yet faculty is conferred upon him to terminate human existence.

It is not fitting that he should do this thing. It is not just that man should unnecessarily take away that which he may not replace or so violate the greatest individual right existent—that to live. He should not be permitted, through interdict of public opinion, to maim his fellows or bring adversity to others dependent upon them because individuals or communities differ in opinion. Therefore, to me war was the most hideous thing that remained of a barbaric past in an acclaimed age of civilization.

But despite my shattered condition, due to war, I am not bitter against the unknown who fired the shot that laid me low, nor am I prepared to hold accountable even the highest official of the nation that warred against me, or against which I, a mere cog in a national machine, warred. It was no individual fault of theirs; they held no personal brief against me. But it was, undoubtedly, the fault of the world-wide system that countenanced and advocated the reference of national differences to force of arms.

It has been my pleasure, with the aid of a faithful amanuensis, to while away dreary hours spent prostrate in my helplessness by jotting down for my own information a running chronicle of the awakening of the earth to realization of its own false system of internationalism, the achievement of amalgamation, the great Last War, between Occident and Orient, the solving of public problems and the developments resulting as the infant world-nation progressed from its first toddling steps to the confident stride of a virile young maturity.

THE AUTHOR.

One starlit night in late October, 1923, a great battle-cruiser, whose towering basket-masts proclaimed her an American, rolled lazily in the swells of mid-Atlantic with engines turning over only sufficiently to keep her to the course laid out. An air of mystery seemed to hover over the warship.

Near the distant horizon, answering points of light told of the proximity of another ship. Members of the crew of the American hung about the rail, watching the other ship as she slowly took form through the night. The men were not verbally curious, though, for word had been passed through the divisions that curiosity would not be a wise thing to display.

From the captain down, all knew of the two mysterious ones who had boarded the *Oregon* so quietly two nights before. And no one aboard, save the captain and his steward, had since seen them.

The nearing warship slowed down, and soon the churning of propellers in reverse told of a stop about half a mile away. A faint festoon of lights outlined the lowered gangway as a slim barge crept to the foot of the wave-washed ladder.

To complicate the situation, another ship appeared from a more westerly direction. She went through the same movements, while the crews silently wondered.

A little later, two barges came alongside the American ship. Nimble sailors caught stanchion with boat-hook and from each of the swaying, tossing launches there stepped two closely hooded figures, to grope an unaccustomed way up the ship's ladder to the quarterdeck.

Without pause or formality the cloaked figures were escorted to the flag quarters which had been given over to the mysterious passengers. For an instant only, the door was opened as the quartette entered, then it closed abruptly and the captain's marine orderly took his post, on guard before the portal.

All the world now knows of the results which followed that conference. To put the matter briefly, within the cabin the President of the United States, accompanied by his Secretary of State, stepped forward as the door closed on the visitors. His face was rather pale, an outward sign of his consciousness of the moment's importance, and he addressed the Czar of all the Russias.

"Your Imperial Majesty," he said, "I greet you in the name of my country," and he extended a hand to the first visitor.

Another figure threw aside the great cloak which had enshrouded him and a man in mufti, with beard shot with gray, emerged. Impulsively he pressed forward, as though to forestall formality.

"Your Excellency," came the words, "history may date from this hour." It was the King of England who spoke.

This is the first time the story of the conference has been publicly told. The meeting of the three rulers, accompanied by their premiers, had been arranged with the utmost care for secrecy and detail. So staggering and momentous a movement as the attempt to unite the countries of the world under a common government could not have been launched except in the personal presence of the rulers and their chief advisers.

Confidential messengers of exalted rank had crossed and recrossed the ocean in an effort to arrange the conference; and while no actual details of the scheme had been discussed during the time of preparation, understanding was such that the lines were laid for the meeting most willingly. The devastation which had followed the termination of the world-war had become such a grievous burden, the monarchs recognized that only heroic measures could relieve the situation.

With careful purpose, the press had been informed that the President, wearied by the cares of office, had decided to seek a few days' rest on the *Mayflower*. The simplicity with which such trips were undertaken from Washington had lent itself to the plan, and he had sailed from the Navy Yard without undue attention.

The battle-cruiser *Oregon* had steamed outside the Capes to await the arrival of the *Mayflower*.

On a night carefully chosen for lack of moon, the *Mayflower* had cast anchor beyond range of recognition from the *Oregon*. In a dancing small boat, the President had motored away to the battle-cruiser, muffled to his eyes.

At first it was feared that difficulty might arise as to the place of meeting. Royal procedure is as exact as a micrometer scale, with precedence and formality gov-

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erning. But, with the world groveling in distress, rising to the occasion and sweeping precedent aside, the monarchs consented to a meeting aboard the American ship.

Perhaps the concessions as to the meeting-place might not have been so readily agreed to had it not been for the prominent part the United States had played in the settlement of the great war.

In warfare, great importance attaches to last reserves and the final mustering of strength. Fortunately, the United States had, with a national demand for peace, managed to keep skirts clear until the last straw had been laid upon its patience. Perhaps the inscrutable ways of Divine Providence had raised up the man who, from the presidential chair, had made it the main issue of his campaign for re-election and the great object of his official efforts to make his country prepare for defense; for, when the storm broke and a united country arose and demanded war, the celerity with which the almost brand-new theoretical forces of the country mobilized startled the wiseacres of Europe, long become prone to dismiss with a smile the possibility of prompt and decisive action on the part of America.

Thus it was that when the United States, after only six months' preparation, due to efficient though belated organization, sent a completely equipped army of two million men to Europe, its weight promptly turned the tide of war and decided the outcome within a short time.

In consequence, therefore, the place of America at the Council-table had become conspicuous.

It may be well to review, briefly, the salient events of the war.

Time's perspective shows us how the war came about. Through the centuries, ambitious men of power have dreamed of world conquest, not so much for the sake of the peace and welfare of the world as for the individual glory of their names and eras.

Franz Josef of Austria was rapidly approaching the end of his allotted span of years, when Austria-Hungary would cease to be held beneath his hand. Statesmen believed that dissension in Austria would inevitably arise upon the monarch's death. With his dream of empire, and in anticipation of Austria's upheaval, the Serejevo assassination became the nail upon which the Kaiser could hang the cloak of his ambition for Teutonic supremacy. The time was ripe, for Germany was prepared. And the Kaiser struck.

Hope had been that great England would stand aloof —until too late for her own salvation—but the violation of Belgian soil had brought her into the war. As a matter of fact, the cause of Belgium had been but a pretext.

England feared to let Germany extend her frontiers to the North Sea, well knowing that if victory crowned the Kaiser's eagle, King Albert's land would become annexed to the empire — a constant threat to Albion.

For a year, the Entente managed to hold back the hordes of Germany and Austria, particularly on the west. Then, with corps after corps solidly intrenched in successive holding lines before the Rhine, the Central Empires threw all their remaining forces against Russia and forced her back, through Warsaw and almost to Petrograd, until the forces of the Czar were broken and rendered ineffective for months.

Then Teutonia shifted her attack to the west. Bulgaria, bargaining for territory, threw in her lot with the Kaiser and a combined force strove to break a clear way through Serbia to beleaguered Turkey.

For a year and a half, England, with some idea of forming last reserves, was not sufficiently aroused and held her hand.

Russia, groaning under carrying what was to her the entire weight of the war, turned scathing tongue upon England and France. Negotiations were in progress for the making of a separate peace, dictated by grim necessity, when Japan, lusting for the absorption of the Orient, offered her full forces actively against Teutonia if the Entente would give her free hand in China. As all know, the offer was accepted and the Kaiser girded his loins afresh for the fray — valiant, hope-inspired Kaiser!

The military forces of the Entente had been seriously handicapped, until this juncture, by their failure to agree upon a common head. There were personal and national jealousies which created friction and distrust. France and Russia thought that England was not doing her full part in the prosecution of the war; Russia was suspicious of both England and France, and Great Britain, in turn, was so steeped in tradition of the past that, not able to realize the deficiencies of her leadership in modern warfare, she was unwilling to surrender full direction of military affairs to the French.

The spirit of France, more than almost any other factor, had held the Allies together. It became generally known about this time that in the beginning of the war Germany had offered France Alsace and Lorraine if she would remain passive.

The offer was sorely tempting, for France had nursed the grievance of her lost provinces ever since the Franco-Prussian war. Public officials and private citizens realized that their sons were about to go to the front, in all human probability to be killed or maimed.

"Gentlemen," said the President, "time is too pressing to delay cutting straight to the heart of the subject. May I state my proposition?"

By the acceptance of Germany's offer, the lives of these boys might be saved.

But some underlying appreciation of the horror of warfare and the question whether it might not be possible to terminate war forever by fighting it out to the bitter end, served to make official France hesitate. To a certain extent, decision was left to the women of the land.

Their answer welled up promptly.

"Never mind Alsace and Lorraine," they said; "we are not fighting only for them. We are fighting that war may be ended for all time and a menace removed. Our fathers, husbands, sons and brothers may die in the struggle. But better it is, if we cannot end strife forever, that we all die; we fight for our children's children."

And so the offer of the provinces was declined.

But to continue. With the active introduction of Japanese forces into Europe proper, the great handicap was removed, for Japan insisted. The Entente powers were brought to realize the necessity for the establishment of an allied general staff to direct the forces, and one was agreed upon.

Not until Japan's million attacked Turkey from the East, however, was the local issue decided. When it became apparent that Turkey must fall under the new general assault, by superhuman efforts and the most magnificent campaign the world has ever seen, Germany and Austria managed to extricate their endangered forces, then practically surrounded, and beat a successful retreat into the Teutonic domains proper. There it became a vast siege.

The women of the empires went into the fields to garner the crops, and into the munition factories, too, that the needs of the fighting line might be met.

Aroused to the grimness of the moment, realizing the lengths to which Germany would go should she become ultimately victorious — and the possibility teetered in the balance on more than one breathless occasion — England awoke. From the four corners of her great empire a stream of men and munitions rolled into the breach. Added to the four million of France and the tiny handful from lost Belgium, Great Britain sent four million men into the field.

Determined to sweep into Germany at any cost, the Entente launched attack after attack until the reserves veritably hurled themselves across the barbed-wire entanglements over bridges formed by the bodies of the slain.

But it availed little and the cost was terrific. Line after line of trench was encountered, held solidly and stolidly by the Kaiser's hosts. As assaults followed upon the successive lines, the defenders of the Fatherland were beaten back — but only to the Rhine. There, the deadlock which had marked the first years of the war obtained again, and the outnumbering forces of the Allies beat fruitlessly against the defense.

Exact figures have not yet been compiled but it is estimated that up to this time, six years after the war began, the losses in dead on both sides amounted to more than eight million men. Add to this the estimated casualties divided between wounded and prisoners, and the losses reached the staggering total of twenty million men!

While physically Germany and Austria were holding their own internal conditions were alarming. No people on earth, no matter how fiercely burned the spark of so-called patriotism in their breasts, could withstand the constant grueling of a prolonged war waged upon the scale of the great conflict. The mutterings of discontent and distress from what was left of the masses became more sullen, and the government suppressed such rumblings with ruthless hand. Germany was fighting, not alone for her ideal, but for her very existence.

Food became scarcer, for the blockade of the seas was absolute except for what meager supplies were run in by the great submarine freighters which became an accomplished fact in 1917. And that source of supply was materially affected in 1919. The Octopus mines, with which England strewed the seas — really, small submerged boats which floated with arms extended for a quarter of a mile in each direction — destroyed freighter after freighter, and Germany writhed under the loss.

The United States became a great shop for the manufacture of munitions of war. Destinies seem to work themselves out surely and the part which America was to take in world-regeneration was directly attributable to the great war and its demand for supply, for, as the sinews of war were delivered, the hoarded gold of Europe poured into the coffers of America in exchange and at last that country practically controlled the finances of the world.

Realizing that all hope of success, all chance of saving the Fatherland as a state, rested in a desperate throw of the dice, Germany threw. Relying deliberately upon the invariable magnanimity which America had ever shown to a defeated foeman, Germany sought to drag the United States into the conflict. After the Allies had stated their peace terms, and Germany had refused to state hers, she sent a fleet of submarines across the Atlantic, ostensibly under the command of a flag officer acting upon his own initiative, and within the very harbor of New York, every merchant vessel sailing was torpedoed or shelled. To make certain that there might be no question as to which country made the attack, one German submarine was permitted to ground and fall into the hands of the American torpedo flotilla, which dashed up in response to the radio's call.

Then the storm broke. The people of the United States arose and with one voice demanded that a stop be put to the war. It is significant that even in this crisis there was no great heat of indignation against Germany. Only too well did the people sense her object. A national sigh of relief ascended, so weary had they become of the war, when it became apparent that the government was not loth to intervene at last. And the American people demanded that, so long as the country was going to war, it should go adequately.

About this time there occurred the first of the diplomatic alliances which were to mark the solving of the world-problem.

Naturally, the United States was not the only neutral country appalled at the war. Other and lesser countries shared the feeling, among them the staunch little republic of Switzerland.

The forces of America were being organized speedily, equipped with the stored munitions which the foresight of a great man had provided against the day of need. They were officered by the youth of the land which had been given its first training in the free military schools that had sprung up when the preparedness plan had been put into effect.

But while the United States armed, diplomacy and strategy were not lacking.

There occurred an epoch-making conference between the American Secretary of State and the President of Switzerland. What the actual understanding was is not known; but when the successive American expeditions sailed, under convoy of the navy, after the landings were made near Bordeaux they were practically lost sight of by the public — until news was flashed across the Atlantic that the entire force had fallen upon the German left from across the Swiss Frontier.

And Swiss pressed forward with the Americans in the cause of humanity.

It developed the one great combined movement of the war. At the same moment the Teutonic lines recoiled before the flank attack, the waiting forces of France, England, Russia, Italy and Japan advanced.

With grim devotion, determination and pride, even though reconciled to defeat, Germany and Austria rallied in an attempt to stem the onset; but as well strive to check the sweep of a tidal wave. Gone were opportunities for combination and the shift of decisive forces from one frontier to another by means of the wonderful railway system, for the troops were involved in combat on every front. The perfectly functioning organization which had directed the war, collapsed. Something seemed to give way. Reeling under overwhelming defeat, the Teutonic forces broke beneath the strain. From Berlin, hemmed about by a wall of living steel and lambent death, the imperial standard of the Kaiser was lowered in token of defeat.

But it had taken a world in arms to accomplish it!

Then came the peace conference. The delegates met at Potsdam. Within three weeks after the fall of Berlin the diplomatic vultures gathered, each commissioner's mind laden with the thought of what he might secure for his own country from the grab-bag of war.

There were represented England, France, Russia, the United States, Italy, Japan, Switzerland, Belgium, Servia, Montenegro and Greece. And beaten, facing them were the commissioners of the Teutonic alliance. As the face of Europe — and probably the globe — was to be revised, representatives of other countries of the world were admitted in an advisory capacity.

The partition of Germany, Austria and Turkey was a foregone conclusion in the minds of European diplomats. But it was demonstrated that Germany had been right in her surmise that the United States would prove a generous victor. For, controlling the finances of the world, that wealth needed at once for the rehabilitation of war-riven Europe, America was unshakable in her determination that the identity of the conquered countries should not be obliterated.

In retrospect, it seems to have been a just stand. There was no questioning the fact that the victors should receive certain remuneration for the hardships of war; victory was entitled to a fair price. A great indemnity was countenanced; the autonomy of Poland was agreed to; the restoration of Belgium, with the addition to it of the Rhine Provinces of northern Germany, was deemed adequate to pay for King Albert's saving stand — and the devastation which had followed it. France was allowed her lost provinces of Alsace and Lorraine — even though they had originally been taken from Germany in the days of Turenne.

It was also agreed that Italy should extend her frontiers until the crests of [*Continued on page 57*]

The Lifted Veil

by BASIL KING

This Dramatic Serial Is Concluded This Month

IN the end the pressure of many considerations forced Bainbridge's consent to a marriage before Lent. What reluctance he felt was on Clorinda's account; and yet her persisting eagerness produced its effect on him. She made him feel like a man holding open a door to one who was running from a danger. The existence of the danger coming to be admitted by both, she persuaded him that once she was within the shelter he commanded there would be nothing more to fear.

So the date was fixed for the Monday before Ash Wednesday, and made known only to the Pallisers and Galloways. For reasons Bainbridge was never able to fathom Clorinda also confided the secret to Malcolm Grant by means of Mary Galloway, after which two unquiet presences obtruded themselves on the prospective bridegroom's field of vision.

For the first time, too, they began to roam side by side. A coalition between Mary Galloway and Malcolm Grant was so unexpected as to arouse speculation. Bainbridge noticed them frequently together. Sometimes it was at the breaking up of a meeting on the subject of supplies for the wounded at which Grant had been the chief speaker; sometimes it was in the street; there was a Sunday on which Grant was seated in the rector's pew and went to the rectory to lunch. A little buzzing went through the parish as to the consolation dear Mary might find in the society of the rich Canadian.

And Mary was as much, too, with Clorinda. As the wedding day drew nearer the intimacy between them seemed to grow. In proportion as Clorinda shrank from Leslie and Maggie Palliser — Bainbridge noticed that! — she clung to the only woman who was near her and whom she was certain she could trust. In this trust Mary found apparently an assuagement of her ache at heart, and of all Clorinda's expeditions to dressmakers and shops she was the companion. Bainbridge felt indeed as if, in some odd way, they formed a trio, Clorinda, Mary, and Malcolm Grant, while he was a spectator and apart.

During the ten days before Lent he was struck with this—not suspiciously or anxiously, or at least not more suspiciously or anxiously than before. He was only curious as to what it portended, or as to whether or not it portended anything. It was only on the evening before the day set for his marriage that he learned that it portended nothing at all — as far as Mary Galloway was concerned.

They were in the rectory drawing-room, where Dr. and Mrs. Galloway had left them alone, not from intention but because they had been summoned to the telephone. As far as Bainbridge had observed neither of Mary's parents had ever planned anything between him and her, or had betrayed by so much as a sigh a perception that their daughter was suffering. They had asked him to their Sunday night supper as a sign of informal farewell, and had asked Clorinda with him. Clorinda had declined on the ground that the ceremony being fixed for eight the next morning she needed the time for preparation and rest; but Bainbridge had been secretly glad of this friendly refuge for his last unmarried evening, especially with his accumulated burden of thought. In other circumstances the house in Sixty-ninth Street would have been his natural resort, but

he had been unable as yet to overcome a sense of discomfort in going there. Nevertheless Maggie and Leslie were to be at the service of the following morning, as neither Leslie nor Clorinda could afford to have it otherwise.

"If he tells you things," Bainbridge felt himself provoked to say, as he and Mary sat in the glow of the vellum shade painted in fruits and flowers, "it's probably in the hope that you'll repeat them to Clorinda."

"He's never said so."

"But what have you thought?"

"Oh, I've thought that."

"And have you done it?"

"Not always."

"But sometimes."

"When I saw no harm in it."

"And Clorinda — was she glad or sorry?"

"If there was anything to make her sorry I didn't tell it."

"So that he said things that made her glad. Glad in what way?"

"In whatever way the thing he said might happen to apply."

"That is, there were many ways."

"There were *some* ways."

"And some ways in which he could have made her sorry if you'd told her what he said. What kind of ways would they have been?"

She glanced up at him, with the light that used to be mockery in the sparkle of her eye. "Suppose you ask her."

"I have asked her. She hasn't any secrets from me — now —" he subjoined the words: "I think." It was her odd expression that prompted him to add: "What should *you* say?"

"What can I say but what you say yourself? How should I know?"

He laughed. "Oh, you'd know all right." He went on, with emphasis: "You do know, don't you?"

"If I knew anything Clorinda hasn't told you, do you think I ought to betray it?"

"I think you might judge. Considering your position of — of friendship toward all of us ——"

She surprised him by getting up in the middle of his sentence and moving to a seat in the obscurity, further off. "You're going to be married tomorrow morning —" she began.

"He's gone to see her this evening," Bainbridge interrupted, abruptly. "She gave him leave to come. That's one reason why she couldn't be here. You knew that, didn't you?"

"Yes; I knew it both from him and from her. He's gone to give her a wedding present. She could hardly refuse to receive him when that was his excuse."

"What's he giving her?"

"He wanted to give her a ring, but she wouldn't take it —" Bainbridge put his hand to his breast, where he could feel a half-hoop of diamonds suspended by a ribbon cutting into his flesh —"so he's made it a bracelet."

"And she's going to take that?"

"She couldn't help herself without being rude."

For a minute he made no response, staring meditatively at the floor. When he looked up it was to say, brusquely: "Did you know her when he was about here, two and three years ago?"

"Oh, yes. Not as well as I do now, but ——"

"And what did you think?"

She tried to take this indifferently. "Oh, just what everybody else thought. People have experiences like that, but they pass ——"

"Did this pass?"

"What do you mean?"

"What I'm asking you. She was in love with him then; isn't she still in love with him now?"

Again she got up, moving to another spot in the room. From the angle between the wall and the projecting chimneypiece, with her hand resting lightly on the mantel, she said: "I wish you wouldn't ask me things like that — when you're going to be married tomorrow morning."

"Oh, but I'm not going to be married for love; that is," he subjoined, "not on her side — not what *I* call love."

"But if she calls it love —— "

"She doesn't — except with qualifications that do away with the meaning of the word. She's marrying me — out of respect."

"But if it's a respect so deep —— "

He laughed again. "Oh, yes; very deep; and yet not so deep but what — but what it has a bottom." Springing to his feet he followed her to her refuge in the angle of the chimneypiece, where there was no light to fall on her face. He hardly knew what urged him on. The idea he wanted to express had never come actively into his mind before. It had been there latently, but not in a way that had ever permitted him to suspect it. "Mary, tell me." At the sound of her name on his lips, a sound she had never before heard, she shrank further back. "Tell me, Mary. What's the matter with her respect for me? It's splendid — and yet — and yet she has reserves even there."

"I don't know what you mean," she declared, helplessly.

"She must have talked to you about me. Women always talk to some other woman. You probably know more of us than we know of ourselves. She's told you what it is about me — what it is I haven't got — that keeps her from really caring anything about me — Oh, Mary," he pleaded, "it means a lot to me. We're going to be married tomorrow morning, and if I'm ever to —— "

He could see her lips moving faintly. When he thought it over afterwards he could do justice to the struggle she was going through. He was sure she would rather have torn out her tongue than interfere between Clorinda and himself, that nothing but the fact that he had adjured her by her position of friendship toward them all had influenced her to speak. Even so it was with a kind of terrified panting that she got the words out.

"She never said anything to me — but once."

He knew he was getting near the heart of the secret he wanted to fathom. "And then it was —? Go on."

"She said — she said she'd told you something — she didn't say what it was — and I've no idea — but she told you — and you'd taken it — I forget the exact word she used — but I think it was — too leniently."

"Too leniently?" he cried. "She said that?"

"Oh, but not the way I'm putting it. She meant — I know what she meant," she struggled on, "or I think I do; but it's hard to put into words. She said she'd told the same thing to another man — she didn't say who — but I guessed — and he almost — he almost trampled her under his feet."

"And she liked that better?" Something that was indignation as much as it was anguish compelled him to ask the question with a shout.

"No; she didn't like it better; she only thought — Oh, why do you make me say it? — she only thought it was the way a man who was going to marry a woman would feel — naturally — and the way he would act — brutally was the word she used there — I remember now — she said that if he didn't think and act brutally — in such circumstances — it was a sign that he wasn't

The woman of the lifted veil

wholly a man — or something like that — but that he was too much — too much like God —— "

He laughed aloud, with an irreverence that shocked himself.

"Oh, don't misunderstand her —— "

"I *don't* misunderstand her. I know exactly what ——"

But Dr. and Mrs. Galloway having appeared on the threshold he was obliged to break off. When, after a vain endeavor to recapture the tone of ordinary conversation, he stammered his good-nights, the rector accompanied him to the door. There was no serious leave-taking, nor any reference to the event of the next day beyond the assurance that Bainbridge could feel quite easy in his mind as to taking his fortnight's leave.

But as he walked homewards the young man recalled the words he had read in a translation of a Russian play:

"A woman likes admiration, but she gives herself only to the man who despises her a little."

Malcolm Grant had despised Clorinda — despised her yet perhaps — and he had not!

Or had he?

Though the ceremony was not to take place till eight Bainbridge was at the church before seven, letting himself in by the vestry door, turning on a discreet light or two, and unlocking the main entrance. He did this himself, since it had been considered prudent not to give away the secret by sharing it with the sexton. Caution had become the more necessary for the reason that on the preceding Saturday the periodical to which Miss Higgins remained a contributor foretold the approaching nuptials with a startling degree of exactitude. In the kindly, almost caressing, notice of Mrs. Gildersleeve and himself Bainbridge read the signs of Miss Higgins's gratitude as well as of her new tone toward her public. In the matter of the ceremony he admired her faculty for putting two and two together even though it threatened some inconvenience to himself.

Having finished his tasks he went into a pew and knelt down. He did this from habit rather than from a spirit of devotion, for no more than on the day when he had brought here the knowledge that Leslie was the man did he pray. That is, he formed no sentences, he used no words; it was a question as to whether or not he had clearly defined thoughts. Where everything was so complicated clearly defined thoughts were difficult.

The wan daylight stole into the cavernous arches above his head, waking them into grayness. Except for the one or two lights he had turned on near the vestry door the chancel and nave remained dark.

By and by a spot like a ruby appeared in the great window over the altar. Later there was another spot like an amethyst, and another like a sapphire, and another like an emerald, and another like a topaz, and another like a rivulet of running liquid gold. They formed no picture; they were scattered, irrelevant; they had no rich palpitating lights; they merely glowed with the luminous dulness of ancient precious things that have long lain rayless in the dark.

He was still gazing absently when he saw the ruby deepen and quiver and spread and become a robe over the figure of a reclining man; the running liquid gold was a kneeling woman's hair; the amethyst came from the purple shades in an alabaster box; the topaz was the pavement on which it stood, the emerald a palm tree seen through a rounded arch, and the sapphire the sky. It all came softly, pulsatingly, like a sunrise; only, unlike a sunrise, it remained.

It remained and seemed to live; it seemed to live and bring a message. Was it for this that, fifty years before, the church had been dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen, no one quite knowing the reason why? Had there been a wisdom which foresaw that a woman not yet born — a curious, complex twentieth-century woman, mysterious, self-contradictory, penitent and impenitent at once, seemingly whole-hearted and yet with strange, unexpected reserves — would bring her sins where Mary Magdalen brought hers? Had he himself, kneeling in the gray light of a February morning, been visible to that foreknowledge? and had it been pre-ordained that through color and light and the work of some unnamed artificer in beauty he should be reminded again that, whatever the majority of men might do, he couldn't treat a woman otherwise than as his Master?

His musings, in as far as they were conscious, were disturbed at last by the opening of the door leading from the porch. This was followed by a whispering. Guessing that Leslie and Maggie had arrived he rose from his knees and went to the back of the church to greet them. The act dispelled whatever was exalted in his frame of mind, and brought him down to the level of common realities. There was no light or color or mystical meaning here, nor even ordinary comfort.

It was Maggie who remarked that the church was cold, and less like a wedding than any spot she had ever seen in her life. "We really should have done something to keep it from being so dismal. It would be terrible if Clorinda, who has never liked churches anyhow, should take a worse turn against them now. And by the way, who's coming with her? I've thought it strange that she shouldn't ask Leslie to give her away."

Leslie moved off to read the inscription on a tablet near the door while Bainbridge explained that it was Clorinda's express desire to come to the church alone. They had arranged with Dr. Galloway that the detail in the service in which the bride is passed from hand to hand should be omitted. A woman who, like Clorinda, was independent in every [*Continued on page 50*]

Do you want to be responsible for children like these?

Or would you rather raise this kind? It's up to you

How to Have Better Children

The Finest Article Yet in the "How to Live Long and Love Long" Series

by Cleveland Moffett

Illustration by Arthur I. Keller

A NUMBER of women's letters in regard to my "I would have a husband" suggestion in a previous article prompt me to say a few words about husbands before coming to the children question. It is evidently a vain service to discuss child-betterment problems with women whose despairing cry is: "Yes, that is all very well, but *how are we to get the husbands?*"

One woman writes: "There must be thousands of men waiting for a woman something like me, but *how* bring us together? I am thirty-six, healthy, well-educated, have for years earned an annual salary of over a thousand dollars, have traveled much, have had a great desire for home and husband and children — and yet, since I was twenty-three years old, I have not met a man that I would look at twice who was not either engaged or married. . . . It isn't that I am unattractive, for I've proved too many times that I am. It isn't that I don't see men, for my business brings me continually in contact with them; but I don't see the *right kind* of men. . . . I have many friends who could write just such a letter as this. Why is it? Tell us what to do."

Another woman, a nurse, begs with pathetic shyness for advice as to getting acquainted with men. She says: "I have a little money, am fairly good-looking, speak German, French and English, and have taken a two years' course in nursing. . . . I will be very thankful if you will give me a little advice on what would be the best way for me to get acquainted."

Another woman offers this constructive suggestion: "The problem of the marriageable unmarried woman is one that I have been studying for years. It was my own problem, for I lived in a small town from which every desirable young man went and to which none ever came. I was particularly fitted to be a wife by nature and training. I waited until I was thirty-three; then, taking my courage in both hands I deliberately sought and found the man who ultimately became my husband. . . . After a voluminous heart-revealing correspondence lasting over a year, I traveled the twenty-five hundred miles out to him alone, and an hour after I stepped off the train we were married, and two more happy or perfectly mated people it would be hard to find."

Very perplexing is this problem of our superior young women left hopelessly in towns and small cities that have been stripped of their best young men, depleted of their most desirable race protoplasm by the lure of our great cities. These towns and small cities tend to become centers of degeneracy and crime, yet thousands of fine girls and women, many of them college-trained, must find husbands there or not at all.

I recently met a woman in a Southern city of 35,000 inhabitants who told me of a local Wellesley College club formed, in a spirit of rather disappointed exclusiveness, by a dozen young women graduates of that institution. For years these girls have been living a life of intellectual stimulation and sex aloofness; they have grown away from their home environment, out of sympathy with small-city ideas and small-city young men; yet now they have come back to live in this small city, and must somehow readjust themselves to conditions here, must somehow find husbands here or go without husbands.

What will these cultured young women do? What will their future be? At present they are satisfied with their club activities, their intellectual pursuits, and take only a condescending interest in the rather inferior young men about them; but in a few years when they are twenty-nine or thirty and their good looks begin to go they will awaken to the fact that college culture cannot permanently fill their lives or satisfy the inevitable longings of their womanhood. And then what?

And there is another side to this question. Why have these young women been so well educated? What right have they to hold themselves above the small city that has given them everything? How will they repay this small city for the advantages they have enjoyed? For the money that has been spent on their instruction? By what racial service will they satisfy the family and community love and hopes that are centered in their future? Shall we see them willing and efficient mothers, obedient to nature's great law? Or will they remain out of adjustment with life, uselessly superior persons dragging through unfruitful and embittered years in this small city?

That depends largely upon what kind of marriages they make, upon what kind of husbands they find; so we come back to the original problem, a great and insistent national problem: how are the hundreds of thousands (perhaps millions) of American women who are fitted and eager for motherhood-service to find the husbands without whom that motherhood service is impossible? Why is it so hard for immense numbers of American women to find husbands?

The answer is because immense numbers of American men prefer to take advantage of the facile irregularities in women relations that are possible in our social order rather than to bind themselves in marriage. The truth is (as everyone knows, although no one admits it) that, for various reasons, including love of admiration, loneliness, wage servitude, there exists a considerable sex-complaisance among our supposedly respectable and self-respecting women — shop-girls, office women, business women, artistic and literary women; also among our city-dwelling, pleasure-seeking, more or less widowed or divorced women, also among some that are not divorced.

One Hundred Dollars in Prizes

McCLURE'S finds the suggestion made in this brilliant article of a W. S. S. Union so novel and so important in its bearing upon race-welfare problems that we ask for brief opinions (not over 500 words) on this question from our women readers. We will publish eleven of these opinions in McClure's, and for the one considered the best we will pay twenty-five dollars; for the five next best we will pay ten dollars each, and for the five next best we will pay five dollars each. Opinions may be sent in addressed to the W. S. S. U. Competition, McClure's Magazine, New York City, up to April 15th, 1917

"Let us develop a new physiological pride," says Mr. Moffett, "that will make those who come of sound and superior stock ashamed to marry into families known to be unsound and inferior"

I mentioned this sex-complaisance theory to an intelligent and traveled business woman and asked if she thought I exaggerated the facts.

"I will answer you," she said, "by repeating what a friend of mine told me recently, a young woman of twenty-eight who has been a stenographer in New York city for nine years.

"This young woman is very attractive. She dances well and has a beautiful voice; in fact, she sings in a church choir on Sundays. Every man who meets her likes her and she receives many invitations to theatres and restaurants. And she accepts these invitations.

"But she is a thoroughly good girl and intends to stay so. She lives at home with her mother and is faithful at her work.

"Well, the point is that in the nine years during which she has been accepting these attentions from men *she has never received one proposal of marriage*, and yet she is a girl who would make an ideal wife and mother and who longs to be married. Men admire her very much and she often goes out with men whom she admires and would be glad to marry, if they asked her, but——

"She confessed to me that very few of them had ever taken her out more than twice; as soon as they understood that she really was a good girl who could not be tempted to wrong-doing, they did not come back again. They liked her, they were strongly attracted to her, but they let her understand or told her frankly that the city was full of girls just as nice as she, just as pretty as she who were not so particular, *and they preferred this other kind of girl!*"

I speak of these things because I am called on to state why it is that women find it hard to get husbands in spite of the fact that there are half a million more men than women in this country. That is the reason. If this feminine sex-complaisance were withheld for the briefest time, say six months, half the unmarried women in the country would be married. It is a question of sex solidarity. If American women would stand together in this matter with half the zeal and courage they have shown in suffrage activities, they would see the unmarried men awakening to a great new light. And some of the married men!

Alas! Women have never been willing to practise this sex solidarity. They have never realized that when one woman enters into irregular relations with an unmarried man she is *stealing* the possible husband of another woman, she is warring against her own sex.

Were it not for this feminine disloyalty (and an unwillingness in the fair sex to admit the facts), how easily women might realize their fondest dreams — suffrage victory, motherhood pensions, child-labor reforms, adequate wages for working girls, prostitution abolished, men made to behave themselves, and husbands for everybody!

How? By simply organizing a national W. S. S. U. —Women's Sex Solidarity Union! With branches in every state! We have seen the President of the United States bow to the Four Brotherhoods. We should see the entire male population bow to the Forty-eight Sisterhoods!

I am aware that advanced women, suffragists and others, are vigorously opposed to gaining their ends by methods that involve the use of sex power. They consider this indelicate, unwomanly. I could never see why, since men always use their best weapons relentlessly and effectively to gain their ends. But our advanced women look at these things differently. With all their hearts they want the suffrage, they want just wages, they want child-labor legislation, they want motherhood pensions, they want the prostitution problem solved, they want husbands; but when someone says to them: "It is perfectly easy for you to have all these things and anything else you want by making intelligent use of the greatest force that God ever let loose upon this earth," they reply: "Oh, no! That would be unwomanly!"

Strange! Women will suffer any martyrdom, they will starve, they will languish in prison, they will let men feed them with rubber tubes, they will go street-crazy in militant violences, but they will *never* use their sex power to win their social and economic freedom. Never! So they say.

"Why not?" I reply; and I call attention to the fact that I am not suggesting sex-indulgence as the power to be used by women for these wonderful results, but SEX-REFUSAL! *Why is that unwomanly?*

Coming now to our main subject I may mention that over fifty years ago Herbert Spencer condemned an obvious defect in our modern educational system which requires young men and young women to spend years in exploring fields of abstract knowledge that can have little practical usefulness for them, although they are left in ignorance touching their main business in life, that is, the procreation of children.

Those lovely girl graduates (rather discontented) that we were just considering, have learned everything about life except how to live, they know all about men except how to be happy with a man, they can explain the mysteries of God's creations, but are quite unprepared to bring up the children that God meant them to have.

And our superior young men are in similar ignorance of their fatherhood duties.

Ask the average well-instructed graduate of Harvard, Yale, Bryn Mawr, Vassar, what will be the color of the offspring of a pure white male rabbit mated with a pure black female rabbit. Or the color of the offspring of a pure black male rabbit mated with a white female. Will some of the little rabbits be black and some white? Or will they be mottled black and white? Or will they show an entirely different color?

The answer is simple enough (black in all cases) and a hundred other infinitely important heredity answers are simple enough, yet how many fathers and mothers have ever given thought to these matters? How many young couples in the ardor of their honeymoon bliss realize that they have in themselves good or bad traits that will be just as dominant in their children as that black trait is dominant in the rabbits?

We must think about these things!

Suppose a woman is deaf; will her children be deaf? Suppose a man has some physical deformity; will his children inherit that deformity? What if there is a tuberculosis record in a certain family? Or an alcoholism record? Or a cancer record? Will healthy members of such families who marry have children that may suffer by reason of these family tendencies?

Yes, or no?

Before answering these questions let us consider the arguments that are advanced against intelligent efforts to have better children. It is said that such efforts interfere with God's inscrutable purposes. It is said that love is an eternal mystery beyond the understanding of science. It is said that if a certain man and a certain woman love each other with all their souls (regardless of their fitness or unfitness to love) then no power on earth can keep them asunder or should be allowed to try to keep them asunder. [*Continued on page 61*]

What of the Children?

by

Hermann Hagedorn

GOOD Lord, what will our children think of us?
We might do well to hope complacent ease
Make them too lazy to write histories,
Too full of meat to care how gluttonous
Their fathers were, or how inglorious;
For if amid fat paunches and weak knees
There be some stalwarts yet, and one of these
Discover how infirm, how infamous,
How blind, how zealous only to lie curled
And listen to the dripping of men's blood
Turning to dollars as it flowed their way,
Their fathers were; and to a new, fresh world
Trumpet the shameful chronicle — Great God!
What will the bowed hearts of our children say?

Brew of Ashes — *by* Ida M. Evans

Illustration by C. E. Chambers

Miss Evans

Photograph of Miss Evans by Morrison, Chicago

IN the long run life is an affair mostly of fire and ashes. We — all of us — resent the ashes as offensive property that doesn't really belong to us and has no business being dumped about our premises, but we take a peculiar overweening egotistical pride in the fire and feel that we have a divine right to be intensely aggrieved if our especial personal flame isn't the highest and reddest in the neighborhood.

Philosopher or scientist has never yet found out how or where each of us got this divine-right feeling. But we've indubitably got it. And because of it we experience a feeling of horrible injury when one morning we wake to find unexpectedly a mess of ashes and dead coals instead of the vital lambency.

It is small assuagement of injury when philosopher and scientist inform us that we may then choose one of three courses — after making sure that no fanning will stir up a tiny flame. We may grow a coarse hairy animal coat of tough sensibility and hard thought to protect us from the cold. Or we may listlessly crouch over the ashes till our joints are stiffened from inaction and our blood has deteriorated into a thin, chilly fluid incapable of resenting cold or of appreciating warmth. Or — third and least popular course — we may assume that the ashes are tea leaves and from them brew a drink; a bitter, choking, smoky, unstrained drink which sometimes — because of some alchemy not explained in philosophy or science — strangely enough energizes and sustains us through the remainder of our existence.

At a band concert in Lincoln Park one Sunday afternoon, Annella Beckley gigglingly consented to make acquaintance with one Albert Welson without the formality of an introduction, both being there alone and having no mutual friend to serve as introducer.

Five days later she gaily consented to accompany him on an over-crowded excursion steamer to St. Joseph, Michigan, that favorite Gretna Green of the Great Lakes. She wore back to Chicago a plain gold ring of his purchase.

About twenty days later she learned that it was plated as well as plain. And poorly plated.

Five months later she stared across their hall-bedroom breakfast table and wondered dispassionately which item in Albert's appearance was most repellent to her listless blue eyes. Was it his well-shaped but loose-hanging lower lip? Or his hands, plump, sallow and fleshy, but with little resiliency to their flesh? If you pressed a slim forefinger against palm or back, the small indentation remained for several seconds.

No, it was not lip or hands, she decided listlessly, after prolonged scrutiny. It was his hair — that thick, brown hair, handsome in sleek, complacent, smugly-cropped fashion. Ah, how she disliked that sleek brown head!

But she might have saved herself that listless scrutiny and decision. Three days later Albert Welson departed from the hall-bedroom, from her and from her knowledge for many years to come.

It was unexpected — this desertion; the more so because that last morning he kissed her with unusual fervor before he jauntily strolled out. For many days she feared that he had met with an accident. She telephoned hospitals and morgue.

Some years later, when she was older and had met more people, among them plenty of deserted wives, she learned, with a surprise that finally faded into tolerant acceptance of a strange fact, that in seven cases out of nine you can tell when a husband is planning desertion merely by the unusual fervor of his daily — or weekly or monthly — kiss.

Soon after Albert Welson "lighted out," Annella learned that the legality of the tie binding her to him was as thin as the plating of her wedding-ring, now entirely worn off. She found out, by ways too dull and common to be related here, that he had bought probably a round dozen of such rings — and simply traveled on when the supposed tie irked him.

At first her chief wonder was if the other women so honored by him — or dishonored, according to the point of view — were as much relieved as was she never

She found her, with a tall, lean, embarrassed young man. And Eva, too, seemed embarrassed

again to have to feel the touch of that well-shaped, loosely-hanging lower lip.

And then — she quickly laid her small black head down on the table and trembled — not cried — with fear. Husband legally or not, disliked by her or not, Albert Welson was needed by her.

She was seventeen years and four months old. She had no near relatives. Until fourteen months before she had lived with her widowed mother, a dressmaker in a tiny Illinois town. Then her mother died and Annella sold the furniture and the sewing-machine for thirty dollars, added to it twelve left from the two hundred dollars of insurance which her mother carried for funeral expenses, and hurried from the tiny town where prospects were few and tame, to the big town where they were plentiful — but, she learned later, wild and hard to capture. However, almost any healthy-appearing girl with a grammar-school education and with no detrimental aura can worm a way into a department-store sales-basement at six dollars a week. Long afterward Annella knew that if the basement hadn't been quite so basementy and the six dollars hadn't been quite so ready to roll away faster than room rent and meals could follow, the self-introductory smile and the sleek brown head of Albert Welson might not have seemed quite so desirable that Sunday afternoon at the band concert.

She had never been exactly beautiful. But the day he and she gaily leaned over the railing of the excursion boat's deck and watched for St. Joe's sprawly sky-line, the sure charm of youth and gaiety set her fairly large blue eyes and black hair into prettiness.

But now — she was un-pretty, if the word may be coined. Her eyes were sulkily dull. Her hair was listless. Her complexion was pasty. Rings lay sullenly under her eyes. She breathed with a slight heaviness. Some women do — at such time. She carried herself with a slight but significant awkwardness.

After a while, she lifted her trembling head and wondered what to do. She had seven dollars and sixty cents — after spending nine nickels telephoning to hospitals and morgue. Albert had not been riotously liberal. He claimed glibly that his commissions (he claimed to be a city salesman of pulmotors) did not allow him to be liberal. He had bought her a four-dollar cream lace waist and a pair of black velvet shoes. Her other clothes were well worn though not out-worn; her mother had taught her to be careful with clothes. But her only actually pawnable article was a trunk which originally cost eight dollars. She guessed (correctly) that a second-hand man would offer her fifty cents for it.

Well, the rooming-house (on North Dearborn Street) in which he had put her and left her, was not high of rate. She asked for a cheaper, single room. The landlady, Mrs. Parrins, gave her one. It was two dollars.

For obvious reasons Annella could not ask for work in a department-store. But she got it in a chocolate factory. While there, Annella listlessly noted that at a certain point in the boiling a kettle of chocolate coating was the same sleek brown as Albert's complacent head. For that reason — and others too insanitary to mention here — she forever after disliked chocolate creams.

But out of the weekly six, she saved two dollars. It is possible to live and save two dollars a week out of six. But it is apt to give the liver a drawn cynical look about the nostrils. At the end of ten weeks Annella's nostrils were drawn and cynical, but she had saved twenty dollars. Altogether she had twenty-six dollars. But by then, she could not present herself longer for work, even in a chocolate factory. The foreman, a facetious, unpleasant fellow, had begun to chaff her. Besides, she was too tired to work.

For five weeks longer, she kept herself busy putting her own and other clothes in order, packing her trunk neatly, wondering, waiting.

Though her room rent was paid in advance every week, Mrs. Parrins became offensively uneasy and as good as asked her to leave. But Annella would take no hint. She was weary over the unexpected cost of even a few yards of nainsook and canton flannel. She had neither the money nor the spirit to go elsewhere until it became absolutely necessary.

Finally it became absolutely necessary.

Five months after Albert Welson left her, Annella walked out of the county hospital, carrying the heaviest load that a woman, penniless and alone, can carry — four frail fretful pounds of baby girl.

Her trunk and clothes she had left with Mrs. Parrins. In the trunk she had left sixty-five cents.

She was whiter of complexion than five months before, but not so pasty. She walked awkwardly, being dizzy and not used to her burden. But she had been in bed twenty-four days, and county hospitals have no beds for women able to stand alone, even dizzily. The head nurse told her, with a pity real though mechanically voiced, that the dizziness would soon wear off, and lent her a nickel.

It was July and the sun was hot. Three times on the long ride to Mrs. Parrins's house she dizzily shifted her seat so that the hot rays would not strike the small fretful face. Entering the familiar dingy hall, she sat down quickly and weakly on the nearest chair.

Mrs. Parrins greeted her with frosty cordiality and said instantly that all her rooms were taken. But she was not wholly stony of heart. She glumly "mothered" the baby while Annella went down to the basement storeroom to get the sixty-five cents out of her trunk. Also she said there was a crêche four blocks west and made Annella promise to let her know how she got along.

Fingering the sixty-five cents listlessly, Annella promised and asked if she might rest a half-hour. Mrs. Parrins assented uneasily to this and paid no further attention to the baby. But at the end of the half-hour Annella left, saying she would send for the trunk.

Down the hot street she walked. She did not know what to do. Once her eyes went south moodily and speculatively. The Chicago river lay to the south. Then, turning down to the small puckered face, her eyes took on an uncertain expression, as though she doubted her right. She walked west, not seeming to notice that the baby was whimpering.

IT is impossible to say — long afterward Annella acknowledged that even she herself could not say — what would have happened had she not presently, on north Clark Street, glimpsed a dirty sign in a dirty restaurant's window: Dishwasher Wanted.

Annella stared at it for half a minute. Even though dizzy, you can wash dishes. And it is not work calling for brains or learning. A minute later Demetrius Kosioscrakos, the soggy-jowled proprietor of the restaurant, grudgingly but readily gave her the job. He did not like babies nor women lugging 'em, but dishwashers in his place were like the ocean's tide; they flowed into the kitchen and out so regularly. He paid three-fifty a week — *and* board.

"Th-thank you," said Annella.

An hour later she had located the crêche, left the baby there for the remainder of the day and found a room on lower north La Salle Street, for a dollar and a half a week. It was not worth more! It was dark, dirty, stuffy, in a decrepit third-floor flat belonging to a peevish woman with dyed hair and dried skin. Annella sickened as she looked into it. After the antiseptic immaculacy of the hospital, it was horrible. But the woman, needing the money, agreed to let the dollar and a half stand till the end of the week provided a trunk was brought as security.

Annella found an expressman who agreed to bring the trunk the three-quarters of a mile for thirty-five cents. The daily charge at the crêche for keeping a baby was ten cents. So when she quit washing dishes at nine o'clock that night, she had twenty cents. But by then she was so tired she could merely lug the baby from crêche to stuffy room and, dizzy almost to fainting, drop into bed beside her, caring not at all for financial condition, stuffiness, grime or even the vermin that she suspected — and later detected.

For a few days the inclusion of meals with her three dollars and fifty cents was too blessed a fact for her to eye askance their quality. Later, her stomach almost revolted. In Kosioscrakos's place, the coffee was a crime, the vegetables were offenses, the meats were ptomaine-nests, the puddings were dark, dank mysteries from which a healthy imagination shied in terror. But she sternly put down any mutiny of her stomach. She had to! Calculate it yourself. Room, one-fifty. Crêche, seventy cents a week. (Of course she had to work Sundays.) Two pints of milk a day, seventy cents. (Not having ice, nor any place to keep ice, she could not buy a whole quart at a time and save two cents daily.) The three items total two dollars and ninety cents. The two gaunt, freckled Scotch sisters who ran the crêche, Agnes and Hattie MacManus, were kindly. That first restricted week they allowed four days' charges to stand till her first payday.

At the end of her second week, she was "on her feet;" literally and figuratively. The dizziness had worn off (though it left in its place a great weariness) and she owed nothing and had been able to buy the necessary castile soap, powdered starch and lime-water for the baby.

And then, for the first time in the fourteen days, she devoted a few minutes to reflective and hard thinking. For the two weeks she had been like a person dropped into deep water, able only to gasp for life and strike blindly up for it. Now ——

Well! She was alive — and living. Not in a garden of potted palms and roses. But, she calculated swiftly, she was not hungry, she was not naked, and the baby was comfortable. Her work was hard. But it had the easement of monotony — which is something when soul and mind are an aching pair. Her hours were long — six-thirty A.M. till nine P.M. But the crêche was not far away. She could take the baby there and go after her in ten minutes. So she was usually in bed with her by ten-thirty.

Reflection didn't seem to put her ahead. She could, of course, go back to a department-store, at six dollars a week; seven at the most. Of course such work had more "class," and it was more agreeable. But, counting the time to come and go, her hours would be almost as long; if she continued to room near the crêche, she would have to pay carfare; she would have to buy her meals and she would have to dress far better. In the dirty restaurant kitchen she could, if she chose, wear rags. So the three-fifty there loomed far, far larger than the department-store six. She thought of better-paying lines — stenography, millinery, telegraphy, dressmaking, that require time and tuition to learn. She sighed. They were as far out of her reach as Arcturus.

A month later she was still working at the restaurant; she had scrubbed her stuffy room so clean that the dyed, dried landlady almost decided to raise the rent (but didn't); she had become morbidly fond of the gaunt, freckled MacManus sisters; she had saved one dollar; and she had deftly learned to select from the nauseous array of food offered her several articles fairly clean and not unpalatable — potatoes boiled or baked, in their jackets, wheat cakes, bacon, cheese; and of course the bread was fairly good. We come to tolerate, in a measure at least, things originally believed intolerable.

Days she was too busy, and nights she was too tired, to be discontented. The dizziness gone, she picked up some of her old strength, though she was still thin and white. Her eyes had become sullenly sharp instead of listless. She did her work expeditiously and well — so well that one warm August noon old Kosioscrakos felt moved to give her a little token of appreciation — a kiss on the white lean nape of her neck as she bent over a great pan filled with side-dishes. Few women would feel amorously inclined when bent over steaming dishwater while sweat trickled down a tired, strained back. It was a stifling day. Annella whirled around like a perspiring wildcat at the large man whose soggy jowls creased in on themselves like huge browned dumplings. Impulsively she slapped a dish of hot greasy water at the big olive eyes. He blinked scalded lids and threw a fat protecting elbow over the high bridge of his nose.

And then, immediately two self-reproachful people, perspiration oozing down each perturbed face, eyed each other regretfully. [*Continued on page 41*]

April's On the Wind

by Edwin Markham

I

'TIS April, and the wild thoughts start,
And youth must take the chance:
The wander-pain is in the heart,
The ache of young romance.

II

And now to far adventuring,
And take young dreams along;
For every pang the fortunes bring
Turns lightly into song.

III

Out with Orlando and the bough,
With sunburnt Rosalind;
For every wood is Arden now
And April's on the wind.

IV

When romance comes with dewy rose,
Beware, O prudent man;
For should you spurn her, lo! she goes
And never comes again!

The Great Dominion Bank Robbery

by George S. Dougherty

MR. DOUGHERTY was formerly Deputy Commissioner of Police and Chief of Detectives of New York City. In this, the first of two true yarns, he gives a vivid account of an amazing crime

Pictures by W. J. Enright

"Wait!" I said. "It's a queer thing for a woman to be traveling around with a tool chest"

THAT nobody loves a fat man is a current aphorism; that nobody trusts a spy is a fact. It is doubly and trebly true that no one either loves or trusts a detective. And the more faithfully he does his duty the more unpopular he is.

Detectives are generally looked upon as natural bloodhounds made in the image of man, capable of no human feelings, and fair targets for criticism and abuse. There is, in fact, no less sympathetic type of creature extant. The ambitious youngster reared on Nick Carter and his ilk may have a spicy and furtive admiration for a famous and successful sleuth, but the general trend of public opinion is all against him.

The instinct of humanity — and I sincerely believe it to be a decent, generous instinct at that — is to side with the under dog. There is a sneaking sense of exultation in most normal people when they hear of a prisoner's escape. The conviction and sentence even of the most hardened sinner brings a muttered chorus of "Poor fellow!" That's all natural enough, detectives have even been known to feel that way themselves. But this sort of thing does not come into the official sleuth's official business, so he doesn't talk about it much. He merely pounds ahead at the detecting game amid the revilements of his fellow men.

Oddly enough, the crooks themselves have more sympathy with him than have the reputable citizens. Crooks almost always respect him, and occasionally like him. For one thing, the good detective is usually square, even in his dealings with the underworld. He has to be, as a matter of policy, in order to get the confidence of the criminals, and besides, it is much pleasanter for a decent man to be decent in all the relations of life. There are one-time crooks, even, who turn up at Headquarters now and then for a loan! And I personally know men with spectacular prison records whom I like, and who I believe like me.

All this is merely the preamble to a case in which I and another detective played probably the most strikingly unpopular rôles on record, the celebrated Dominion Bank robbery. We have often laughed over it since. We are agreed that, while we have both of us long been accustomed to contumely and resentment, we do not recall ever having been so warmly and whole-heartedly hated by a whole community as we were some years ago by the town of Napanee, Ontario.

I was sent for as a last resort by the local police and the Directors of the bank, after everyone in the vicinity had had a try at this case, and I went immediately. I saw in short order that it was going to be a big job, and I got hold of George Watrous, an able detective who had worked with me before. Together we conducted the campaign which turned this peaceful Canadian town upside down and inside out as completely as the most sensational political struggle.

We found the bank officials in a state of demoralization and nerves, and we could hardly blame them. They had been robbed of $33,000 and not a soul outside the bank could have engineered it.

Here were the facts:

On a certain Saturday morning when the cashier of this Napanee bank, Edward Bains, arrived at the scene of his duties he found the employees in a great commotion and was informed that the vault door could not be opened. Bains was an honest, old-fashioned chap and, assuming that the trouble with the combination was due to some unimportant accident, he took no immediate action except to borrow sufficient funds from a local branch to conduct business for the day. It was therefore forty-eight hours before a safe expert was officially engaged to investigate.

The expert arrived on Monday morning and did his utmost to open the vault by the old combination. Failing to do this, he cut through the vault lock and found, upon examining it from the rear side, that the combination had been changed. Once inside the vault he tried to unlock the safe by its old combination, but this failed to operate. He was now convinced that both vault and safe combinations had been tampered with, so he cut through the safe lock and found that the five numbers of the combination had also been changed. A hasty examination showed that the bank had been robbed of $33,000, twenty thousand of which was in ten-dollar unsigned bank certificates. These required the signature of Cashier Bains before they could be circulated legitimately. Also, the strong box of the safe had been jimmied open.

The strong box of the safe had been jimmied open

The expert, with only one object in view — that of opening the vault and safe doors — did not preserve any of the conditions as he found them, but made excellent repairs, thus greatly interfering with any investigation that might follow. You see, there might have been little marks or evidences characteristic of the method of operation of certain burglars known to the police, or there might have been indications that the work was done by an amateur instead of a professional, which would, if not actually furnishing a clue to the identity of the individual, still have been useful in the process of elimination. It is possible that finger-prints might have been rubbed off by the expert or other evidences destroyed. Of course, this was unintentional on the part of Mr. Expert.

The local authorities of Napanee, the provincial police, and Dominion detectives worked on the case religiously for several weeks without procuring any clue. Then I was called in.

With my previous experience in cases of the kind I at once decided that beyond the question of a doubt no person could have robbed this bank excepting one who possessed the combination of the vault lock, at least. A Mr. Pontin and a Mr. Green possessed the combination of the vault; and Mr. Bains, the cashier, and Mr. Durant, the bookkeeper, possessed the combination of the safe. It was an ironbound rule of the Dominion Bank that the possessors of the vault combination should not possess the safe combination and that the possessors of the safe combination should not possess the combination of the vault at the same time.

Through a stove-pipe hole she heard the disturbance in Pontin's quarters

I began by examining these four employees in easy stages. First, I did it in a gentle way, then with more or less severity and, although I made no direct headway by this line of questioning, I gleaned a number of interesting "circumstantial" facts.

I found out that Mr. Pontin, who had always lived in the Paisley House, opposite the bank, had decided several months previous to the burglary to move into an apartment located on the same side of the street as the bank. His reason for so doing was that, because of different guests of the hotel coming to bed at irregular hours, he could not sleep.

Each and every one of the four employees aforesaid swore by all that was black and white that they had never exchanged combinations, and I did not find that they ever had. The cashier insisted that he had never written down the combination to the safe, but after searching in every nook and corner of the whole place I found the said combination on a calendar in that selfsame gentleman's handwriting. Remarkable as it may appear, this discovery did not cut any figure in the solution of the crime.

It always happens that persons who engage in crime do something they should not do or omit doing something they should do — that is, they make some fatal error, some oversight at the time the crime is committed. This particular crime was committed on a Friday night.

It developed that over the room occupied by clerk Pontin, a certain woman had a small apartment. This woman also had a farm in the country and it was her practice to sell her farm products on Saturday in the public square in Napanee.

It so happened that she occupied her apartment on the Friday night the crime was committed. She swore by all that was right and holy that she heard a great deal of commotion in Mr. Pontin's room on that par-

ticular night. Between her room and the room below was a stove-pipe hole, covered only with a piece of rag carpet, and it was through this she claimed she plainly heard the disturbance in Pontin's quarters. The woman asserted that she thought there must have been a number of men in the room with Mr. Pontin, because she had heard heavy breathing and more or less argument.

There was a certain undertaker in the town who stated, in writing, that he had gone to the Paisley House at a very late hour on a certain night, some weeks before the burglary had been committed, to take charge of the body of a person who had died. While thus engaged in a front room of the hotel he had looked across the street and seen Mr. Pontin working at the combination of the vault. Mark you, this was at a very late hour.

I had another detective, George Watrous, with me on the case and although our suspicion of Pontin was very strong, I made what I afterwards considered a grave mistake. By a subterfuge I procured from the bank clerk the key to Pontin's apartment when he was leaving on a train to visit his folks and made a search of the same, accompanied only by my assistant. It would have been better judgment to have taken with us as a witness an official of the bank or some trustworthy citizen of the town.

Bear in mind that we were foreigners in a small, provincial town where much local pride and local loyalty were sure to obtain. Added to the suspicion of foreigners in general was the suspicion of detectives in particular. Such people always think that it is the business of the detectives to get *a* man, preferably *the particular* man, but at any rate, *a* man on which to fix the crime. They think that if the detective cannot get the guilty person, he stands willing to "frame up" an innocent person rather than suffer loss of prestige. So he must always, if possible, corroborate the witness he brings with him by the testimony of some person belonging to the community whose reputation is above reproach.

Pontin, understand, was very popular in Napanee. He belonged to the baseball club and a number of other local organizations, was a good boxer and an all-round athlete.

Pontin, in his statement, had claimed that he did not have any money in hand up to the time of the burglary. But in our search of his apartment we discovered that he had paid with bank checks over one hundred and ten dollars' worth of bills that had been standing for several months. We figured out that the way he did this was as follows: he drew the checks and sent them to the firms to which he owed money; when they came back he took them up with part of his share of the proceeds of the burglary. He had inadvertently left the checks in an inside waistcoat pocket, where we found them. We also found in Pontin's room an impression on paper of the key to the safe, and on a piece of shingle that held up one of the front windows a rather expert drawing showing the combination of the safe.

Although from what I had discovered, I was convinced that Pontin had been a party to the burglary, I felt that the evidence was not strong enough to convict him.

My investigations in Napanee were coming so close to home, apparently, and because of Pontin's aforesaid popularity and the general distrust of detectives, that the public began to have an abnormal hatred for me. They began to advise Pontin not to permit me to ask him any further questions, and Mr. Watrous and myself were frequently snubbed by the different citizens.

I was convinced that Pontin had been a party to the burglary

Our attorney, B. B. Osler of Toronto, brother of the celebrated Dr. Osler, was one of the most noted lawyers in Canada. After a thorough conference as to the evidence we had procured, we decided to arrest Pontin and charge him with the burglary. This also proved to be a grave mistake. Pontin, too, was represented by a very capable attorney, E. Gus Porter, a Member of Parliament.

There was a preliminary hearing before a very respectable old Irish magistrate, lasting ten days. The Napanee undertaker fell down completely as a witness. He virtually admitted to me that he would not testify to the statement he had signed, because he had to live in the town. Excitement ran high during the hearing and the hatred against George Watrous and me became more and more intense. All of the evidence was written out in long hand by the Chief of Police and signed by the witnesses as they testified. The dear old Irish magistrate made copious notes in a big account-book, and when the examination ended on a certain Saturday night gave the following opinion:

"Mr. Pontin, I do not say that you are guilty nor do I say that you are innocent. But when the bank is employing Jim Corbetts and Bob Fitzsimmonses, what else can they expect but for to get robbed! I do not mean by this that you cannot be arrested again for this crime. You are temporarily dismissed!"

Immediately after the discharge of Pontin, the Napanee brass band assembled, tuned up, and with a blare of triumph started the procession. The principal and his attorney, in a barouche drawn by four white horses followed the band, and in their wake came a line of prominent citizens bearing torchlights and high above their shoulders carrying Mr. Watrous and myself in effigy, while the main street rang out with, "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."

Watrous and I were defeated, hated and hooted. The only way to leave the town was by the midnight train. We were warned by a committee of citizens not to attempt to go to the depot without an escort as we might be badly used, if not lynched; but we braved the so-called "danger" and got aboard the train without being molested, although the sleeper in which we traveled was very vociferously bombarded with stones and other missiles as we pulled out.

But I always [*Continued on page 36*]

The Wealth in Waste

by Waldemar Kaempffert

Editor of Popular Science Monthly

NO one in this country can write such popular business talks as Mr. Kaempffert. Here is a wonder article that will make you sit up

FOR real extravagance, commend to me your fine old conservative business man, your penny-saving bargainer who will turn over a box of strawberries to make sure that he has not been deceived by a seductive top layer. A Monte Carlo gambler who carelessly loses a thousand golden louis between puffs of his cigarette is a model of stinginess in comparison. Only a cautious manufacturer, who never spends fifty cents without seeing a whole dollar coming his way, has that magnificent disregard for money commonly associated with foreign princes. A duke has been known to lose a family fortune, a beggarly million or two, in cultivating a fine taste in racing stables and ballet girls. But a dollar-kissing captain of industry flings away a prince's ransom year after year, without ever learning the difference between a Percheron and a Morgan horse and without ever knowing how very fascinating a satin-slippered dancer can be.

Thrift is the catchword of the conservative manufacturer, but thrift is the last factor that he considers in his own business affairs. He will fight a labor union for weeks to stave off a ten-per cent increase in his pay roll, but he will waste enough in a single day to pay the annual salary of his superintendent. If he had a hole in his pocket he would have it sewn up; but he makes no effort to save the gold that pours from his chimneys, that trickles into a nearby stream, or that is thrown on the scrap pile. He wastes far more money than he makes.

You think that I am trying to be clever? Let me introduce to you the American coal-mining company, a corporation the body, brain and soul of which is centralized in a person whom newspaper editorial writers refer to as a "coal baron" and who is held up by satirical cartoonists as a pattern of miserliness. In less than twenty years he has wasted five hundred and fifty-eight million, nine hundred thousand dollars. How? By letting it go up in smoke — yes, real smoke. Imagine Rockefeller's vast fortune converted into paper money and burned up light-heartedly, almost wantonly, and you may conceive how appalling, how stupendous, how wicked is that waste. Lest you think that I am romancing, let me give you some figures compiled by our Bureau of Mines.

Between 1893 and 1910 eight hundred and ten million tons of coal were coked in this country — coked in ovens which are very cheap to build and which are admirably adapted to waste more money in less than twenty years than we are about to spend on a new navy. The ovens in question are technically known as "beehive" ovens. No attempt is made to save the gases (smoke) that wells up out of them. Yet these gases would have yielded twenty-three pounds of ammonium sulphate for each ton of coal, which sulphate in turn is worth about sixty dollars a ton in normal times and is a precious fertilizer. It is almost disheartening to think of the acres and acres that might have been cultivated profitably if that wasted fortune had been converted into fertilizer and of the hundreds of millions that could have been added to our national wealth.

The war has taught the coal baron, or rather the coke maker with whom he is affiliated, how much of a grasshopper and how little of an ant he is, not because he suddenly awakened to the money-opportunity in selling ammonium sulphate to farmers, but because he was throwing away compounds in the coal that were needed by the maker of explosives who had big contracts from the Allies. The coke oven was wasting not only the material out of which a valuable fertilizer could be made but the still more valuable benzole and toluol for which the explosives maker was willing to pay handsomely. And so the coal baron began to install what are known as "retort" ovens, which are very expensive but which save all the money that goes up in smoke when the beehive way is adopted. In 1915, considerably over fourteen million tons of coke were made in these by-product ovens. But that is only

about half of what was produced in the wasteful beehive oven.

Cast your eyes now upon Germany and see how that militaristic but efficient nation has been coking its coal. There are coal barons in Westphalia as well as in Pennsylvania, but they are not allowed to waste their substance in the riotous American way. Over eighty-five per cent of German coke is produced in the economical retort. At once you comment: "That is to be expected of a country which maintained a standing army of nearly eight hundred thousand men in time of peace, preparing for an emergency, and which needs benzole and toluol for the manufacture of powders to be fired from eight hundred thousand rifles and tens of thousands of field pieces, howitzers and siege mortars." But military exigencies were in no way concerned with Germany's introduction of the retort coke oven. It was the demand for coal-tar and nothing else.

Do you know what coal-tar is? It is the blackest, vilest, meanest, foulest, nastiest substance that ever troubled mankind, until it was discovered to be a source of unlimited wealth. It is a by-product of every gas works, this villainous, noisome ooze. Before 1856 it was a curse — after that a boon. The gas maker could neither bury it nor pour it into streams; it killed vegetation and polluted water. Why did he heave a sigh of relief after 1856? Simply because an Englishman, Perkin, discovered the synthetic color known as mauve in that year. It was the first of several thousand dyes which indefatigable chemists worked up from coal-tar bases.

It ought to rankle in the English soul that Great Britain did little with Perkin's great discovery and that the scientific Germans made the coal-tar chemical industry a one-nation business. "We will never be gentlemen and you will always be fools," said a German army officer to an English diplomat before the war. He was thinking of the humanities, not of economics. Unwittingly he summed up the industrial difference between two great clashing nations. To this day an Englishman draws no linguistic distinction between the man who keeps the corner drugshop and a Perkin who discovers mauve. Both are "chemists," and chemists are not ordinarily received in high English society. Dabbling in noisome coal-tar is not a gentlemanly occupation, partly because it's dirty, partly because it's a chemist's job. Perhaps because the German cares little for gentlemanliness in the Hyde Park sense of the term — perhaps that is one reason why the coal-tar chemical industry is German. At all events England did not wake up until she found that there was no market for the indigo of East India. The Germans were making the dye from coal-tar derivatives, and the indigo plantations of the Far East were ruined. It was too late, then, to continue the work begun by Perkin; it will probably be too late after the war. Over three hundred thousand acres would be needed now to grow indigo plants in sufficient quantity to produce the amount of synthetic indigo that the Germans were making from coal-tar before the war. And those acres could never hope to compete with the German factories. Coal-tar indigo is hopelessly cheap. And there are hundreds of other dyes besides, some of them conquerors of markets once dominated by vegetable extracts, most of them splendid shades and delicate hues unobtainable from any living thing, all of them derived from what was once a waste.

Do you know why we have no coal-tar industry? Because our "practical" textile manufacturers were too selfish — the very group that wailed loudest when the war cut off the supply of coal-tar dyes. In 1883, the textile manufacturers lobbied for an increase of the tariff on fabrics and won their point. When the dye-makers demanded similar protection, the textile manufacturers insisted that dyes should be regarded as raw materials necessary in the making of textiles. To save a charge of five cents for the dyes used to color every one hundred dollars' worth of textiles, a handful of "practical" business men nipped an industry in the bud.

It is this same coal-tar waste, this nuisance, which has made this war so terrible. Without coal-tar a day's carnage at Verdun would be no more frightful than the battle of Waterloo. Whether it be fired from a machine-gun or a forty-two centimetre howitzer the projectile that has made the modern battlefield bloody, hideous, revolting beyond human description, is fired by explosives which are for the most part compounded of coal-tar derivatives. And the torn bodies that are dragged off to the field hospital are restored to something of their former semblance with antiseptics and soothing narcotics also derived from coal-tar. So, a liquid which the gas-maker once cursed, proves to be not only a palette of gorgeous colors, but also an arsenal of deadly explosives and a chest of healing medicines.

But there is more to this most Protean of wastes. It contains compounds out of which powerful photographic developers are made. It is a whole garden of bewitching scents; for the odors of jasmines, violets, wintergreens, roses, heliotropes, of all the flowers that blow are reproduced by its means with absolute fidelity. Surely, this waste is the most marvelous, variegated substance in the world, an industrial asset in the hands of the nation that knows how it can be utilized. And to think that it was once fed to a furnace! Burning up the corner drug-shop and the photographic supply house across the street and the shop of the gun-maker who sells cartridges is the equivalent.

This apotheosis of coal-tar began with the statement that the Germans introduced the retort coke oven for the sake of saving the tar. By this time it has become apparent that coal-tar is obtained as a by-product whenever coal is subjected to heat in a closed oven, whether the oven be used for the making of illuminating gas or simply of the coke that is required in the smelting of iron. The Germans took all the coal-tar they could get from England, even paying a round sum for it when the synthetic chemical industry was well developed. To pay money for waste is bad enough; to pay it to a foreign country, in addition, was something to keep a German chemist (half business man that he is) tossing in his bed of nights. And so a movement was started to teach the German coke maker how wickedly wasteful and unpatriotic it was to coke coal in the old-fashioned beehive oven, when he might make his country more or less chemically independent of England by adopting the retort oven, save his gas and coal-tar, and incidentally fill his pockets with marks.

Our Bureau of Mines has been trying hard to make Americans follow the economical German example. Alas! Coal is too cheap, and our chemical industry is microscopically small compared with Germany's. The war, as I have said, has led to a wider introduction of the retort coke oven in order to obtain the basic materials for the making of explosives to blow Germans, Austrians, and Turks out of their respective trenches. When powder-manufacturing languishes, after the treaty of peace is signed, we will turn to our home markets. We have paid millions to Chile for saltpetre — a natural nitrogen fertilizer. Each year we toss to the winds about one hundred and sixty million dollars worth of nitrogen, of which we might save twenty-five million if the right kind of coke oven were generally adopted.

The waste of precious gas in coking is only part of the thrifty coal baron's scandalous extravagance in making the most of coal. Cleopatra's pearl-drinking performance has come ringing down the ages as a traditionally horrible example of queenly, bacchanalian prodigality. If she had burned diamonds in a brazier to warm her hands on chilly Egyptian nights or seduced Antony in a galley of beaten gold, her airy disregard of values would be totally eclipsed by the lavishness of the American coal baron. For every ton of soft coal brought to the surface, not less than one-half is left in the ground, and most of that utterly unreclaimable. Our hard coal supply is confined to a territory less than four hundred square miles in extent. Here again, less than one-half is brought to the surface for each ton mined, and eight million tons a year are left behind, unrecoverable. Since coal-mining began in the United States more than two billion tons of anthracite and three billion tons of bituminous coal have been left in the ground so that their future recovery is either doubtful or impossible. You know what you pay for coal. Figure out the loss in wealth for yourself. I haven't the heart to write down the figures here. Besides you would make the calculation for yourself, simply because you wouldn't believe me.

In justice to the coal baron be it said that all this loss is not directly attributable to him. Some of it is to be laid at the doors of our legislators, who have framed idiotic laws which have made it advisable, even commercially necessary, to mine coal in the most wasteful manner conceivable. If we had the right kind of mining legislation coal would be somewhat dearer, but more of it would be left to a posterity which is sure to upbraid us for our short-sightedness.

Sometimes legislation works the other way; sometimes it actually means the [*Continued on page 81*]

She's in the Movies Now

Have You Any Kick to Register?

Drawn by W. E. Hill

SUMMER—*by* Edith Wharton

VII

Illustration by F. Walter Taylor

For what has happened before see page 79

SINCE her reinstatement in Miss Hatchard's favor Charity had not dared to curtail by a moment her hours of attendance at the library. She even made a point of arriving before the time, and showed a laudable indignation when the youngest Targatt girl, who had been engaged to help in the cleaning and rearranging of the books, came trailing in late, and neglected her task to peer through the window at the Sollas boy. Nevertheless, "library days" seemed more than ever irksome to Charity after her vivid hours of liberty; and she would have found it hard to set a good example to her subordinate if Lucius Harney had not been commissioned, before Miss Hatchard's departure, to examine with the local carpenter the best means of ventilating the "Memorial."

He was careful to prosecute this inquiry on the days when the library was open to the public; and Charity was therefore sure of spending part of the afternoon in his company. The Targatt girl's presence, and the risk of being interrupted by some passer-by suddenly smitten with a thirst for letters, restricted their intercourse to the exchange of commonplaces; but there was a fascination to Charity in the contrast between these public civilities and their secret intimacy.

The day after their drive to the brown house was "library day," and she sat at her desk working at the revised catalogue, while the Targatt girl, one eye on the window, chanted out the titles of a pile of books. Charity's thoughts were far away, in the dismal house by the swamp, and under the twilight sky during the long drive home, when Lucius Harney had consoled her with endearing words. That day, for the first time since he had been boarding with them, he had failed to appear as usual at the midday meal. No message had come to explain his absence, and Mr. Royall, who was more than usually taciturn, had betrayed no surprise, and made no comment. In itself this indifference was not particularly significant, for Mr. Royall, in common with most of his fellow-citizens, had a way of accepting events passively, as if he had long since come to the conclusion that no one who lived in North Dormer could hope to modify them. But to Charity, in the reaction from her mood of passionate exaltation, there was something disquieting in his silence. It was almost as if Lucius Harney had never had a part in their lives: Mr. Royall's imperturbable indifference seemed to relegate him to the domain of unreality.

As she sat at work, she tried to shake off her disappointment at Harney's non-appearing. Some trifling incident had probably kept him from joining them at midday; but she was sure he must be eager to see her again, and that he would not want to wait till they met at supper, between Mr. Royall and Verena. She was wondering what his first words would be, and trying to devise a way of getting rid of the Targatt girl before he came, when she heard steps outside, and he walked up the path with Mr. Miles.

The clergyman from Hepburn seldom came to North Dormer except when he drove over to officiate at the old white church which, by an unusual chance, happened to belong to the Episcopal communion. He was a brisk affable man, eager to make the most of the fact that a little nucleus of "church-people" had survived in the sectarian wilderness, and resolved to undermine the influence of the gingerbread-colored Baptist chapel at the other end of the village; but he was kept busy by parochial work at Hepburn, where there were paper-mills and saloons, and it was not often that he could spare time for North Dormer.

Charity, who went to the white church (like all the best people in North Dormer), admired Mr. Miles, and had even, during the memorable trip to Nettleton, imagined herself married to a man who had such a straight nose and such a beautiful way of speaking, and who lived in a brown-stone rectory covered with Virginia creeper. It had been a shock to discover that the privilege was already enjoyed by a lady with crimped hair and a large baby; but the arrival of Lucius Harney had long since banished Mr. Miles from Charity's dreams, and as he walked up the path at Harney's side she saw him as he really was: a fat middle-aged man with a baldness showing under his clerical hat, and spectacles on his Grecian nose. She wondered what had called him to North Dormer on a week-day, and felt a little hurt that Harney should have brought him to the library.

It presently appeared that his presence there was due to Miss Hatchard. He had been spending a few days at Springfield, to fill a friend's pulpit, and had been consulted by Miss Hatchard as to young Harney's plan for ventilatin the "Memorial." To lay hands on the Hatchard ark was a grave matter, and Miss Hatchard, always full of scruples about her scruples (it was Harney's phrase), wished to have Mr. Miles's opinion before deciding.

"I couldn't," Mr. Miles explained, "quite make out from your cousin what changes you wanted to make, and as the other trustees did not understand either I thought I had better drive over and take a look—though I'm sure," he added, turning his friendly spectacles on the young man, "that no one could be more competent—but of course this spot has its peculiar sanctity!"

"I hope a little fresh air won't desecrate it," Harney laughingly rejoined; and they walked to the other end of the library while he set forth his idea to the Rector.

Mr. Miles had greeted the two girls with his usual friendliness, but Charity saw that he was occupied with other things, and she presently became aware, by the scraps of conversation drifting over to her, that he was still under the charm of his visit to Springfield, which appeared to have been full of agreeable incidents.

"Ah, the Coopersons . . . yes, you know them, of course," she heard. "That's a fine old house! And Ned Cooperson has collected some really remarkable impressionist pictures . . . " The names he cited were unknown to Charity. "Yes; yes; the Schaefer quartette played at Lyric Hall on Saturday evening; and on Monday I had the privilege of hearing them again at the Towers. Beautifully done . . . Bach and Beethoven . . . a lawn-party first . . . I saw Miss Balch several times, by the way . . . looking extremely handsome . . . "

Charity dropped her pencil and forgot to listen to the Targatt girl's sing-song. Why had Mr. Miles suddenly brought up Annabel Balch's name?

"Oh, really?" she heard Harney rejoin; and, raising his stick, he pursued: "You see, my plan is to move these shelves away, and open a round window in this wall, on the axis of the one under the pediment."

"I suppose she'll be coming up here later to stay with Miss Hatchard?" Mr. Miles went on, following on his train of thought; then, spinning about and tilting his head back: "Yes, yes, I see—I understand: that will give a draught without materially altering the look of things. I can see no objection."

The discussion went on for some minutes, and gradually the two men moved back toward the desk. Mr. Miles stopped again and looked thoughtfully at Charity. "Aren't you a little pale, my dear? Not overworking? Mr. Harney tells me you and Mamie are giving the library a thorough overhauling." He was always careful to remember his parishioners' Christian names, and at the right moment he bent his benignant spectacles on the Targatt girl.

Then he turned to Charity, "Don't take things hard, my dear; don't take things hard. Come down and see Mrs. Miles and me some day at Hepburn," he said, pressing her hand and waving a farewell to Mamie Targatt. He went out of the library, and Harney followed him.

Charity thought she detected a look of constraint in Harney's eyes. She fancied he did not want to be alone with her; and with a sudden pang she wondered if he repented the tender things he had said to her the night before. His words had been more fraternal than lover-like; but she had lost their exact sense in the caressing warmth of his voice. He had made her feel that the fact of her being a waif from the Mountain was only another reason for holding her close and soothing her with consolatory murmurs; and when the drive was over, and she got out of the buggy, tired, cold, and aching with emotion, she stepped as if the ground were a sunlit wave and she the spray on its crest.

Why, then, had his manner suddenly changed, and why did he leave the library with Mr. Miles? Her restless imagination fastened on the name of Annabel Balch: from the moment it had been mentioned she fancied that Harney's expression had altered. Annabel Balch at a garden-party at Springfield, looking "extremely handsome" . . . perhaps Mr. Miles had seen her there at the very moment when Charity and Harney were sitting in the Hyatt's hovel, between a drunkard and a half-witted old woman! Charity did not know exactly what a garden-party was, but her glimpse of the flower-edged lawns of Nettleton helped her to visualize the scene, and envious recollections of the "old things" which Miss Balch avowedly "wore out" when she came to North Dormer made it only too easy to picture her in her splendor. Charity understood what associations the name must have called up, and felt the uselessness of struggling against the unseen influences in Harney's life.

When she came down from her room for supper he was not there; and while she waited in the porch she recalled the tone in which Mr. Royall had commented the day before on their early start. Mr. Royall sat at her side, his chair tilted back, his broad black boots with side-elastics resting against the lower bar of the railings. His rumpled gray hair stood up above his forehead like the crest of an angry bird, and the leather-brown of his veined cheeks was blotched with red. Charity knew that those red spots were the signs of a coming explosion.

Suddenly he said: "Where's supper? Has Verena Marsh slipped up again on her soda-biscuits?"

The Better Part

by **Theodosia Garrison**

EH, but the days when I was young and Phelan's Molly would none of me—
And little blame to herself, God knows, for I was the moon-struck calf,
Blushing up to me hair I was times she'd be havin' her fun of me,
And me heart the like of a rushin' wave to be breakin' against her laugh.

Faith, I went in misery and sorrow walked beside me,
Yet here's the truth I'm telling you I'd give me ease today
To feel the heart-thrust in me for all that love denied me,
For 'tis better to be in love and sad than be merry when pipers play.

Eh, but the days when I was young and for all I laugh at the thought of it—
Of the times I went like a crazy thing and the nights that I lay awake.
Little I guessed I'd know today the wisdom that last I bought of it—
'Tis unhappier far to be old and at ease than to sorrow for loving's sake.

Glad enough am I today that Molly would have none of me,
(And she three years the older one the time you come to think:)
But here's the truth I'm owing her since age has had the run of me:
'Tis better to be unhappy in love than merry with fiddles and drink.

Her heart jumped and she stood still. He was there, a few feet away: and while her soul was tossing on seas of woe he had been quietly sitting at his drawing-board

Charity threw a startled glance at him. "I presume she's watching for Mr. Harney."

"Mr. Harney, is she? She'd better dish up, then. He ain't coming." He stood up, walked to the door, and called out, in the pitch necessary to penetrate the old woman's tympanum; "Get along with the supper, Verena."

Charity was trembling with apprehension. Something had happened — she was sure of it now — and Mr. Royall knew what it was. But not for the world would she have gratified him by showing her anxiety. She took her usual place, and he seated himself opposite, and poured out a strong cup of tea before passing her the tea-pot. Verena brought some scrambled eggs, and he piled his plate with them. "Ain't you going to take any?" he asked. Charity roused herself and began to eat.

The tone with which Mr. Royall had said "He's not coming" seemed to her full of an ominous satisfaction. She saw that he had suddenly begun to hate Lucius Harney, and guessed herself to be the cause of this change of feeling. But she had no means of finding out whether some act of hostility on his part had made the young man stay away, or whether he simply wished to avoid seeing her again after their drive back from the brown house. She ate her supper with a studied show of indifference, but she knew that Mr. Royall was watching her and that her agitation did not escape him.

After supper she went up to her room. She heard Mr. Royall cross the passage, and presently the sounds below her window showed that he had returned to the porch. She seated herself on her bed and began to struggle against the desire to go down and ask him what had happened. "I'd rather die than do it," she muttered to herself. With a word he could have relieved her uncertainty; but never would she gratify him by saying it.

She rose and leaned out of the window. The twilight had deepened into night, and she watched the frail curve of the young moon dropping to the edge of the hills. Through the darkness she saw one or two figures moving down the road; but the evening was too cold for loitering, and presently the strollers disappeared. Lamps were beginning to show here and there in the windows. A bar of light brought out the whiteness of a clump of lilies in the Hawes's yard; and farther down the street Carrick Fry's Rochester lamp cast its bold illumination on the rustic flower-tub in the middle of his grass-plot.

For a long time she continued to lean in the window. But a fever of unrest consumed her, and finally she went downstairs, took her hat from its hook, and swung out of the house. Mr. Royall sat in the porch, Verena beside him, her old hands crossed on her patched skirt. As Charity went down the steps Mr. Royall called after her: "Where you going?" She could easily have answered "To Orma's," or "Down to the Targatts;" and either answer might have been true, for she had no purpose. But she swept on in silence, determined not to recognize his right to question her.

AT the gate she paused and looked up and down the road. The darkness drew her, and she thought of climbing the hill and plunging into the depths of the larch-wood above the pasture. Then she glanced irresolutely along the street, and as she did so a gleam appeared through the spruces at Miss Hatchard's gate. Lucius Harney was there, then — he had not gone down to Hepburn with Mr. Miles, as she had at first imagined. But where had he taken his evening meal, and what had caused him to stay away from Mr. Royall's? The light was positive proof of his presence, for Miss Hatchard's servants were away on a holiday, and her farmer's wife came only in the mornings, to make the young man's bed and prepare his coffee. Beside that lamp he was doubtless sitting at this moment. To know the truth Charity had only to walk half the length of the village, and knock at the lighted window. She hesitated a minute or two longer, and then turned toward Miss Hatchard's.

She walked quickly, straining her eyes to detect anyone who might be coming along the street; and before reaching the Frys' she crossed over to avoid the light from their window. Whenever she was unhappy she felt herself at bay against a pitiless world, and a kind of animal secretiveness possessed her. But the street was empty, and she passed unnoticed through the gate and up the path to the house. Its white front glimmered indistinctly through the trees, showing only one oblong of light on the lower floor. She had supposed that the lamp was in Miss Hatchard's sitting-room; but now saw that it shone through a window at the farther corner of the house. She did not know the room to which this window belonged, and she paused under the trees, checked by a sense of strangeness. Then she moved on, treading softly on the short grass, and keeping so close to the house that whoever was in the room, even if roused by her approach, would not be able to see her.

The window opened on a narrow veranda with a trellised arch. She leaned close to the trellis, and parting the sprays of clematis that covered it looked into a corner of the room. She saw the foot of a mahogany bed, an engraving on the wall, a wash-stand on which a towel had been tossed, and one end of the green-covered table which held the lamp. Half of the lamp-shade projected into her field of vision, and just under it two smooth sunburnt hands, one holding a pencil and the other a ruler, were moving to and fro over a drawing-board.

Her heart jumped and then stood still. He was there, a few feet away; and while her soul was tossing on seas of woe he had been quietly sitting at his drawing-board. The sight of those two hands, moving with their usual skill and precision, woke her out of her dream. Her eyes were opened to the disproportion between what she had felt and the cause of her agitation; and she was turning away from the window when one hand abruptly pushed aside the drawing-board and the other flung down the pencil.

CHARITY had often noticed Harney's loving care of his drawings, and the neatness and method with which he carried on and concluded each task. The impatient sweeping aside of the drawing-board seemed to reveal a new mood. The gesture suggested sudden discouragement, or distaste for his work and she wondered if he too were agitated by secret perplexities. Her impulse of flight was checked; she stepped up on the veranda and looked into the room.

Harney had put his elbows on the table and was resting his chin on his locked hands. He had taken off his coat and waistcoat, and unbuttoned the low collar of his flannel shirt; she saw the vigorous lines of his young throat, and the root of the muscles where they joined the chest. He sat staring straight ahead of him, a look of weariness and self-disgust on his face: it was almost as if he had been gazing at a distorted reflection of his own features. For a moment Charity looked at him with a kind of terror, as if he had been a stranger under familiar lineaments; then she glanced past him and saw on the floor an open portmanteau half full of clothes. She understood that he was preparing to leave, and that he had probably decided to go without seeing her. She saw that the decision, from whatever cause it was taken, had disturbed him deeply; and she immediately concluded that his change of plan was due to some surreptitious interference of Mr. Royall's. All her old resentments and rebellions flamed up, confusedly mingled with the yearning roused by Harney's nearness. Only a few hours earlier she had felt secure in his comprehending pity; now she was flung back on herself, doubly alone after that moment of communion.

Harney was still unaware of her presence. He sat without moving, moodily staring before him at the same spot in the wall-paper. He had not even had the energy to finish his packing, and his clothes and papers lay on the floor about the portmanteau. Presently he unlocked his clasped hands and stood up; and Charity, drawing back hastily, sank down on the step of the veranda. The night was so dark that there was not much chance of his seeing her unless he opened the window and before that she would have time to slip away and be lost in the shadow of the trees. He stood for a minute or two looking around the room with the same expression of self-disgust, as if he hated himself and everything about him; then he sat down again at the table, drew a few more strokes, and threw his pencil aside. Finally he walked across the floor, kicking the portmanteau out of his way, and lay down on the bed, folding his arms under his head, and staring up morosely at the ceiling. Just so, Charity had seen him at her side on the grass or the pine-needles, his eyes fixed on the sky, and pleasure flashing over his face like the flickers of sun the branches shed on it. But now the face was so changed that she hardly knew it; and grief at his grief gathered in her throat, rose to her eyes and ran over.

She continued to crouch on the steps, holding her breath and stiffening herself into complete immobility. One motion of her hand, one tap on the pane, and she could picture the sudden change in his face. In every pulse of her rigid body she was aware of the welcome his eyes and lips would give her; but something kept her from moving. It was not the fear of any sanction, human or heavenly; she had never in her life been afraid. It was simply that she had suddenly understood what would happen if she went in. It was the thing that *did* happen between young men and girls, and that North Dormer ignored in public and snickered over on the sly. It was what Miss Hatchard was still ignorant of, but every girl of Charity's class knew about before she left school. It was what had happened to Ally Hawes's sister Julia, and had ended in her going to Nettleton, and in people's never mentioning her name.

It did not, of course, always end so sensationally: nor, perhaps, on the whole, so untragically. Charity had always suspected that the shunned Julia's fate might have its compensations. There were others, worse endings that the village knew of, mean, miserable, unconfessed; other lives that went on drearily, without visible change, in the same cramped setting of hypocrisy. But these were not the reasons that held her back. Since the day before, she had known exactly what she would feel if Harney should take her in his arms: the melting of palm into palm and mouth on mouth, and the long flame burning her from head to foot. But mixed with this feeling was another: the wondering pride in his liking for her, the startled softness that his sympathy had put into her heart. Sometimes, when her youth flushed up in her, she had imagined yielding like other girls to furtive caresses in the twilight; but she could not so cheapen herself to Harney. She did not know why he was going; but since he was going she felt she must do nothing to deface the image of her that he carried away. If he wanted her he must seek her: he must not be surprised into taking her as girls like Julia Hawes were taken . . .

No sound came from the sleeping village, and in the deep darkness of the garden she heard now and then a secret rustle of branches, as though some night-bird brushed them. Once a footfall passed the gate, and she shrank back into her corner; but the steps died away and left a profounder quiet. Her eyes were still on Harney's tormented face: she felt she could not move till he moved. But she was beginning to grow numb from her constrained position, and at times her thoughts were so indistinct that she seemed to be held there only by a vague weight of weariness.

A long time passed in this strange vigil. Harney still lay on the bed, motionless and with fixed eyes, as though following his vision to its bitter end. At last he stirred and changed his attitude slightly, and Charity's heart began to tremble. But he only flung out his arms and sank back into his former position. With a deep sigh he tossed the hair from his forehead; then his whole body relaxed, his head turned sideways on the pillow, and she saw that he had fallen asleep. The sweet expression came back to his lips, and the haggardness faded from his face, leaving it as fresh as a boy's.

She rose and crept away.

VIII

SHE had lost the sense of time, and did not know how late it was till she came out into the street and saw that all the windows were dark between Miss Hatchard's and the Royall house.

As she passed from under the black pall of the Norway spruces she fancied she saw two figures in the shade about the duck-pond. She drew back and watched; but nothing moved, and she had stared so long into the lamp-lit room that the darkness confused her, and she thought she must have been mistaken.

She walked on, wondering whether Mr. Royall was still in the porch. In her exalted mood she did not greatly care whether he was waiting for her or not: she seemed to be floating high over life, on a great cloud of misery beneath which every-day realities had dwindled to mere specks in space. But the porch was empty. Mr. Royall's hat hung on its peg in the passage, and the kitchen lamp had been left to light her to bed. She took it and went up.

The morning hours of the next day dragged by without incident. Charity had imagined that, in some way or other, she would learn whether Harney had already left; but Verena's deafness prevented her being a source of news, and no one came to the house who could bring enlightenment.

Mr. Royall went out early, and did not return till Verena had set the table for the midday meal. When he came in he went straight to the kitchen and shouted to the old woman: "Ready for dinner — " then he turned into the dining-room, where Charity was already seated. Harney's plate was in its usual place, but Mr. Royall offered no explanation of his absence, and Charity asked none. The feverish exaltation of the night before had dropped, and she said to herself that he had gone away, indifferently, almost callously, and that now her life would lapse again into the narrow rut out of which he had lifted it. For a moment she was inclined to sneer at herself for not having used the arts that might have kept him.

She sat at table till the meal was over, lest Mr. Royall should remark on her leaving; but when he stood up she rose also, without waiting to help Verena. She had her foot on the stairs when he called to her to come back.

"I've got a headache. I'm going up to lie down."

"I want you should come in here first; I've got something to say to you."

She was sure from his tone that in a moment she would learn what every nerve in her ached to know; but as she turned back she made a last effort of indifference.

Mr. Royall stood in the middle of the office, his thick eyebrows beetling, his lower jaw trembling a little. At first she thought he had [*Continued on page 65*]

"Good God!" he gasped. "You're not Me, are you?"

The Opal Morning

A Story of a Wild Night—and What Followed—in Wild Manhattan

by Ethel Watts Mumford

Illustrations by Thomas Fogarty

Ethel W. Mumford

AMUSED at his own agitation, Forbes Allison opened the envelope that bore the imprint of the clipping-bureau. Man of the world that he was, successful, tyrannical, self-indulgent and rather unscrupulous, he was wont to patronize mildly the enthusiastic, diffident, emotional and idealistic half of himself that shamefacedly set forth its lyric soul under the nom de plume of "Forrest Allyne."

The notices were numerous and lengthy. "I, Too, Have Been in Arcady" had proved itself a volume of exceptional verse. Even his cynic self was forced to acknowledge that it was good. It had warmth and fire; it had mood and magic. He grinned as he thought of the amazement and incredulity of his friends should they ever learn the author's identity. Frequently the notices featured a portrait, purporting to be that of the mythical Allyne. Allison had taken great pains to secure a presentment that satisfied his notion of what the writer of the Arcadian songs ought to look like. A famous artist, who had been intrusted with the secret, had supplied the ideal head, a profile study of a youthful, delicate face, the chin a trifle long, deep-set eyes, an expression at once thoughtful and challenging; a mass of waving, intensely black hair; clear, firm lines of throat and jaw, with a suggestion of tense cords — a type of dreamer to make others dream; the face of a saint and a lover; a young St. John, yet very much of earth — in short, the perfect poet.

Allison glanced at his reflection in the long mirror let into the hanging-closet door, and decided that in him, Allyne had an excellent alibi — tall, lean, Mephistophelian of countenance, with heavily lined skin, and eyes that had burned themselves deep under their brows; mobile, searching lips, at once weary and desirous; an old-young face, at once predatory and generous. He sighed. There were times when he disliked his type.

He turned again to the criticisms. They were not criticisms, they were lauds. Not one but praised, not a dissonant note in the chorus of adulation. "A new voice," "an inspired touch," "the clear flame of genius." Even "the dean" allowed "undoubted promise."

His curiosity and his vanity satisfied, Allison thrust the bulging envelope into the companionship of at least a dozen more, and turned to the rest of his mail. Smart little notes of feminine form and savor, square business communications, lordly announcements of exclusive haberdashers and hatters, strong paper oblongs from bankers and brokers, and a package from his publishers. Again with amused tolerance Allison permitted his authorial self to seize upon that missive to the neglect of more important matters. A short, typewritten, congratulatory note, and an inclosure of letters addressed to Forrest Allyne — an editor asking that he submit something; a word of personal appreciation from a fellow poet, a lady who patronized the arts and "would be pleased to see him at her reception on the fifth." Then his eye caught a cheap envelope, addressed in a rather unformed but individual hand. He paused. This would be — her tenth letter. He had grown to have a real feeling for his unknown little country-girl correspondent. As he slit the flap and withdrew the inclosure an unmounted photograph fluttered to the desk. A girl's face looked up at him, a girl in a sunbonnet, her features in shadow. His first impression was a shock of acute wonder. How in the world could such a beautiful creature be kept in domestic subjection

on a farm? That kind always made their escape somehow. She certainly must see the newspapers and the Sunday supplements. She must know that she compared more than favorably with many a professional beauty, and *she* was the isolated little soul whose letters breathed loneliness as persistently as a garden pink sends out its heart in pungent, unmistakable fragrance!

The portrait showed just a head and shoulders. The background a flaking of sun-patched lilac leaves. Her dress was a striped gingham, open at the throat — not even a brooch. The one hand that was raised to straighten the bonnet was ringless.

He stared, fascinated; then, opening a drawer drew out a packet — the other nine letters. In the light of her sudden visualization he was minded to glance at them again. He freed the first one from the rubber band. Strange that of all the correspondence his work had evoked, he had kept only her letters. After all, what were they? A sheaf of childish impressions, very direct, for she looked with her own eyes and described what she saw — but why? He recalled how, acting on an idle impulse, he had tossed that first shamefaced little note into the drawer. He read it now with her picture propped before him. He wanted to associate her likeness with his first impression of her. The new communication could wait its turn.

"I thank you so for your book," he read. "I've always loved nature, and it's lucky I do, for I'm marooned in the middle of an awful lot of it. But you've said things in such a way that you've doubled my pleasure, you've helped me fill my days with enjoyment of the out-of-doors. Best of all the poems I like, 'The Opal Morning,' and I see so many dawns, it has helped me not to yawn. Some mornings *are* opal, aren't they? And some, in early spring, are like moonstones, so clear and yet so milky — limpid mornings. Do you know that strange, thick, sticky dark red that lies in the East before sun-up in the autumn? I never see it but it gives me the shivers. It's ghostly. I wonder how *you'd* describe it. To me it looks like nothing so much as sinister, poisonous, smeary jam. Gray, dun-colored daybreaks I hate. They make everything and everybody look as if they ought never to have lived at all. You see how I ramble on. You'll forgive me, won't you? You don't have to read me. And I'm so lonely it gives me pleasure to write to you and tell you how really much your poems matter to me. I'll give this to the man who goes in with our milk cans to the station. Some one of the train men will take it in and post it in New York. I'd rather you didn't know the ugly name of my town. Perhaps I shall write you again. You'll know my handwriting and throw it in the scrap-basket. But if you could guess how starved for companionship I am, you might forgive me for being a silly fool. Good-by. Thank you for letting me talk to you. "Just — Me."

Allison smiled and turned back to the first page. "Marooned in the middle of an awful lot of nature." He chuckled as he took up the photograph and looked at it long. Then he spread the tenth letter before him.

"Dear You:

"You see I'm being even sillier than ever. I'm sending you a kodak taken last year — as if you cared! By this time I imagine you'll run when you see me coming. But it doesn't matter. I shall tell myself that you are delighted; that you put me in a silver frame and keep me on your desk. That's what I've done with you, and I hope you feel flattered. I found a picture of you in a paper, and cut it out. I bought the frame at a rummage sale at the M. E. Church. It's hideous, but it just fits. I have to keep it hidden. They'd think I'd gone crazy if they saw it — they'd be quite right, too. But I want to tell you how glad I am that you look the way you do. Why, you're beautiful! You couldn't help writing as you do, when you *are* like that. I never get tired of looking at you, and I don't believe you are spoiled a bit. Do crowds of other girls write to you as I do? I wonder. Oh, I forgot to tell you 'The Opal Morning' is folded in back of your picture. No, I didn't tear it out of the book. I got that, too, from a reprint in one of the reviews. Oh, no, the book should never be hurt like that. I'm amazed at you for thinking I'd do such a thing. Why, it's so alive, I was afraid to cut the pages I adore, I was sure they'd bleed. 'Sky Island' — that was in one of the magazines last month, but I saw it only yesterday. I have little time to read. I'm so tired at the end of my work that I could cry. What made you write 'The Steed with Wings'? It doesn't seem like you. I tried to imagine our old Jerry with those 'pinions of light and of fire, flashing in infinite space.' I'm perfectly certain he'd find some way to kick with them — forgive me, I'm bluer than ever today. Do *you* have to be with people you dislike, all the time, I wonder? Do *you* have to keep friends with people who rub you all wrong? I have to. My soul is sand-papered till it's raw. But one has to go on living, you know, and one has to be worth one's salt — and the cost of living is going up! One has to work hard. I wish I had a river here. I used to live near one. I loved particularly the eddies that always looked as if they were humped above some creature underneath that was just about to force through and show itself. Here there's a pool — oh, yes, and a cascade, a rockery — a horrid stilted *made* thing. I've grown to hate its pour, pour, pour, always just the same amount of water falling down the same number of stairs. . . .

"I didn't mean to be so complaining. My last letter was cheerfuller, wasn't it? So — please — forgive —— "Me."

ALLISON found the "cheerfuller" letter and turned to the last page.

"I've been full of irresponsible gaiety. I don't know why. I laugh for laughing's sake. I dance and dance and enjoy it just for dancing, and I let myself out when I sing, just for the 'push' of it. I'm just having a puppy fit, I guess. . . . My, how they run and roll — or a kitten scooting wildly about and doing strange things. I'm sure I don't know why. I've got no particular reason to be bubbling. But gaiety turns to you, too. You see, it isn't just in my blues and sobers that I love your songs. You seem to have that in you, too, that just-can't-help-it laughter. It's there in 'Pan's Hoofprint,' and in 'The Little Masque,' in 'The Slipped Tether' and 'Truant Love.' So just because I feel so irresponsible — I want to write to you. So if you've ever forgiven me at all — forgive me now for giggling — I can't help it — it's just "Me."

He slipped the letters back into their receptacle and tossed the picture on top of them. Then he smiled. She "had told herself that he would put her picture in a silver frame and keep it ever before him." Well, just for the whim of it, he'd give her reason. Without compunction he removed the presentment of a very beautiful lady from an oval of gold, thrust into the inappropriately gorgeous surrounding the face of the girl in a gingham sunbonnet, and ceremoniously placed it, the center ornament of his work-table. Allison shook himself. He had pandered to his ridiculous, chuckle-headed lyric self long enough.

The telephone rang sharply, and it was his other personality that answered.

"Oh, hello, old man! Why, yes, I will. I've a dinner and theatre — but I'll meet you afterwards. That's a go, then. Matt's here? Good — we'll show him about a bit — five years, is it? Well, so-long. I've got a busy day."

The long room was filled with smoke, that toned down its garish coloring — raw reds and yellows paneled with black and gold. At the far end, on a raised platform, a band of musicians were giving voice to a hula-hula, while a girl, with brown stained body and a Broadway version of a grass skirt, swung lithe hips and agile fingers to a haunting rhythm. The right-hand partition was set with mirrors, a fountain splashed down four steps of illuminated glass and watered a basin, edged with artificial roses. Against the walls tables were wedged, tables crowded by typical all-night rounders, noisily enjoying themselves. There were four men and three girls in Allison's party — Bangs, Van Nard and Bill Matt. The girls were performers — Irene and Hélène, professional dancers, and Vili Nadi, late of Budapest, and deriving therefrom her pet name, "The little pest." Champagne stood in their glasses; champagne bottles arrogantly displayed on an adjoining empty table advertised that the crowd were "no pikers."

Allison leaned back and watched the writhing hula girl. It was half-past two in the morning, and he was bored and tired. He was host, however, at this tag end of a misspent evening, and Bill Matt had been five years away from the big town and was in no mood to go home. He was frankly having the time of his life, devouring the diminutive Hungarian chanteuse with his eyes, and roaring with laughter at the broken English of her sallies. Bangs, between the two dancers, divided his somewhat befuddled attentions, while Van Nard found his fate in his bubbling glass.

"Why don't you take up this Island stuff, Hélène?" Allison heard Bangs inquire in an injured tone. "You could knock that girl silly, and she's the big number."

Hélène shrugged slim shoulders and glanced down at her costume — a daring combination of rose-wreaths and tiger-skin.

"Don't care to," she answered laconically.

She lifted her glass to her lips and pretended to drink. He noticed that her drinking was largely pretense. Irene laughed.

"Hélène's got her line and she sticks to it. Guess she's right, at that. Isn't she known all over the shop as 'Miss Three Weeks' and 'the girl in the tiger-skin'? Some class to that — what?"

Van Nard roused himself from the contemplation of his wine. "That's a good stunt, Hélène — that finale, stripping out of your pelt and making a doormat of it — must say, it gives me a start every time."

"That's why I do it," she observed calmly. "I pull down enough coin for that skin stunt to keep me going quite comfortably, thank you."

Irene nodded, not without envy. "She does that — and then what? Why, she fools 'em. There's no show at all — nice little modest nighty just unrolls with it — and all over."

"And not all off — hey?" Matt laughed at his brilliant repartee. "But say — can't we go on? I'm tired of this. Can't you girls beat it? — and we'll try breakfast up the road somewhere."

Van straightened in his chair with a jerk. "Why didn't I think of it before?" he exclaimed. "Hélène, have you still got that roulette-wheel in your apartment?"

She nodded.

"Say, fellows," he continued, "let's go up to Hélène's and have a spin or two. She's got a nice place, and her Jap can trim us some eggs. I'll set up the drinks. Come on, what do you say?"

The host started a feeble protest, but Matt's delighted acceptance overruled him. [*Continued on page 73*]

Someone and Somebody

by Porter Emerson Browne

Illustrations by Clarence F. Underwood

Chapter XXXI — Continuing Our Contention Relative to Misfortunes and Showing How They Can Be Not Only Plural, but Mighty Mean About It as Well

"WHAT'LL you take for that pile of junk?" It was the garage man who spoke. Our hero looked at him.

"What'll you give?" he asked.

"I'll haul it around to the garage for a dollar," offered the garage man. "'N' then I'll look it over in the morning an' make you an offer for it. 'S'at satisfact'ry?"

Our hero nodded. Almost anything was satisfactory in the circumstances.

Our hero took a long look around. He was puzzled, There is no one in the world so helpless as a broken-down motorist. His cosmos is ruined and his universe upset. Also his Scheme of Things is All Shot to Pieces.

At length he turned to our heroine.

"I suppose we might as well go," he said.

"Go?" she queried.

He nodded.

"Where?" she asked.

"Somewhere," he said. "Eh—that is, anywhere. I—I——"

He turned to the police force.

"Is there a train out of here tonight?" he queried.

"There is," replied one half of the police force, succinctly.

"But," opined the other half, "you don't take it until that's settled for." He aimed a thick finger at the bleeding fountain.

"Unless," continued the first half, "you put up a bond."

"How much?" asked our hero.

"How much, Jake?" queried the second half of the hotel proprietor. "Jake," he told our hero, "is the jestice o' the peace."

The hotel business had not been good. Our hero and our heroine looked rich. Either way the hotel business or the town treasury stood to be enriched.

"One hundred bones," said the hotel-proprietor-justice-of-the-peace. "Cash," he added. It was an afterthought; but he made up his mind it was one he wouldn't forget.

"An' if you ain't got it," he went on, "I can let you have a nice room an' bath for a dollar fifty a day until you can send an' git it."

Our hero looked at our heroine.

Our heroine looked at our hero.

"Shall we?" he queried.

She thought a moment.

"We might as well be here as anywhere, I suppose," she said. "And it's quiet. . . . We can stay and talk over ——"

"Tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow."

"Because," she said it very softly so that no one would overhear; said the thought that had lain in her mind since morning, "I can't take any of your money now. . . . I still have a ring that will pay for—that."

A nod of her beautiful head told him that she meant the hotel.

Someone

"That, too, we will talk over," he said. Then, to the proprietor: "Have you two rooms?"

The proprietor considered.

"Yes," he said, "but only one with a bath."

"You take that," said our hero to our heroine. "I'll take the other."

"But it's got twin beds," declared the proprietor, "if you ain't used to ——"

Our hero interrupted, quickly.

"Please give us what I ask," he said.

The proprietor turned on his heel and entered the hotel. Something he was muttering. It was to the effect that them goldarned city folks would be wantin' twin houses next.

After supper, our hero and our heroine fared forth from the hotel. Through still leaf-embowered streets they walked. In the air was the soft smell of growing nature. . . . A tiny, old-fashioned garden they passed, came to them the sweet breath of roses. . . . A little brook, tumbling roguishly beneath a small, white bridge, chuckled to them, friendlily.

At length they came to the village green, lined of its square, contented house, patriarched by the tall, stately church. It had two rows of elms, tall and stately like the church, and the sward was like a carpet. So still everything was! Only the chirp of the crickets, and the booming of the frogs there by the little brook.

The moon came up, all silver and gold, paling the stars, shedding over church and house and elm, over green and garden, its clear, soft light. The crickets sang more loudly, and the frogs. . . . Very still it was, and beautiful.

Our heroine sank lithely upon the velvet carpet. Our hero seated himself there beside her. Together they watched God give His glories to His summer night. . . . And Something welled up within them—a Something big and fine and wonderful. . . So is God always ready to do unto His children will they but let Him. . . .

As yet they had not spoken of the Dread that lay before them—Tomorrow. . . . The wonderful Something would not let them. Tonight, they felt, at least was theirs. And they were so unhappily happy!

The clock in the old church steeple boomed nine. . . . A few minutes later it boomed ten. . . . Just a second or so after that, it boomed eleven. And right on top of that it boomed twelve.

Our hero and our heroine looked at each other. Hesitantly, reluctantly, they slowly rose to their feet. Unwillingly they made their way back to the little hotel. On the dark, silent porch, they hesitated.

"But we must talk about it sometime," protested our heroine.

"I suppose so," sighed our hero.

"And it's too late now!" said our heroine.

"Yes," agreed our hero.

"And besides," said our heroine, "what is there to talk about?"

"I don't know," replied our hero. "Do you?"

Our heroine shook her beautiful head.

"Then at least we know that much," opined our hero.

"What much?" asked our heroine.

"Why, we know that we don't know anything. . . . And at least that's something, isn't it?"

"Perhaps, though it doesn't sound like very much."

There fell a pause.

"I really ought to go to bed," said our heroine.

"I suppose so," said our hero.

"Though I don't want to a bit," said our heroine.

"Then let's stay up!" cried our hero.

She shook her head.

"But Tomorrow is coming. . . ."

"It will come just the same if we stay up," said our hero. "Our going to bed won't stop it in the least."

"Yes, but we must get sleep so that we will be strong to face it."

He sighed.

"I suppose so," he agreed.

They had their keys. The proprietor had seen to that before they went for their walk. He knowed them city folks. Owls, they was. Half-past ten wasn't nothin' for 'em! An' they always laid around in bed in the mornin' till ha' past six 'r seven! Turnin' night into day like that! No wonder their stummicks was all upset so they couldn't eat nothin' but ha'f a b'iled egg for breakfust!

Somebody

Our heroine's room was at the head of the stairs. At her door they paused while he unlocked it for her. . . .

"Good night," whispered our hero, unwillingly.

"Good night," whispered our heroine, very softly.

"I ——" began our hero.

"Yes?" helped our heroine.

"Eh — nothing," answered our hero.

"I ——" began our heroine.

"Yes?" assisted our hero.

"Eh — nothing," answered our heroine.

"Good night," said our hero.

"Good night," said our heroine.

She sighed. . . .

"It's been a very happy day!" said our heroine, wistfully.

"That's what *I* wanted to say!" cried our hero, eagerly.

"Why didn't you?" queried our heroine, smilingly.

"I couldn't think of it," returned our hero. "But it has! It's been wonderful!"

"Yes," sighed our heroine.

"And I'm sorry my uncles robbed you, because ——"

"Yes?"

"Because," said our hero, "I like you better than anyone I ever knew. . . . I know I'm no good," he went on, quickly, "but before we — I mean before you and I — that is, before you go to bed, I just want you to know that I'm not quite as bad as you think I am, and if only Wilkins hadn't robbed me, I'd have given you back your money and everything!"

She nodded.

"But I don't," she said, softly.

"Don't what?" he queried.

"Think you're as bad as I think you are. I mean, I don't think you're bad at all!"

"Really?" he cried.

"As a matter of fact," she went on, "I ——"

"Yes?"

"I — like you, too!"

It was all in a whisper. . . . Before he realized, the door was shut. . . . She was gone. . . .

Our hero took a deep, quivering breath. A yet greater Something than the Something of the summer night came over him. . . . A great, flooding happiness! A great, pulsing joy! A wondrous lightness of heart and soul and body. . . . He wondered vaguely why he didn't go straight up in the air, like a balloon!

She liked him! What cared he for Dread Tomorrow now! For a thousand Dread Tomorrows!

Filled of resurgent happiness, his feet as winged as those of an Apollo, he went to his room, and to bed. . . . But not to sleep! She liked him! . . . How beautiful she was! . . . Her eyes, her hair, her lips, her teeth. . . . The silken ankle. . . . What if it had made him (if it had) run into the watering-trough? It was worth it! What if Wilkins had robbed him and gone to South America or somewhere? That was worth it, too! Oh, everything was worth everything now! . . .

So ran his mind. So he did not sleep. Which was as well, or even better. For at quarter-past one the garage, which was right behind the hotel, blew up with a large and flaming BANG!!! thereby catching fire to the hotel itself, which, being of wood and a hundred and fifty years old, was most excellent material for a holocaust. At which our hero, attired as of his familiar dream, except that he wore a blanket instead of a silk hat, rescued our heroine, tastefully gowned in a getting-out costume consisting of a counterpane over certain other articles that are none of our business and carrying her shoes and stockings in her hands, while the members

of the Happy Valley Volunteer Fire Department Hope Hose No. 1 stood admiringly by, playing upon the conflagration with one small and anemic stream of water.

Thus adorned do our hero and our heroine seat themselves in a couple of porch chairs in the middle of Main Street and, watching the blazing hostelry, endeavor to compose themselves.

Comes the proprietor. He is caparisoned in a flannelet nightshirt, and rubber boots. He says let the gol-darned thing burn! She's insured to the muzzle. And now he can put up a nice cement block hotel that will be artistic.

The garage-owner approaches. Living directly over the explosion, and having been there at the time, he is dressed in a horse blanket and one eyebrow. His hair, too, has suffered. His remarks are what are usually designated by dashes, exclamation points and asterisks. Seeing our hero, however, he brightens.

"You ketched it, too, blinkety, blankety blunk it!" he howls. "That boiler o' yourn's all blowed to blink! Unless," he adds with sudden trepidation, "you got it insured. Have ye?"

"No," says our hero.

"Good!" says the singed owner. Here at least is a crumb of comfort; for true it is that Misery loves company. Also is it true that she is seldom lonesome.

Out of the East, vying in glow with the flare of the burning hostelry, comes Dawn. Beside him stalks Dread Tomorrow.

But our hero, settling himself closer in his blanket, eyes our heroine, in her counterpane, and other things. There is a smile upon his lips. . . . Comes an answering smile to hers.

"It's Tomorrow!" he says, slowly.

"Yes," she says, softly.

She looks at him wonderingly.

He, smiling, shakes his head.

They are getting so they can talk without words now. . . . And that's always a good sign. . . .

What is going on in our hero's mind is:

"Afraid? Huh! Don't make me laugh! As soon as I can get a pair of trousers and some shoes and things, I'm going to grab Old Man Tomorrow right by the first lock of his alimentary canal and slam him so far you won't be able to find him even in the calendar!"

And what is going on in her mind?

Part of it you will find here. It is between the lines. For the rest it is, like what the counterpane covers, none of our business.

Chapter XXXII — Concerning What Comes Next

To be robbed of forty million dollars; to have your one remaining asset burned up; to lose your clothing and what little money you have left; to be virtually under arrest for dislocating a fountain; to be found at sunrise sitting in a porch chair in the middle of Main Street dressed only in a union suit and a blanket; these, you would think, would form a concatenation of circumstances that would be calculated to depress a person. However, should you so think, you would be wrong. For happiness is internal, not external. It is not the things that lie about us that make us happy. It is the things we have within ourselves. A clean conscience gives one pleasure that a thousand steam yachts were helpless to import. A good digestion makes more for joy than automobiles by the million. And Hope, and Love, and Helpfulness carry the banners of Happiness into castle or cottage alike, where external belongings may never go.

These our hero now has. Also she likes him. Further, she is very beautiful. Moreover, she is alone, friendless, penniless. Beyond that, it is his inherited fault. Therefore she has become his Responsibility. Which is good. Every man should have a Responsibility. That is, provided he has a sense of Responsibility to go with it. A Responsibility without its Sense is as bad as the Sense without the Responsibility. But no worse. Either without the other falls. Like ham and eggs. If you have a Responsibility with no Sense of having it, you accomplish nothing. If you have a Sense of Responsibility and no Responsibility to use it on, soon you lose it. For nothing in this world long stands still. It either grows better or worse according as we make it. This applies to personal affairs as well as national. It applies to children, to houses, to horses, to dogs, to commoners and to kings.

Our hero now has a Responsibility. The Sense he has always had; nor has it yet had time to lose its keenness. We are very glad for our hero. So we will hasten and, through the kindly offices of a generous citizenry, we will give him the following items:

1. A second-hand gingham shirt with patches on it.
2. A pair of trousers, 32 leg, 44 waist. (Our hero's measurements are exactly the reverse.)
3. A pair of vintage shoes with erstwhile elastic in the sides.
4. A hat. The least said the better.
5. A mid-Victorian frock-coat. Suitable for an undertaker.
6. A pair of red socks.

Because we love our heroine, who all along has had both Responsibility and Sense, through the same good offices we will give her:

1. A sunbonnet.
2. A Mother Hubbard wrapper.
3. Miscellaneous.

Furthermore, again through the same generous means, we will give them a nice breakfast of bacon, and eggs, and potatoes, and corn bread, and popovers, and coffee with thick cream.

We will also give them one friend. Guess who it is? You'll never think of it in a thousand years! . . . What? . . . No, nobody from the city. . . . What? . . . No again. . . . It's somebody you know already. . . . Huh? . . . Uh-uh. . . . Tell you? . . . Very well. It's the garage-owner. He is sitting across the table, eating huckleberry pie with a knife.

"I s'pose you'll be wirin' back to Noo Yawk f'r money," he opines to our hero.

"No," our hero replies.

"No?" says the garage-owner, stroking the place where his left eyebrow formerly flourished. Then: "Oh, you're going to try to get a check cashed here. Well, you won't ——"

"No," replies our hero.

"But you lost everything you had in the fire, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Money 'n' all?"

"Yes."

"So you haven't got no money a tall?"

"No."

"An' you ain't got no machine."

"No."

"If you ain't got no money an' no automobile, how're you goin' to git away?"

"I don't know. Walk, maybe," our hero replied.

"Walk? Walk where?" questioned the garage-owner.

"Somewhere. Anywhere."

The garage-owner gasped, pie-laden knife aloft.

"Don't you know where you're goin'?"

"No. And besides, you see, I've got to stay and pay for the watering-trough. So perhaps I'm not going anywhere."

"Well, I'm a son of a gun!" said the garage-owner. Then: "Why don't you send for some money?"

"Because I haven't any."

"No money?" asked the garage-owner.

"No."

"No money not nowhere?"

"No."

"Can't you borry any?"

"No."

"Ain't you even got a friend?"

"No."

The garage-owner gasped again.

"Well, I *am* a son of a gun!" he declared.

"But when you an' her come sailin' through here an' slammed into out waterin'-trough, you looked like a million dollars!"

"Possibly," answered our hero without enthusiasm.

"We thought o' course you had hunks o' money."

"We did have, once."

"Lost it?"

"It was stolen."

"All of it?"

"All except the few dollars that burned up with my clothes."

"Well, I be gol-darned!" declared the garage-owner.

He poured a liberal portion of coffee from his mustache-cup into his saucer and drained it.

"So you're busted?" he said.

"Yes."

"No money, no friends, no nothin'?"

"No."

"Ain't you even got a job?"

"No."

"What are you goin' to do then?"

"I don't know."

"Not even an idee?"

"Not the slightest."

"Well, you sure are busted!" opined the garage-owner. "You sure are the bustedest feller as ever I see in my whole days!"

He deftly balanced on his knife another piece of pie. Our heroine eyed him fearfully. She just knew he'd cut himself before he got through. How was she to realize that years of constant practice had made him as accomplished as a sword-swallower? As any other sword-swallower, we were going to say. Wherein we would be quite meticulous.

"What's your idee, anyhow?" persists the garage-owner. "You're going to try to git a job, ain't you?"

"I'm going to get one," corrected our hero.

"You don't seem much discouraged about it," commented the garage-owner.

"Why should I be?" queried our hero. "She likes me."

"What's that?"

"I mean, I've earned my living before and I don't see any reason why I can't do it again."

"What can you do?"

"Oh, 'most anything."

"What did you do?"

"Worked in a store. Sold encyclopedias — I mean an encyclopedia."

"Stores 'round here are all filled up," said the garage-owner. "An' as for encyclopedias, a feller'd want a pair of bullet-proof pants. We be'n stung already."

He considered, darkly.

"However, there's one thing."

"Yes."

"I don't like to sug'est it to a feller that's as tony as you are — I mean as you was — but ——"

"That's all right."

"Labor's mighty scarce."

"Is it?"

"Day labor. There's a feller gettin' out some lumber up in the Notch an' he's havin' a dickens of a time tryin' to get fellers up there lumberin'."

"You really think I could get a job?"

"Sure as shootin'."

Great joy came again to our hero.

"Fine!" he cried. "Where can I find him?"

"I'll take you up there myself ——"

"Yes!"

"As soon as I finish this pie. Jake'll lend me his tin Lizzie, an' we'll hop up there in no time. Two an' a quarter a day, he pays."

"Bully!"

"An' I'll fix the fountain. So don't worry about that."

"You will?"

"Me an' some fellers'll put the trough back. A little solder'll fix the pipe all right. Jake won't say nothin' — 'specially when he finds out you ain't got nothin' nohow."

"Fine! I don't know how to thank you ——"

"'N' I was jest thinkin'."

"Yes?"

"Where are you an' yer wife goin' to live?"

"Me and my wife!" exclaimed our hero.

The garage-owner nodded.

"Oh, but we're not ——"

He felt a gentle pressure on his hand beneath the table. It was out heroine.

"Don't tell him yet," she whispered.

"What's that?" asked the garage-owner.

"We're not decided," replied our hero.

"Oh," said the garage-owner.

"We might — board," ventured our hero, "if we could get a couple of rooms ——"

"Better keep house," suggested the garage-owner. "It's cheaper."

"I suppose it is," said our hero. [*Continued on page 31*]

NEXT month, Burton E. Stevenson's great mystery serial begins — "A King in Babylon." It is a curious story of a motion-picture company in the great desert of Egypt, and the thrilling things that happened to them. A tale to keep the reader guessing. It will be published in six generous instalments, with illustrations by W. H. D. Koerner. Also in May, "A Primer for Pacifists," by the indefatigable Porter Emerson Browne; and short stories by Oscar Graeve, Fannie Heaslip Lea, Jerome Beatty and C. P. Connolly. A great number!

Trailing Human Nature

with FRED C. KELLY

IF all the erroneous theories which have crept into quite general acceptance, it is doubtful if any is much farther from the actual facts, in the long run, than the one about a prophet being not without honor except in his own country. The truth is that we are all provincials at heart and we unconsciously assume that those things close at hand which are the best of their kind must necessarily be the best to be found anywhere — simply because they excel any that we happen to know about. If you don't believe this, the next time you are in a Pullman smoking-compartment, engage some stranger in conversation. You find, let us say, that he is from some obscure town down South or out West. Ask him if there are any really great lawyers in his town. Just try it and see if he doesn't reply something like this:

"Lawyers? Oh, yes, bless your heart, we've got one man — John J. McDoe his name is — who's probably the greatest criminal lawyer in the United States. Why, that man made a speech at the trial of ——"

And so on and so on.

It would be the same way if you asked him about doctors or barbers or ukelele players or one-step dancers. There would be somebody in his town who has few equals and no superior anywhere in the whole country.

Scarcely a week goes by that I don't meet somebody who tells me of a newspaper sketch artist or cartoonist in the little town he comes from who is a great deal better than any to be found in the great cities. Sometimes a man will show me a sample of the work of such an artist and never yet has it seemed as clever to me as it does to the man who lives in that town.

Nearly every man has a pet tailor whom he regards as the only living person who can fit him properly — and yet perhaps he has never tried any other tailor.

When I was a small lad there was a man in our town named Mat Kump who played the bass drum in the Sons of Veterans' Band. I was brought up to believe that Mat Kump was the most skilled bass-drummer in the world. And I still think so. When I pause to consider the thing in a calm, unemotional way, without bias or prejudice, I realize that there must be men somewhere who can play the big drum just as well as Mat Kump. But I don't know them personally, and it is easier just to forget that there are any others. So, when I think of a bass drum at all, I unconsciously think of it as an instrument which can be played properly by nobody except Mat Kump.

Mat Kump, who played the bass drum

Similarly, there was a man in our town who used to run foot races. Whenever he went away from home to race he was defeated. But I never thought any less of his ability on that account. Feeling certain that he was the best runner there was, I simply took it for granted that he was not in proper condition, or met with some piece of bad luck on the occasions when somebody beat him.

When sewing-machines first came into common use, women who had been lifelong friends would quarrel and separate, simply because they could not agree on which make of sewing-machine was most meritorious. Each woman thought hers the best because it was the one with which she was most intimately acquainted.

Nothing will make two boys from different small towns engage in a fight so quickly as an argument over the question of which town has the best "slip-horn" player, or the best baseball catcher. One boy says: "Our team's got the best catcher," and the other boy retorts, "How could he be the best, when our team's got the best catcher in the state?"

Then the first boy declares that their man is not merely the best in the state, but the best in the United States. The only reason he isn't in the big leagues is because he wants to stay home to help his father run the stave factory.

Thus the argument goes on until the two double up their fists and fight. They fight not so much from anger as from sheer disgust with the other fellow. Each thinks that anybody who holds such absurd and pin-headed views should be exterminated for the good of society.

A prophet is most honored in his own country.

Mr. Kelly

Here is a man who looks about him as he lives. He likes his fellow beings, though now and then he sees their foibles. These are delightful every-day observations

Sketches by Rea Irvin

SHORTLY before the last election I was talking to a man in a small village about what was going to happen. He said he looked for Mr. Hughes to be elected. And he based this prediction on the fact that he had been "over the country a good deal" and the majority of the persons he met were planning to vote for Mr. Hughes. I found that his traveling over the country had all been within the confines of his own county. He had talked with perhaps thirty or forty persons.

He yelled too soon

Most of us, in greater or less degree, are guilty of just such provincialism in our viewpoint. We assume that our immediate locality is typical of the rest of the country. Certainly this is true of New Yorkers, notwithstanding their exceptional opportunities to meet persons from all over. On election night when returns showed that three or four eastern states had gone against Wilson, New Yorkers promptly set about spending the money they had won on Hughes. It never occurred to them that any appreciable number of voters in other parts of the country might not have cast their ballots just as people in the East did.

WE all imagine that we have minds flecked with intelligence, but it is surprising, when we come to examine ourselves, what foolish katydid-headed persons we are. You meet a man, let me say, who has strong dislikes for certain cities. Most people like some cities and have an aversion to others. Well, you ask the man why he hates Chicago, or Philadelphia, or Red Key, and maybe you find that he was there only once and it was raining, and a man in the street car chanced to step on his foot, and he just naturally loathes the accursed town and doesn't understand how anybody can live there.

When I stop to analyze my own thoughts I am forced to admit that the reason I do not like Boston, for instance, is because I once chanced to meet with three or four glaring examples of business discourtesy there all in the same day. The episodes made such a deep impression on me that unconsciously when I think of Boston I think of it as a place I wish to avoid. Yet I know that there is doubtless no more discourtesy prevailing in Boston than anywhere else. All of which brings me to this:

Grossly insulted by a drunken Englishman

The other day I got to discussing the war with a man who, though not of German descent, was strongly pro-German in his sympathies. Being rabidly anti-German myself, I could not understand why a man should not think about the war exactly as I do. So I pinned him down to his reasons. It seems that some years ago he had been grossly insulted by a drunken Englishman. So he could see nothing good thenceforth in anything bearing a British label. He thinks no punishment is too severe for the people of Great Britain and her allies!

And it is astonishing what a lot of people look at things from an angle of view only a trifle broader than that.

He had to wear side-whiskers

MAYBE, just as the copy-books say, clothes do not make the man; but they make a lot of difference in the way a man feels. Take, for example, the matter of hats. You place a conventional derby on a man and he feels so conventional that he walks along looking neither to the right nor the left. That same man in a rakish, broad-brimmed hat is apt to walk with a swagger and leer into the faces of innocent pedestrians. A summer or two ago a clever young salesman in a hat place induced me to buy a large, impressive Panama with jaunty convolutions in the brim. The moment I went out on the street with that hat I felt myself enveloped in an atmosphere of gay abandon. I felt an insistent desire to wink, banteringly, at a number of beautiful and stylish young women, even though they were entire strangers.

There used to be a man who seemed to have me bluffed. He always wore clothes of the best quality, immaculately pressed, and with a little white edge on his waistcoat. But his mind was practically a blank. Yet when I met him, I was timid about voicing an opinion on even the most trivial subject. I hesitated about remarking on the weather, because I feared he might be in possession of some inside facts about weather conditions and would merely laugh in boisterous derision at my views. One day I chanced to meet this man just after he had finished changing a tire on his automobile. He was soiled and disheveled and I had on a brand new outfit of clothes which had cost me a large sum of money. Moreover, I had just left the barber shop where I had been all prettied up in a way that made me look exceptionally neat and attractive. I found that I could walk right up to the man who had theretofore always made me tongue-tied, and talk to him on a basis approaching equality. My sense of inferiority had been due, it seemed, to the fact that he had dressed so well that everybody assumed he was just as smart as his clothes. When he got his clothes mussed up, changing a tire, he was like Samson after a haircut.

Does all the world love a lover?

I was a member of a gymnasium class once, along with a policeman. He was an awkward-looking policeman in uniform, but in a suit of light running pants he was a superb physical specimen. So long as he was in gymnasium attire, showing his wonderful assortment of fine muscles, I unconsciously accorded him a great deal of quiet deference. I hesitated to disagree with him on politics, religion or baseball. But the moment I met him on the street — the moment he was out of the gymnasium, where he so glaringly was in his own element of noticeable superiority — I found that I would just as soon have snapped my fingers in his face as not. I longed to find an excuse to walk boldly up to him and say: "What do you know about baseball or politics, you big stiff?"

What is true of clothes is almost equally true of various hirsutorial adornments. A friend of mine once bet on T. Roosevelt and was obliged to wear a set of side whiskers for several weeks. Before his time was up and he could remove the whiskers, that man was slipping into the side doors of drug-stores buying himself perfumery.

[*Continued on page 56*]

The Unhappy Medium

Mr. Sarg

THERE may be such a thing as a ghost, but I don't believe it! At the same time, I'm willin' to admit that my feelin's in the matter ain't going to prove the ruin of the haunted-house promoters. There's a whole lot of things which I look on as plain and simple bunk, that the average guy studies at college. But the reason I say there *may* be, is because when me and Kid Scanlan come back East this year after knockin' 'em dead at Film City, Cal., we stopped off somewheres in the middle West and was showed over what the advertisin' matter admitted to be the greatest bakery in the world.

I think them ad writers was modest fellers. That joint was not only the world's greatest bakery, it was the world's greatest anything!

I never really knowed a thing about bread except that you put butter on it, until I give that place the up and down. What I don't know about the staff of life *now* would never get you through Yale I might go farther than that and come right out with the fact that I have become an abandoned bread fiend and got to have it or I foam at the mouth since I saw how it was made at this dough foundry.

An accommodatin' little guy took hold of me and the Kid and showed us all over the different machine-shops where this here bread was mixed, baked and what-notted for the trade. Our charmin' guide must have come from a family of auctioneers and circus barkers, and he never heard of no sums under ten or eleven thousand in his life. He knowed more about figures than Joe Grady who filled in a summer with a Russian ballet and he had been wound up and set to deliver chatter at the rate of three words a second, provided the track was fast and he got off in front. He talked with his whole body, waggin' his head, movin' his arms and shufflin' his feet. When he got warmed up and goin' good, he pushed forward at you with his hands like he was tryin' to insert his chatter right into you.

He leads us to a spot about half a mile from where we come in, holds up his hands to heaven, coughs, blows his nose and gives a little shiver.

"Over there!" he bellers, without no warnin', "over there is our marvelous, mastadon, mixin' shop. We use 284,651 pounds of scrupulously sifted and freshly flavored flour, one million cakes of elegant yeast and 156,390 pounds of bakin' powder each and every year! We employ 865 magnificent men there and they get munificent money. We don't permit the use of drugs, alcoholics, tobacco or unions! The men work eight easy hours a delightful day, six days a week and they are happy, hardy and healthy! Promotion is regular, rapid and regardless! Our employees are all loyal, likable and Lithuanians! They own their own cottages, clothes and chickens, bein' thrifty, temperate and ——"

"Tasty!" I yells. I couldn't keep it in no longer!

"What?" snaps the little guy, kinda sore.

"Lay off, Stupid!" says the Kid to me with an openly admirin' glance at the runt. "Go on with your story," he nods to him. "Never mind Senseless here; I'm gettin' every word of it!"

The little hick glares at me and points to a shack on the left.

"Over there," he pipes, "over there is our shippin' plant where the freshly finished and amazingly appetizin' loaves are carefully counted and accurately assembled! For this painstakin' performance we employ 523 more men. None but the skilled, superior and — and — eh — Scandinavian are allowed in that diligent department and each and every day a grand, glorious total of ten thousand lovely loaves are let loose with nothin' missin' but the consumer's contented cackle as he eagerly eats! We even garnish each loaf with a generous gob of Gazoopis — our own ingenuous invention — before they finally flitter forth! Would you like to see the shop?

"I certainly wish I could sling chatter like that!" answers the Kid with a sigh, "but I guess it's all in the way a guy was brung up. Gobs of generous Gazoopis!" he mutters, turnin' the words over in his mouth like they was sweet morsels. "Gobs of generous Gazoopis! Oh, boy!"

The little guy throws out his chest and bows with an "I-thank-you" look all over his face. He got me sore just watchin' him. Y'know that runt hated himself.

"Say!" I says to him, "if all that stuff you claim for this roll foundry is on the level, it must take a lot of dough to run it, eh?"

"Are you tryin' to kid me?" he sneers.

"No!" I comes back; "but speakin' of bakeries, I'd sacrifice my sacred silk socks for a flash at them skilled Scandinavians assemblin' that bread before I move on to nasty New York!"

The Kid slaps me on the back and grins.

"Go on, Foolish!" he says. "You got this bird on the ropes!" He turns to the runt. "All I want," he goes on, "is one peep at them likable Lithuanians — can I git that?"

"You guys are as funny as pneumonia to me!" snorts the little guy, gettin' red in the face. "That stuff may pass for comedy in Yonkers or wherever you hicks blowed in from, but it don't git no laugh outa me! D'ye wanna see this shop or don't you — yes or no?"

"Let's go!" I tells him. "You got me all worked up about it!" says the Kid. "I talk like you can, gift, ain't it?" grunts somethin' and nods for us to fall in behind him and we lock-step along till we come to another joint from which was issuin' what I'll lay eight to five was all the noise in the world. How they ever gathered it up and got it in the buildin' I don't know, but I do know it was there! If you'd take a bowlin'-alley on Turnverein night, a boiler factory workin' on a rush order and the battle of Gettysburg, wind 'em all up and set 'em all off at once you might get an idea of how the inmates of that buildin' was ruinin' the peace and quiet of the surroundin' country. A dynamite explosion in the next block would have attracted as much attention as a whisper in a steam-fittin' shop.

"I thought the war was in Europe!" hollers the Kid, holdin' his ears. "Has the police been tipped off about this?"

"What d'ye mean the police?" screams back the runt. "That there is the mixin' and bakin' shop."

"Yeh?" I cuts in. "Well, I don't know what them skilled Scandinavians of yours are at, but believe me, they're tryin' all right!"

The runt sneers at us.

"You must be a fine pair of hicks!" he says. "D'ye mean to say you never heard of the Eureka Mixin' and Bakin' machine?"

"I can hear it now, all right!" I tells him, noddin' to the buildin' where the boilermakers was havin' a field day, "but ——"

"Sufferin' salmon, what boobs!" he interrupts me. Then he gives us both the once-over and starts his sneerer workin' again. "Say," he asks me, "who d'ye like to win the battle of Santiago and d'ye think Lincoln will be elected again?"

"I don't know," I comes back. "I'm gonna vote for Jefferson myself!" I looks him right in the eye "I think Washington is a sucker to hang around Valley Forge all winter, don't you?" I asks him.

"Couple of small-time cut-ups, eh?" he says, shakin' his head. "Where d'ye come from?"

"New York," the Kid tells him. "And listen — will you do me a favor and let's hear some more about them likable Lithuanians and gobs of generous Gazoopis?"

"I figured you come from some hick burg like New York," says the runt, ignorin' the Kid's request. "I can spot a guy from New York ten miles away! He knocks Brooklyn, thinks walkin' up Broadway is seein' life, was born in Memphis and is the only thing that keeps the mail-order houses in Oshkosh from goin' to the wall! New Yorkers, eh?" he winds up with another insultin' sneer. "I got you!"

"Gobs of generous Gazoopis!" mutters the Kid, like he's in a trance. "Oh, boy!"

The runt looks at him.

"How does *that* bird fool the almshouse?" he asks me.

I bent down so's I could whisper in the side of his little dome. Them skilled Scandinavians in the buildin' had gone crazy or else some of the night shift had come in with more boilers and things to hit 'em with.

"That's Kid Scanlan, middle-weight champion of the world!" I hisses in his ear.

"Ha, ha!" laughs the runt. "He'd like to be, you mean!"

"Our employees is hale, hearty and hilarious!" grins the Kid at him. "We pay 'em in money, music and mush! Oh, boy!" he laughed.

"If that big stiff is tryin' to kid me," begins the runt, gettin' red again, "he ——"

"All right, all right!" I butts in quickly. "Don't let's have no violence. Show us what makes that shop go and we'll grab the next rattler for New York. Y'know the Kid fights Battlin' Loughrey on the twenty-first and ——"

"Are you on the level with that stuff?" interrupts the runt, still lookin' at the Kid. "Is that really Kid Scanlan?"

I calls the Kid over.

"Kid," I says, "meet Mr. — er ——"

"Sapp," says the runt. "Joe Sapp!" He sticks out his hand. "I remember you now," he tells the Kid. "I seen you fight some tramp in Fort Wayne last year. I think you hit this guy with everything but the box-office and that's why I like your work. When I send in three bucks for a place to sit down at a fight, I expect to see assault and battery and not the Castle Walk! Why ——"

by H. C. Witwer — Illustrations by Tony Sarg

"Not to give you a short answer," I butts in, "but how about the insane asylum over there?" I points to the buildin'. "Do we see that or don't we?"

Right away he straightens up and sticks his finger at it.

"It takes exactly twelve temptin' minutes to completely compose and accurately assemble a loaf!" he shouts. "We never heard of waste, and efficiency was born in this factory. The only thing that loafs here is the bread! Each eager employee has his own particular part to perform and that accounts for the amazin' and awesome accuracy with which we bake the beautiful bread. Step this way!"

"Believe me," says the Kid, "I wish I had a line of patter like that! 'Amazin' and awesome accuracy'!" he repeats. "Do you get that?"

Right then about a dozen dames and their consorts come breezin' in the main entrance. Off-hand, they look like the hicks that gives the Seein' New York busses a play, and when the runt spots them he ducks and grabs my arm.

"C'mon!" he says. "Shake it up! If them boobs see me I'll have to show 'em all over the plant! That's a gang of them Snook's Tourists seein' the world for fourteen eighty-five apiece, breakfast at hotel on third mornin' out and 'bus from train included! Most of them is from Succotash Crossin', Mo.; and they're out to see that they don't get cheated. They're gonna see everything like it says on the ticket and some of 'em is ready to sue Snooks because they got a cinder in their eye from lookin' out of the train window and missed eight telegraph poles and a water tank on account of it. The rest of them sits around knockin' everything on general principles and claimin' the thing is a fake. Then there'll be one old guy in the party with a trick horn he holds to his ear and when I get all through tellin' 'em about the mixin' shop, the deef guy will say, 'Hey? What was that about the airship again?' There will also be three veteran schoolteachers which will want samples of the bread and hide out a couple of rolls on the side. And then one young married couple which started sayin' 'Wonderful!' when the train pulled out of the old home town and which has said nothin' else but that since! No, *sir!* I'm off them tourists — c'mon, sneak around here!"

It was as quiet as a Sunday in Yonkers and there was a very strong smell of burnin' glue that Honest Dan said was sacred incense

He boldly walks into the buildin' where all the noise is comin' from, and not wantin' to act yellah before strangers we followed him in. There was a lot of things in there and if you ever make the town, Joe Sapp will show 'em to you. He has to in order to eat. But the only thing I remember was the way them lovely, luxurious loaves were artistically assembled and I'll remember that little item 'till the insurance company pays off!

There was a great big machine in the middle of the floor and that was the thing that was makin' the bread and noise. A half-dozen of them skilled Scandinavians stood away up on a gallery at one end, and their job was of a pourin' nature. They was all dressed in white and wore little trick hats on which it said this, "No Human Hands Touch It." I didn't know whether it meant the skilled Scandinavians or the beautiful bread.

"The most marvelous, magnificent, mammoth invention of the age!" bawls the runt so's we could hear him over the noise. "Here is where the beautiful bread is blissfully baked by the wonderful workmen! This machine cost the sensational sum of half a million dollars and its capacity is a trifle over five hundred finely finished luscious loaves each and every ——"

That's all I heard because I went in a trance from watchin' the thing. I never seen nothin' like it before and I know darn well I never will again. Listen! Them skilled Scandinavians poured in raw wheat at one end of this here machine and it come out the other end, steamin' hot bread! Some machine, eh? Not only that, when it come out it was baked, labeled, wrapped in oil paper and smellin' most heavenly from that generous gob of Gazoopis, as the runt said.

I dragged the Kid outside and we started for the railroad station without comment. As we passed out the door, we heard the runt screamin', probably thinkin' we was still there.

"One section reduces the wheat to flour, another mixes the dough, it passes on to the steam ovens and then what happens? Bread! Over here ——"

The Kid stops all of a sudden, takes a hitch in his belt and looks back at the shop.

"Oh, boy!" he says, "they *can't* make no bread like that!"

"You seen 'em do it, didn't you?" I asks him, although I'll admit I was thinkin' the same thing myself.

"Even at that," he comes back, "I don't believe it!"

We walk on a little ways and the Kid stops again.

"I certainly wish I could talk like that little runt!"

Honest Dan pulls what I bet he thought was a pleasant smile. It reminded me more of a laughin' hyena

he shoots out. "Take it from me, that bird is there forty ways. He's got Webster lookin' like a dummy!"

He keeps on mutterin' to himself as we breeze up to the station and when I lean over to get an earful I hear him sayin', "They're all simple, sassy and suckers! We feed 'em oranges, oatmeal and olives!"

So, as I said before, there may be such a thing as ghosts. After watchin' that bread-bakin' machine at play I'll go further than that. There may be anything!

ONE day at the trainin'-camp near Rye, a couple of weeks after we hit New York, a handler comes to me and says there's two guys outside that wants to see the Kid. I hopped out to take a flash at 'em, but the Kid has been reached and when I come on the scene he's shakin' hands with them. One of these guys was dressed the way the public thinks bookmakers and con men doll up, and he wore one of them sweet, trustin', innocent faces like you see on the villain in a dime novel. He looked like he'd steal a sunflower-seed from a blind parrot.

But it was the other guy that was the riot to me.

He was tall and lanky, dressed all in black like the pallbearer the undertaker furnishes and the saddest-lookin' boob I ever seen in my life. If he wasn't the original old Kid Kill-Joy, he was the bird that rehearsed him, believe me! Y'know just from lookin' at this guy, a man would get to thinkin' about his past life, the time he throwed the baby down the well when but a playful child, how old his parents was gettin' and the time Shorty Ellison run off with the red-headed dame that lived over the butcher's. You wished you had saved your money or somebody else's, suddenly findin' out that it was a tough world where a poor man didn't have a Chinaman's chance and you wondered if death by drownin' was painful or not.

That's the way it made you feel when you just *looked* at this guy. Ever see one of 'em?

He had a trick of sighin'. Not just ordinary heaves but deep, dark and gloomy sighs that took all the life out of whoever he sighed at. Every time he opened his mouth I thought he was gonna say, "Merciful heaven help us all!" or somethin' like that. But he didn't. He just sighed.

The Kid tells me the riot of color was Honest Dan Leduc and that he was the best behaved guy that ever spent a week-end in Sing Sing, where he had gone every now and then to study jail conditions at the request of thirteen men, the same bein' a judge and a jury. The sad-lookin' boob was Professor Pietro Parducci, the well-known medium.

"Medium what?" I says, when the Kid pulls that one.

The Kid frowns at me and turns to his new-found friends.

"Don't mind Foolish here," he tells 'em; "he's got

the idea that everything is crooked. He thinks the war is a frame-up for the movie people and the Belgiums laid down, but he ain't a bad guy at that. He knows more about makin' money than a lathe-hand at the mint." He jerks his thumb at Honest Dan and swings around on me. "This guy and me was brung up together," he explains, "and before I went into the fight game we was as close as ninety-nine and a hundred. He's been all over the world since then, he says so himself, but just now he's up against it. It seems he was runnin' a pool-room on Twenty-eighth street and he give the wrong winner of the Kentucky Derby to the precinct captain. The next mornin' the captain give every cop in the station-house an axe and Dan's address. His friend here is a now, whosthis and ——"

Honest Dan pulls what I bet he thought was a pleasant smile. It reminded me more of a laughin' hyena.

"One minute!" he butts in. "My friend, the world-renowned Professor Parducci, is a medium, a mystic and a swami. He's the seventh son of a seventh son, born with a veil and spent two years in Indiana with the yogi. He can peer into the future or gaze back at the past. He is in direct communication with the spirits of the dear departed, and as a crystal gazer and psalmist he stands alone!"

"That's a great line of patter, Dan," says the Kid; "but we met a guy on the trip back that had the English language layin' down and rollin' over when he snapped his fingers. 'Generous gobs of Gazoopis and likable, loyal Lithuanians!' Can you tie that?"

I was still lookin' over the gloomy guy with the name that sounded like a brand of olive-oil and I decided he was the bunk. I asked him could he tell my fortune and he draws himself up and claims he's not in harmony just now. That was the tip-off to me, and I figures he has come out to take the Kid for his bankroll. I knowed he couldn't tell no fortunes the minute I seen him. He didn't look to me as if he could tell his own name and I bet all the spirits he ever communicated with was called private stock. The end of his nose was as red as a four-alarm fire and the back of his collar was all wore off from where he had kept throwin' back his head so's the saloon-keepers could meet expenses. Honest Dan said he couldn't speak much English, so I guess he had stopped at "I'll have the same" and "Here's a go!"

Well, I had the right dope, because the next week the Kid goes down to the bank and draws out five thousand bucks to set Honest Dan and the professor up in business with. They was gonna open a swell fortune-tellin' joint on Fifth Avenue. I said the thing sounded crooked to me and the Kid got sore and told me Honest Dan couldn't do nothin' like that, it wasn't in him. He showed me where Dan had always got time off for good conduct no matter what jail he was in.

The professor brightens up for a minute when the Kid hands over the roll, but after that he went right back into the gloom again.

Honest Dan gives the Kid a receipt for the sucker money, and him and his trick medium goes on their way. After while, I forgot about 'em. The Kid fights Loughrey and a couple of more tramps at the Garden and we're just gonna grab one of them "See America Firsts" for the coast when some club promoter goes crazy and offers us ten thousand iron men to fight Joe Ryan. The Kid would have fought Villa in the middle of Mexico for half of that, so we run all the way over to the club and signed the articles while the guy that hung up the purse was still wishin' he had stayed on the wagon.

The Kid had got Professor Parducci to fix him up with a few love charms and owl's ears by which he was gonna make himself solid with Miss Vincent, the leadin' woman back at Film City. In fact, the Kid fell so hard for the medium stuff, that when the professor told him to get at all cost a lock of Miss Vincent's hair clipped at eighteen minutes after eleven on a rainy Sunday night, he writes out to her and asks her to send him a lock cut just that way!

When he wasn't pesterin' the professor on how to win the movie queen, he was goin' around mutterin', "Loyal, likable Lithuanians and generous gobs of Gazoopis!" until the newspaper guys wrote that Kid Scanlan would be a mark for the first good boy he fought because like everybody else that was a sudden success he had took to usin' stimulants which is only sold on a doctor's prescription. He'd git a wad of paper and sit around all night with a dictionary, writin' down all the words that begin with the same letter and then he'd git up and repeat that stuff for an hour.

One afternoon we went downtown to look over this joint run by Honest Dan and the professor. It was in one of them studio buildin's on Fifth Avenue near Twenty-eighth street, and the rent they was payin' for it would have kept the Germany army in rubber heels till the war's over. There's a long line of autos outside and the inmates was streamin' in and out of the place like a crowd goin' to see the beloved rector laid out. Some of the dames would be familiar to you if you've been readin' the box scores in the latest divorce mêlées or the line-up of the committee for the aid of the Esquimaux victims of the war.

We get in an elevator and floatin' up to the roof, walk down what would have been a fire trap on the East Side, and here we are at Professor Parducci's Temple of the Inner Star. A couple of West Indian hallboys who's gag line was "Say-hib" lets us in. They was dressed in sheets and had towels twisted around their heads and smelled strongly of gin. Pretty soon, Honest Dan comes out and shakes hands all around. Except for his face you'd never know it was the same guy. His hair is brushed all the way back like the guys that poses for the underwear ads, and he's dressed in a black suit that fit him better than most of his skin. In his shirt front there's a diamond that looked like a young arc light and he had enough gems on his hands to put Belgium on its feet again.

He told me that him and the professor wasn't doin' no more business than a guy would do in Hades with the ice-water concession and that Barnum was wrong when he said there was a sucker born every minute. Honest Dan said *his* figures showed there was about two born a second.

He leads us into a great big hall that was filled with statues, pictures, rugs, sofas, women and fatheads. The furnishin's of the joint would make the Waldorf look like a department-store rest-room. It must have ruined the Kid's five thousand just to lay in scenery for that one room alone. The statues and pictures was nearly all devoted to one subject, and that was why should people wear clothes — especially women. The victims is all lollin' around on them plush sofas, drinkin' tea and lookin' like a ten-year-old kid at church or a guy waitin' in the doctor's office to find out if he's got consumption or chilblains. It was as quiet as a Sunday in Yonkers and there was also a very strong smell of burnin' glue that Honest Dan said was sacred incense which always had to be used by the professor before he could work.

Among the decorations was a very large dame sittin' over in a corner dressed within an inch of her life. I suppose she had ears, a neck and hands, but you couldn't tell right away whether she had or not, because them part of her anatomy, as the feller says, was buried under a carload of diamonds. You could see by her face that at one time she had probably been a swell-lookin' dame, but them' days was over. Still she was makin' a game try at comin' back and from her complexion she must have been kept busy openin' bottles and cans signed on the outside by Lillian Russell.

This dame was havin' the best time of anybody in the joint. She was sittin' up very straight and solemn with both chins restin' in her glitterin' hands, and from the look in her eyes some Sunday paper had just claimed she was the best-lookin' woman in America.

A guy wouldn't have to be no Sherlock Holmes to see that this was the bird that was bein' readied for the big killin' by Honest Dan and his trick professor. The rest of them was just what you might call the chorus.

Sittin' right beside the stout party was a kid that had just dropped in from the cover of a magazine. She was the kind of female that could come down to breakfast with the mumps and her hair in curl papers, fry the egg on the wrong side and yet make the lucky guy on the other edge of the table go out whistlin' and pityin' Venus. You know how them dames look when they have give some time to dollin' up, don't you? Well, this one had everything. Take it from me, she was a knockout. She's tappin' the floor with a classy little foot and tryin' to see can she pull a silk handkerchief apart with her bare hands, the while registerin' this, "This medium thing is the-bunk-and-I-wish-I-was-out-of-here!"

I doped her as the stout dame's daughter and hit 1000 on the guess, as I found out later.

"Well," whispers Honest Dan to the Kid, "what d'ye think of the place?"

"Some joint!" says the Kid. "Listen — I got a new one. The most magnificent male mauler on earth! How's that — poor, eh?"

"What does it mean?" asks Honest Dan.

"It means me, Stupid!" pipes the Kid. "I'm havin' some cards made up with that on it. The sagacious, sanguine and scandalous Scanlan, middle-weight master of many. Where's the professor?"

"'Sssh!" whispers Honest Dan. "Lay off that professor stuff here. That's small-town stuff — he's a mahatma now! He's in one of his silences, but if you keep quiet I'll take you around and show you how he works."

He takes us through a little door that leads into a dark room which was a steal on the chamber of horrors at the Eden Musee. It was full of ghost pictures drawed by artists who had no use for prohibition, and there [*Continued on page 67*]

The Invasion of Slang

by Richard Le Gallienne

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Mr. Le Gallienne

ALL real human beings use slang. The seductiveness of it is as undeniable as its practicality. To an age in love with speed it is, naturally, fascinating. It has the charm of "crossing lots." We get there quicker, and we know we shouldn't do it. Apart from its efficiency as a speeding-up of verbal communication, it has a quaintness and even poetry which catches the fancy. To watch its transformations from day to day is a delight. The word "dope," for example. I meditate writing a treatise — nothing less than a treatise would suffice — on the origin and transformations of the word "dope." Obviously, in this brief space, I cannot even hint at the necessary scope of that treatise, but a very little thought will enable the reader to "dope out" the main lines of it for himself. No modern word has had such a complicated evolution, and been applied in so many different ways, in so short a time; till at last, both as verb and noun, it has climbed up out of the gutter into the dictionary. However, praise of slang is not "the dope" I am out to offer just now. On the contrary, while giving in to none in my appreciation of the fun and force of slang, I think it is time that we awoke to the dangerous proportions of its present vogue, and to the ravages which its excessive use is making in present-day literature and conversation.

Between slang and dialect, the proportion of plain English in recent fiction is being reduced to a minimum, and one needs something like a technical education to understand the majority of novels and short stories — pock-marked as they are beyond recognition as English by thieves' palter and local oddities of speech. I am not, of course, referring to such masterpieces in the art of slang as Mr. Ade's "Fables," of which one cannot have too many, and of which nowadays we get too few. I refer to the average novel and short story, which it was once customary to write in English which all can understand — with occasional inlays of slang and dialect to give local color and verisimilitude. In proper proportion such inlays have their use and charm, but an ingredient once subsidiary is now in danger of crowding out all the other ingredients, with the result that not only is the reading of much recent fiction a weariness of the flesh, but that much of it will be utterly unintelligible in a generation or two. For nothing ages so fast as slang, nothing becomes so rapidly obsolete. Witness the cockney of Dickens — even the cockney of Kipling. Apart from this, the taste for good classical English — the English of all lasting writing — is corrupted, and the enjoyment of calm and stable, genuinely forcible and beautiful language is supplanted by a feverish appetite for cheap and hurried effects, and smart and knowing dramatic makeshifts of narration.

Conversation, too, is afflicted by the same disease of get-there-quick expression — slovenly and uncouth and charged with vulgar associations — that has but occasional compensations of humor. No one desires talk to be carried on "like a book." Pedantry and preciousness and over-niceness of utterance have never been welcome, and the slang affected by the "upper classes" in America as in England, is, doubtless, to some degree a salutary protest against dilettanteism, against the mealy-mouthed, and the pompously exact and dignified.

Still, what a pleasure it is to hear a really good talker of "the old school," or to read a letter by one, who, while not above using a racy popular idiom on occasion, still preserves the tradition of simple and comely English, as it is still possible to read it in the great English essayists and novelists that still happily survive as an ever-present refuge.

Someone and Somebody

[*Continued from page 26*]

"'S a nice little place down near me for rent cheap. Four rooms an' bath an' a hot-air furnace. Three acres. Nice garden an' an orchard. Chicken-houses, an' everything. Twelve dollars, furnished."

"Twelve dollars a week?"

"Naw. A month."

"Really!" It was our heroine.

"Wanner look at it?" asked the garage-owner.

"Yes! Of course!" cried our heroine.

"A'right," said the garage-owner. "You wait here. An' when me an him comes back from the Notch, we'll all go down an' have a look at it."

He wiped his mouth on a red-figured napkin, shoved back his chair, and rose.

"Come on, then," he said. "Le's be goin'."

And so, once again, we send our hero out to meet Honest Toil. But in what a different spirit!

For now he has something to work for besides money.

Chapter XXXIII — Concerning a Job, and a Cottage, and a Lot of Things

BACK from securing his job (oh, surely, he got it, of course!) our hero and our heroine, with the garage-owner, go out to inspect the cottage.

A tiny cottage it is, painted white, with green blinds. To one end clings a gnarled and knotted wistaria vine, waving proud plumes of violet. A little white porch it has in front, approached by a walk, of flags. Inside a parlor, and a kitchen downstairs; upstairs two bedrooms, with dormers and low ceilings, and a bath.

"Oh, it's all fixed up swell, all right," says the garage-owner. "It belongs to a rich feller, in New York. His a'nt got a bug she wanted to live in the country; so he takes an' buys her this place, an' fixes it all up, an' she comes out here an' lives a coupla mont's. But she don't like it."

"No!" cries our heroine, in amazement. "Imagine anybody not liking such a dear of a place!"

"No," says the garage-owner. "She says it's too noisy."

"Noisy!"

"Uh-uh," assents the garage-owner. "You see, she's used to living right next to the elevated railroad."

"What?"

"An' she can't stand the crickets, an' the frogs, an' the roosters hollerin', an' such terrible rackets as them. So she piles back to New Yawk an' if you an' your husband" — a warning look from our heroine to our hero — "likes the place, I guess it's yourn all right. Y'see, Jake's the agent ——"

"That, too?" queries our hero.

The garage-owner nods.

"Jake's pretty nigh the whole works around here; first selec'man, an' justice o' the peace, an' chief o' the fire department an' everything. So, if you and your husband think it looks good to yer ——"

"Yes!" cries our heroine, eagerly.

"Then," says the garage-owner, "we might as well go on down an' see Jake."

Anon Jake is seen. In consideration of the fact that he has a job that will enable him to start work on the morrow, the customary advance payment is waived.

"Do you want a lease?" asks the proprietor alias Jake.

"Yes," says our hero. "I mean no. I — I don't know."

"I tell yer what I'll do," says the proprietor. "You folks can move in; as long as you pay the rent, I won't let nobody else have it. How's that?"

"Very satisfactory," agrees our hero.

"Good," says the proprietor. "Then that's settled. But before you go, I'd like to know one thing."

"Yes?"

"Do you an' her think you're goin' to be able to stand it?"

"Stand what?"

"Livin' in the same house like that?"

"What?"

"Because, if you can't, I got a nice two fambly house down the road where maybe you'd be more comfortable."

At which, with a grin, the proprietor turns and goes; for there's an architect coming on the eleven eleven, to talk over with him the plans of a nice cement block hotel which will be artistic.

Our hero turns to the garage-owner. "I don't know how I'll ever be able to thank you," he says.

"Then don't waste no time tryin' to figger it out," returns that worthy. "By darn!" he cries, suddenly. "I was mighty nigh forgettin' something!" He takes from his pocket a leather bag; from this he selects a five-dollar bill. This he hands to our hero.

"Here," he says.

"What's that for?" asks our amazed hero.

"You gotter eat till pay-day, ain't you — you an' her?"

"Why, yes, only ——"

"Pay me back Sat'day," demands the garage-owner.

"But ——"

"So long. I gotter go set down some'er's an' figger what I'm goin' to do next. If I can get Jake to go on my note for a coupla hundred — he's certainly gotter have a garage else where'll people put their cars when they stops to his hotel? An — hey! Jake!"

At which the garage-owner abruptly departs after the disappearing Jake.

Without a word, side by side, our hero and our heroine make their way back to the cottage. . . . At the gate they pause. . . . Nod to them the wistaria blossoms. . . . So, for a long, long moment they stand watching the tiny white cottage nestling so happily amid the living summer green of God's earth, beneath the arching dome of green of His trees. . . .

"It — it's beautiful!" says our heroine, softly.

Our hero nods. "Yes," he says slowly.

"It's — home!" says our heroine. Her voice breaks a little.

Again our hero nods. "Home!" he says.

He looks down at our heroine. Tears lie in her eyes; but on her lips there is a smile. . . . She looks up at him. . .

"Why," he asks, "didn't you want me to tell them that we — that we ——"

"Weren't — married?"

He nods.

"Because I — wanted a — job — too."

"A job? You?"

She nods. "I'm going to be your general house-worker."

"What?"

"That is," she said, slowly, "if you — want me."

"Want you!"

"I'm not a very good cook yet, sir," she continues. "But I'm young, and strong, and I can wash and make beds. And if you'll only give me a trial, I'm sure, sir, I'll do my best to suit you."

Our hero's eyes fill a little. . . . Our heroine sees. . . . Her tone changes. . . .

"If I had let you tell them that we

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weren't married," she explains, "it would have made it uncomfortable for — for everybody. As it is ——"

"But ——"

"I know what you're going to say. But what *I* think is that what we do is our affair, and only ours. The world hasn't been so considerate of me that I should care much what it thinks. . . . I have no one in it that cares for me the littlest bit. Only one person had ever been even decent to me — until you ——"

"Yes?"

"And if I can help you in any way — and of course myself — why shouldn't I? . . . That," she finishes, slowly, "is the way I feel. Of course, if you feel differently ——"

He interrupts quickly. "It was only of you that I was thinking. . . ."

"Then don't think any more," she pleads, swiftly. "It's the first happiness, the first peace, the first contentment I've had in a hundred hundred years, and I'm not going to quarrel with it! So go over to the store and get some eggs and a loaf of bread and a slice of ham and some coffee and butter and pepper and salt and milk and things. And I'll go in and start the fire. It's twelve o'clock and I'm as hungry as — as — as a raging lion!"

With joy in his heart, lips whistling, our hero makes his way down the village street. . . . Anon, arms laden of comestibles, he makes his way back again. . . . In the kitchen he finds our heroine, sleeves to the elbows, singing like a lark and trying to build a fire upside down.

Good days were these. Long days, and rich. Every minute laden of sixty golden seconds, every hour of sixty golden minutes, every day of twenty-four golden hours! Up with the call of the robin, while the sun, in the east, gave heralding promise of the glories of his coming. . . . Far, far back lay now the Morning Horrors. . . . The cold plunge and the brisk rub. Then breakfast of hot rolls and fragrant coffee. . . . The walk to the timber, through vernal woods, and underbrush from which peeped out startled rabbits. To the slash, and there to stand throughout the quiet day, swinging the axe against the shaggy bark, and through the great trunk beneath. . . . Then the wedge; the roaring crash, as fell the tree. The trimming of limbs, and the cutting into great logs. . . . At first it hurt to see them fall. But these were not timber slaughterers. Scientific men, they were, utilizing for the needs of man the things that God has put upon earth against those needs. . . . So came only the feeling of good labor well done. . . . Our hero's arms grew hard, his back strong, his lungs deep to breathe the soft, sweet air. . . .

At dusk, the walk back to the little cottage. . . . The first glimpse of our heroine, waiting there, upon the steps. The wave of his hand to her; the answering wave of her hand to him. . . .

Then in the fragrant kitchen. A wash, at the sink, while she waits with a clean towel. . . . Supper! . . . A wonderful supper. (Oh, yes, our heroine has become a superb cook by now!) Hot biscuits, and honey, and a chop, done to a turn, and huckleberry pie (eaten with a fork) and a big glass of thick, Guernsey cream.

Then, in the evening to sit upon the porch, while belated bees buzzed above them in the honeysuckle, talking of this and that, our heroine's sweet presence there beside him. . . . And her beauty! . . . We mustn't forget her beauty. . . .

So the day. And by and by the night; hours of deep, peaceful slumber, untroubled of care, that led into the Tomorrow, now never Dread; only Glad! . . .

So sped the days. . . . Good days! . . . Long days, and rich!

Long and good and rich except ——

Chapter XXXIV — Concerning a Very Little Cloud with a Very Big Lining

FALL had come. All red and gold and scarlet were the leaves against the wondrous blue of heaven. . . . It was as though God were showing man how pitiful is his brush.

Our heroine stood upon the tiny front porch, seeing, understanding. All ordered was her house against the nightly coming of her man.

Something drew her gaze adown the blazing road. People were coming — men. They were carrying something. It looked like a log. No. A figure. It looked like a man, this thing that they carried. . . .

Along the blazing road they came. By the tiny front gate they paused. What could it be?

And then she saw. White to the lips, she grew . . . white to the soul. . . . She reeled a little. It was he. . . .

Someone was talking to her. She heard as from a distance.

"Tree fell. He tripped. Couldn't get out of the way. Hit him on the head. Sent for a doctor. Be here any minute."

Quietly, feeling like someone else, she let them into the house, showed them his room, upstairs. . . . They placed him on the bed. . . . She eyed them quite calmly. . . .

Far, far down within her a voice was calling. "I must be I! I must be I!"

Silently the men passed from the room.

Then, all at once, her stricken conscious self came back! With a shrill, hurt scream, she flung herself upon her knees by the bedside, frantic arms clinging about him as though to hold the life of him within by very strength.

"Oh, God!" she cried. "Don't take him away from me! I love him so! Don't you see? I love him so! He's all I have on earth to live for! He's all I have to love! Don't take him from me! Or, if you must, take me, too! Without him I ——"

To the still, white face she spoke.

"I won't let you go! I love you! All, all along I've loved you! Ah, why couldn't you have seen? I've just been waiting for you! Body and soul you could have had me! Because I love you so! And now they're going to take you from me! But I won't let them! They can't have you! You're mine! You belong to me! And I'm going to keep you forever!"

Round arms encircled his neck, raising the head. Fierce, hot lips sought his . . . In utter silence so she fought for his life. . . .

The soul is held to the body by such a tiny thread. There is such a little barrier between this world and what lies beyond. Who shall say what makes dreams? May it not be the soul wandering a little from the body in sleep, even as in death it wanders, never to return? Who knows these things? . . . Perhaps he was already on his way into the Beyond, borne by a strength beyond resisting. . . . Came the added strength of her, sent of her will into the unknown to aid him — to drag him back to her. . . . We shall never really know. Yet, that we think, was it. . . .

Her fierce, hot lips on his. . . . Fighting in body and in mind and in spirit. . . .

By and by, after a very long time, his eyes slowly opened. . . . Pain was in them, and Puzzlement. . . . After another very long time, Pain and Puzzlement grew uncertain.

Says Pain to Puzzlement:

"I thought this was where we belonged; but I'm not so certain now I've come."

Says Puzzlement to Pain:

"The same here. I guess it's a mistake, after all."

Says Pain to Puzzlement:

"Well, look who's coming now!"

Says Puzzlement to Pain:

"If it isn't Joy! And who's that with him? Happiness, isn't it? I guess we'd better be going!"

And as they pass quickly out, they meet on the threshold Joy and Happiness; and treading on their eager heels, Love!

"Why, why didn't you ask me?" cries our heroine.

"I was afraid," whispers our hero.

"Afraid!"

"How could I think that *you* could ever care for *me*?"

"Oh!"

"And then, if I should have asked you, and if you had said, 'No,' I couldn't have gone on — to have you near me — by day, by night — I was afraid. . . ."

"Oh!"

"As it was, I could go on. . . . To touch a thing so perfect might be to ruin all. . . ."

"But could you ——"

"Yes?"

"— have gone on ——"

"Yes?"

"— much longer?"

It came at length. "No."

There fell a long pause.

"But it's over now."

"Yes. It's — over — now!"

"Thank God!"

She whispered: "I am! With all my soul. . . . I love you so!"

"Desirée!"

She had not liked the name before. Now she loved it! . . .

Beat off Winter at the windows

The securely warm, happy hours that children spend with pets and books on shut-in days become the lasting memories of home and childhood. Within the house that has the all-pervading warmth of radiator heating, the children have full opportunity to gain their natural, sturdy growth.

AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS

With greater output (sales in 1916 were the largest in our history), we are able to put the price within reach of all.

This ideal heating outfit is the *only* building equipment that stays worth *all* you pay for it, and in fifty years of use repeatedly repays its original cost through fuel savings. Can you possibly *invest* money better or more safely than this?

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators silently and steadily meet the sudden weather changes, warming all rooms, bays, and halls genially alike. They protect the family health with cleanly warmth—no ash-dust, soot, or coal-gases reach the living rooms—which saves much wear on furnishings and decorations.

Get this heat that costs the least!

They are absolutely safe. They have every improvement—designed by many experts in our factories in America and abroad. They bring quicker buyer or tenant for your building, or secure a larger loan. You always get back the full price paid for them. They cost less or no more than ordinary kinds, yet are *fully guaranteed.*

A No. 4-22-W IDEAL Boiler and 422 sq. feet of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner $985, were used to heat this cottage. At this price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which vary according to climatic and other conditions.

Made in sizes for flats, stores, schools, churches, public buildings, farm and city homes, *old* and new. Don't wait until you build.

Write us for "Ideal Heating" catalog (free). Puts you under no obligation. Now is the time to buy. Act today.

$175 permanent Cleaner

Ask for catalog of ARCO WAND Vacuum Cleaner. First genuinely practical Cleaner on market; is connected by iron suction pipe to all floors. Sold through dealers on Easy Payments.

Showrooms and warehouses in all large cities

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write Dept. 21 816-22 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Tramp, tramp, tramp

Up and down stone stairways; tramp, tramp, tramp across cobbled streets and cement walks; tramp, tramp, tramp along brick and granolithic sidewalks.

Even *stone* wears away under the feet of marching millions—shoe-leather *cannot* stand it. Leather is not solid enough, not tough enough, not flexible enough.

Leather is an animal product—dependent upon the tanning process for its resistance to decay.

When you have worn through the outer, tanned layer, you expose the soft, spongy interior to the direct friction of brick and stone.

Rinex Soles

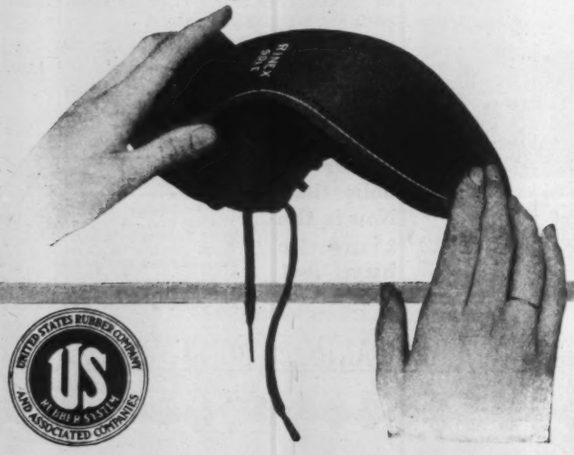
are not leather, not rubber; but a *new* composition, specially made for shoe-soles. They are *not* built in layers, but are uniformly tough all the way through. They wear down evenly and slowly. They are more flexible than leather, yet tougher.

Ask for Rinex Soles by name the next pair of shoes you buy. Look for the name on the soles. Have your old shoes resoled with Rinex, too. In black, white and tan, for everybody—everywhere.

United States Rubber Company

Sole and Heel Dept., 1790 Broadway, New York

60 High Street, Boston



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

THE kindly old doctor stood in the door long enough to find out that what was transpiring inside was entirely outside of his line. Then, silently, he backed out and went down into the kitchen.

"How is he?" eagerly demanded the waiting men.

The doctor smiled.

"He seems to be doing nicely," he answered, gravely.

"Did you give him any medicine?"

"A better doctor than I has attended to that already," he replied.

"Then he's all right?" they asked.

"Better than that," returned the doctor. "If I could get some of that medicine he's taking, I'd cure about nine-tenths of the trouble in the world so quick it would make your head swim."

Saying which, the gentle doctor clambered into his buggy, took up the lines, "click"ed to his corpulent steed, and rolled off down the street.

Puzzled, the waiting men waited a little longer. At length they climbed the narrow stairs. Quietly they peeped into the little room. . . . And then they, too, understood. . . .

"When did you first know?"

"I don't remember exactly."

"It wasn't when you came to my room ——?"

"Goodness, no! I didn't like you a bit, then!"

"Was it that night, on the green?"

"Not even then," our heroine whispered.

"But when?"

"I — I don't know. . . . I think it came one afternoon when I was making gingerbread. I thought how much you liked it."

"Yes?" our hero urged.

"And how much I liked it."

"Yes?"

"And thinking so much about liking things I began to think of you."

"Yes?"

"And thinking so much about liking I began to think about loving ——"

"Yes?"

"And then, all of a sudden, I knew! . . . It was so wonderful! . . . It almost *hurt!*"

A pause.

"And you?"

"I don't know exactly either. But I think it was somewhere between the fire and the front porch. . . . And it was wonderful!"

And now we must go. Too long already have we eavesdropped.

Chapter XXXV — Concerning a Cable

IT was a quiet wedding. It took place in New York. The bridegroom was tastefully attired in a ready-made suit that fitted him impeccably, and the bride was gowned in her gown. By that I mean she had but one. But she was due for another next pay-day.

Following the ceremony they walked up Fifth Avenue.

"I want you to see the places where I was unhappy," said the bride. "Maybe it will make you love me a little more!"

The bridegroom kissed her on the corner of Thirty-eighth Street. Nobody was looking, so why not? At least, not many were looking. . . .

She showed them to him, those places. . . . But now they had lost their power to hurt. . . . Only when she thought of her father. . . . And yet she knew that wherever he was, he was happy, too, in the great happiness that was hers! . . . So even that didn't hurt!

Opposite the Splendide, our hero gave a deep and jeering laugh. It was aimed directly at the hotel. The doorman heard it. He recognized our hero.

"How do you do, Mr. VanDorn!" he cried. He called a boy. "There's a cablegram inside for you, sir," he said. "Been here a coupla months. The management's been trying to locate you everywhere, sir. I've sent the boy to get it."

Soon comes the boy, bearing the cablegram. Our hero opens it. He starts, amazedly

"What is it?" cried our heroine.

"It's from Wilkins!" he cries. "Blessed if I hadn't forgotten all about him!"

"And I!" she said. "What does he say?"

"He says," read our hero, "'Suffering agonies of damned. If restore money may I return to old position?' Well, what do you know about that!"

"What are you going to do about it?"

"I don't know. We're so happy the way we are ——!"

"Yes, but forty million dollars is a great deal of money."

"I know; but all it ever did for me was to make me miserable."

"And yet one could do so much good with it!"

"I suppose so."

"And have we the right always to go on being as selfishly happy as we've been?"

"I don't know."

Our heroine snuggled a hand beneath his arm. "Come," she said.

Into the hotel they went, and to the cable office. She handed our hero a blank and a pen. "Answer it," she commanded.

"I warn you," said our hero.

"Answer it."

"I'll have to chuck my job. You can't cut down trees with forty million dollars. And we'll have to have a big house, and a cook ——"

"Answer it."

"She'll probably make terrible biscuits and give us all kinds of fancy and expensive indigestion."

"Answer it."

Our hero sat and wrote.

Our heroine looked over his shoulder. Said our heroine: "Just say, 'Yes.' It's cheaper."

He finished and delivered the message to the operator. "Now," he said, "let's go home, and be happy!"

And so they go. No nine-thousand-dollar automobile for them now. A trolley car, with a transfer. No soaring over ribbony roads at twenty-three cents a gallon. A train, and moreover a day coach. . . . We will sit in the seat beside. Shall we? . . . Very well, then. . . .

They look very happy, don't they? And my, how beautiful she is! See, there — where the sunlight glints her hair. Those eyes! That nose! Those mouth — eh, that is, that mouth. No proud and haughty beauty there. Just beautiful beauty. And he — bronzed and straight and clean! . . . What? . . . Did I see her hand slide into his? . . . Well, why not? . . . What are hands for? — especially hands like those? . . . What are they saying? Can't you guess? What do all young folks say when they are in love, and married, and happy? Oh, probably, 'I love you so!' and 'I love *you* so!' . . . Not a very intellectual conversation, surely. But oh, so eminently satisfactory! Not all the words of all languages, including the Scandinavian, could say more! . . .

What? My word, we aren't there already! . . . Yes, that's Happy Valley he's calling. Sounds more like Hap Alley? . . . Naturally. You never heard a brakeman yet call out anything that sounded anything like the thing he was calling, did you? And you probably never will. . . . They're getting out. Come! We'd better hurry. Trains hardly stop here, you know. They barely pause. . . .

Why, where did they go? . . . Oh, yes. . . . There they are, down the street. Follow? . . . All right. A little way, if you really ——

Well, did you see that! Right behind that tree he deliberately stopped and kissed her! Right on Main Street, too! . . . Because he's so happy? . . . I know; but at least — . . . Yes, there's something in that. If all that beauty were walking right along beside me, and had just come from promising to love, honor and obey me, why, maybe I couldn't resist, either. . . . Oh, well ——

Well, isn't that the cutest place! Did you ever see a lovelier little cottage? And that wistaria! To say nothing of those beyootiful old trees! And that rose-garden! Can't you just smell it?

That isn't their place? No! Not really! Well, I certainly don't blame them for wanting to come Home! . . .

Yes, there they are. They've turned in the gate and are walking up the path. . . . Oh! Look! He kissed her again! See them look all around. . . . Yes, I know what they're saying now! They're saying, "Home!"

A wonderful word, home. . . . Wonderful. . . .

And now they've gone inside. . . . What? . . . No, not another step! Absolutely, no! . . . Listen? . . . Well, just the least little

MORE *humorous stories appear in McClure's than in any other magazine. Emery Pottle, W. B. Trites, H. C. Witwer, Porter Emerson Browne, James L. Ford, Holworthy Hall, and Frank Goewey Jones are among the authors who will make you laugh in future numbers.*

TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLES

Prophecy and Fulfillment

Four years ago the advertisement at the right announced fulfillment of a Timken-Detroit axle-building policy. But it didn't stop there—it anticipated a greater fulfillment that has since been realized in the commercial car axle of today.

THERE'S nothing so good that it can't be improved. Building for the future is the greatest inspiration for turning out good work today.

That principle is responsible for Timken-Detroit Worm-Drive Axles today as it was for their sturdy chain-drive predecessors of 1913.

The 1913 axle was the fulfillment of a Timken-Detroit ideal for which we have been working in co-operation with far-sighted truck builders since the beginning of the industry.

Briefly, that ideal was to build axles strong enough and serviceable enough—*even though they cost the truck builder more money*—to have them stand up to the severe emergency conditions of commercial haulage.

We knew that trucks would be overloaded—that drivers would take the shortest road, no matter how rough—that "empties" would come back at a speed far beyond the builder's intentions.

In 1913 the battle had been won, the necessity of special engineering requirements for commercial car axles was accepted by the industry.

But even then Timken-Detroit engineers were working on something still better, on axles that would, with equal strength, have greater simplicity, fewer parts to get out of order, more efficient, noiseless operation.

Again there were skeptics to be convinced and manufacturing problems to be overcome, but the principle would not be denied, because it meant dollars in the truck owner's pocket.

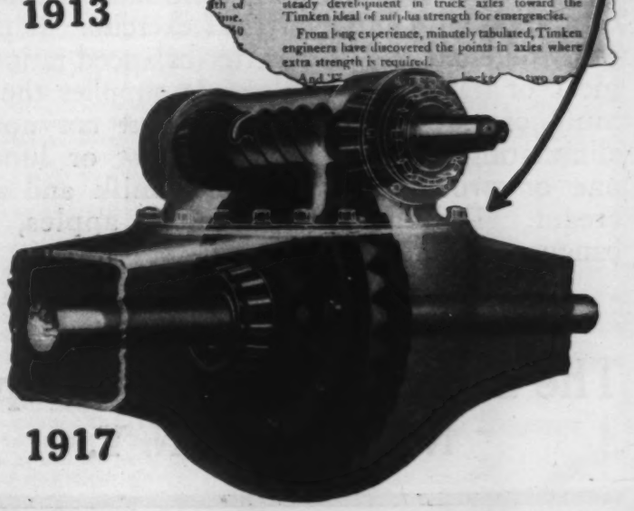
That battle, too, has been won, and *worm-drive has come into its own.*

According to a competent authority, 61% or more of all motor trucks built in 1917 will be equipped with worm-drive.

But no man can say the limit of perfection has been reached, and some day we may again remind you of Timken-Detroit prophecy and fulfillment.

THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
Detroit, Mich.

1913



1917

THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD

Profit or loss in business is largely a question of bookkeeping. You are not "making money" unless there is more money coming in than there is going out. And the bookkeeper cannot keep at top-notch mental and physical condition unless he eats food that replenishes the daily waste of tissue and energy.

Shredded Wheat

is the favorite food of men and women whose employment calls for long continued mental concentration with little physical exercise. It is more easily digested and is a better-balanced ration than meat or starchy vegetables. It supplies the maximum of nutriment with the least tax upon the eliminating organs. For breakfast or lunch eat one or two Biscuits with hot milk and a little cream. Delicious with baked apples, sliced bananas or other fruits.

Made only by

The Shredded Wheat Company

Niagara Falls, N. Y.

bit. . . . What? . . . 'Ssssh! . . . What's she saying?

"I love you! How I love you!"

"Dear heart!"

"And I'm so happy! So awfully, horribly, terribly happy!"

And so, as end the glories of an autumn day, we will leave them to their Great Happiness!

Chapter XXXVI — Just a Letter

AND how are they getting along now? And did the money make them unhappy in after years? . . . H'm. . . . Excuse me. I didn't mean to smile but ——

I had a letter from her; came this morning. It's on my desk here some — ah, here it is. I'll read you part of it.

"I've been meaning to write you for the longest time," she says, "but life is so very full now! And I've found out what you wanted to know. It's about what you said about money. Money isn't at all a terrible thing if one knows what it's for. The trouble seems to be that so few do! Most people seem to think that money is either to hoard away, or to buy a lot of things for themselves that they don't need and are better off without. And it isn't for these at all! Money, in the first place, was made to spend. In the second place it was made to spend in buying happiness for others. It's like what Ingersoll — wasn't it he? — said about making health contagious instead of disease. I don't know exactly what the application is, but it's there somewhere. Money shouldn't be allowed to hang around the house and act mean. It should be sent out into the world to do good. It sounds most frightfully preachy, I know. But it's the truth. If people would only do with money the exact antithesis (I always loved that word; it sounds so erudite!) of what they are doing, money would be a very nice thing. . . . I wonder if they ever will! Or will they keep on forever fighting each other and robbing each other for a little more money when they could sit down together pleasantly and divide up and have plenty for all!

"I wonder, too, about another thing. It's the Golden Rule. Everybody professes to believe it. But nobody ever follows it. And it seems such a simple thing to do. And if only they would use it, why, the world would be the happiest place imaginable! There wouldn't be any wars, or any strikes, or any anything! Just everybody being happy and pleasant and kind to everybody else. . . .

"The more I know about the world, the less I know. . . . But it's a very happy one for us. . . . We're still here in the country and I'm doing the cooking and people don't think I'm quite right in the head. And we're so happy! And everything would be quite as it used to be except ——

"I must go now. I just looked out the window where little Walsingham and Desirée are playing automobile with a red wagon, and he was driving and he ran into the dog and she fell right out on her nose into the flower-bed — just like the time we hit the watering trough — and they're crying and I know I don't need to worry about their lungs, anyway.

"And besides, the biscuits are burning, and their father just came in the front gate — the children's father, I mean, not the biscuits' — and so ——"

There you are. That answers you, doesn't it?

And Wilkins, sir? He's back in Brooklyn, and happy, too. . . . Yes, I know. . . . But didn't I tell you it is a queer world?

[*The end*]

Porter Emerson Browne's novel has made a hit with McClure readers. His serial is "different." Now that it has ended he will write short stories and articles for us and — "A Primer for Pacifists" — the best satire he has done

The Great Dominion Bank Robbery

[*Continued from page 18*]

figured that we would have our day in Court in Napanee and I did not let this demonstration in any way interfere with my efforts to solve the mystery of this bank robbery. We had the numbers of the stolen certificates and I knew that on the twenty-thousand dollar lot the cashier's signature must be forged before the bills could be passed off; so here was our chance. If the thieves had had enough gray matter to destroy these bills, I doubt if the mystery would ever have been solved. But such was not the case, for on July 3rd of the year following the burglary the Dominion Bank of Montreal wired New York that two of the ten-dollar certificates, bearing the forged signature of Mr. Bains, had been received there from a bank in a near-by Canadian town. Bear in mind that this bank had the numbers of these bills, was on the lookout for them and carefully scrutinized every ten-dollar note that was presented.

In my whole career I never received a telegram that gave me more satisfaction than this one. I got hold of George Watrous in a hurry, and we made a rush trip to Montreal. On investigation I found that the two stolen bills had been received by a French Canadian farmer while he was in Manchester, New Hampshire, with a carload of potatoes. This farmer told me that he had been approached in the railroad yards by a stranger who hailed him as a fellow countryman and asked him to change some Canadian for American money, and the farmer had done so.

I proceeded at once to Manchester and looked up Chief of Police Healey and Jack O'Down, who was considerable of a detective and a terror to New Hampshire crooks.

When I told them about the French farmer who had exchanged American money for the two Canadian bills, O'Down immediately said: "The fellow who had the Canadian money must be the same one that bought the phonograph here in the local department store, because no one around here has had enough money to buy one as yet."

"Who might he be, Jack?" I asked him.

"A mysterious old fellow called George Pare, who lives with his sister, Mme. Sourciere, on the outskirts of the town," he replied.

Between Jack O'Down and the other members of the police force we found out that Mme. Sourciere, with her stepdaughter, was on a visit to Canada at the time and that her brother George was home alone. We also learned that Madame had taken a phonograph with her on her Canadian trip. What was more natural, then, than to suppose that the lady had gone to Canada with some of the ten-dollar notes stolen by George — for we were now working on the theory that he was the thief — with the purpose of disposing of them through the merchants up there? Mme. Sourciere spoke French, had lived in Montreal, and would not be suspected.

I left George Pare under secret surveillance, and beat it back to Montreal, and by a series of adroit inquiries found that Mme. Sourciere and her stepdaughter had gone on a visit to Quebec and thence to St. Thomas where I located her at a hotel as the French lady who was traveling with her daughter and a phonograph. They were registered as Mrs. Wilcox and Miss Olive Wilcox of Toronto.

I sized Mrs. Wilcox up in the dining-room that night. She was a striking-looking woman of young middle age, very well dressed, and with that inscrutable Latin sort of face that you can't get past any more than a stone wall. I secured a place at her table, but she pretended not to speak English and once, when I ventured some commonplace she said: "*Pardon, monsieur, je ne comprends pas.*"

The girl with her was a little beauty — big eyes and a mass of curly hair. She would have looked wonderful on the stage. And that gave me an idea. I decided that, for the time being, I was not a prosy detective paid to keep law and order, but the manager of a theatrical troupe, and that I wanted Mlle. Olive Wilcox's beautiful eyes and long curls in my company.

I had some cards printed that read, "Walter Robinson, Superba Stock Com-

Neōlin

Trade Mark Reg U. S. Pat Off.

Better than Leather

Neōlin Soles Better Soles More Lasting Soles

Neōlin Soles are modern soles —scientific, synthetic soles.

Neōlin is dry in winter—grip-ground any time.

Neōlin is light in summer and wear-long at all times.

Neōlin is for elderly feet—it's foot-easier.

Neōlin is for younger feet—it's up-to-date.

Neōlin is waterproof.

Neōlin looks well.

Neōlin is better than leather —it's *reliable*, always the same.

Neōlin is better than rubber —it will not draw the feet.

Above all, remember Neōlin saves, saves, saves—for it lasts, lasts, lasts.

Get Neōlin for your shoes and save on your children's shoe-bills too.

Neōlin Soles in black—white—tan. Cost no more. Retailers and repairers have them or can get them. Avoid the composition imitations. Remember Neōlin—and *mark* that mark; stamp it on your memory: Neōlin—

the trade symbol for a never changing quality product of

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

Neōlin

Trade Mark Reg U. S. Pat Off.

Better than Leather

pany, Montreal," and when Madame saw one of these she became graciousness itself and agreed to receive me upstairs in their rooms. Incidentally, she discovered that she could speak "a leetle English," and as she went on she found English more and more easy, apparently, and chattered away with the faintest of accents. She was genuinely interested in my theatrical plan for her step-daughter and asked me to call again.

Just in passing I may mention that there is almost invariably a "woman in the case" in any criminal history. The women and girls connected with crooks, whether by ties of affection or of mutual advantage and gain, are as much an element of the criminal world as the malefactors themselves. The sweethearts, sisters or business partners of the thieves are either themselves the incentives and instigators of the crimes, or the accomplices to the commission of them, or else the accessories after the fact. These women are apt to be loyal, and it is usually harder to get them to "peach" than the men. Mme. Sourciere, however, proved to be an exception.

I arranged to make my second call while Miss Olive was out shopping and I put George Watrous on her trail.

Madame received me very courteously, but I could see that, while she probably did not suspect me personally, she was very much on the alert.

"It is fortunate that you came today," she began, "as my daughter and I are just leaving."

I looked the lady straight in the eyes and then, for a wonder, I tried a sort of Sherlock Holmes stunt. I say for a wonder, because real detectives very rarely act like story-book detectives; but this Mme. Sourciere with her black eyes and pretty white teeth and those smiles that she shot at me now and then — well, she was a dead ringer for the beautiful melodrama adventuress and I had a hunch to tease the situation along a little in a theatrical way. It's just as well that I did.

"Madame," I said, "I'm sorry, but I've been sent here on a disagreeable mission. I guess somebody in Manchester, New Hampshire, has made a mistake."

I said this innocently, but my eyes were on her and I saw her left hand shut as I mentioned Manchester.

"Then you're not interested in my step-daughter?" she snapped out. "That was only an excuse?"

"It was an excuse," I admitted, "but I'm interested in Miss Olive, too. If you will explain a few little things perhaps we can clear up this trouble. For instance, are you really Mrs. Wilcox of Toronto, or are you Mme. Sourciere of Manchester?"

After a little bluffing and dignity stuff she finally acknowledged (when she saw I had the goods on her) that she was Mme. Sourciere of Manchester. What of it?

I was sympathetic and apologetic, but I came to the point and told her that she was suspected of having money in her possession that had been stolen from the Dominion Bank of Canada. It was my duty to make a search.

"Why, certainly," she said, very smiling and polite. You see she had got her second wind now, and I knew I was going to have a job finding that money.

They had two rooms at this hotel, she and her stepdaughter, but their things were all packed, ready to go; so, apparently, I had only to examine the two trunks and two bags that were waiting there, locked and strapped.

Well, I examined them and, believe me, I didn't let a thing get past me, but there were no ten-dollar bills. I pounded over the trunks and made measurements for false bottoms or false sides, but I found nothing. Then I searched the rooms, the closets, the bureau drawers. Nothing.

It began to look as if the stuff wasn't there and, of course, she might have hidden it outside, but something in the way this woman looked at me told me I was on the right track. The stolen money *was* there if I could only find it.

I should add that one of the trunks had originally been a tool chest and was made with several shallow wooden trays, but I could discover nothing queer about these trays or about the sides or the bottom.

While I was puzzling over this there came a knock at the door and George Watrous arrived to report about the girl.

Just then I had my theatrical idea.

I took George aside and explained the situation and told him what to do. He was to whisper to me very earnestly and every now and then look sharply at Mme. Sourciere, who was watching us from the other end of the room; and once or twice he was to point to the tool chest and nod as if he had discovered something very important.

We carried out this little pantomime while she glared at us, not knowing what we were saying and consumed with curiosity and fear. A detective is always looking for these signs of fear, always ready to take advantage of them.

"Madame," I said, "the game is up. My assistant tells me that your stepdaughter has confessed everything."

Of course this was not true and I think Mme. Sourciere knew it was not true, but she moved uneasily.

"There is nothing to confess," she answered.

"We know where the money is, or part of it. Miss Olive has told us."

"Oh, she has! Then you know it isn't here."

"We know it is in that tool chest. Go and get it, George," I said to my assistant, "where Miss Olive told you."

George went to the tool chest and began turning things over in a businesslike way although he had no idea what he was doing. I watched the woman, realizing that she would have the laugh on us if my bluff failed. If there was no money hidden in that tool chest I had placed myself in a foolish position, and she knew it. Nevertheless, my intuition held strong that the money was in the tool chest. I had not found it, George might not find it, but it was there.

In a few minutes George came back and whispered that he could find no money.

"That's all right," said I. "Go down stairs and give this to the hotel clerk." I scribbled on a piece of paper. "Hustle!"

WHILE he was gone I talked good-naturedly with the lady. Her eyes were getting blacker every minute.

"Tell you what I'll do, Madame," I kidded her. "To make it interesting I'll bet you twenty-five dollars that within fifteen minutes you make a clean breast of everything."

She was furious by this time, she could have killed me, but she never said a word; just stood there tapping her foot, with an anxious eye on the door. I had her; I knew it.

"What do you think I sent George for?" I teased her. "Give you three guesses. For a warrant? No, I've got it already, signed and sealed. For handcuffs? Listen!" I jingled my coat pocket and I could see her turn pale. "Ah! Here he is! Show her what I sent you for, George," I said to my assistant, and he held up an ordinary brace and bit.

"Now, George," I continued, "I want you to bore this chest full of holes. Take the things out first. We'll see whether I've made a mistake."

He took the things out and was just starting the first hole when I stopped him.

"Wait!" I said. "Before we settle this, I'll explain why I'm so confident. Listen, Madame! In the first place, it's a queer thing for a woman to be traveling around with a tool chest instead of a trunk."

"It belongs to my brother!" snapped the woman. "He's a mechanic!"

"A mighty good mechanic!" I agreed. "He made this tool chest himself, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"But *why* did he make these cleats so wide and so thick? Tell him that set me thinking. No mechanic in the world ever made such cleats by accident. He must have had a reason. Go ahead, George!"

Five minutes later the woman broke down and confessed everything. She couldn't very well do anything else, for we found several thousand dollars of the stolen bills *inside the wood of the tool chest*, most of them stuffed into cunningly hollowed-out spaces in those suspicious-looking cleats. It was a lucky guess on my part, and I am free to admit that I might try a hundred times to pull off such a stunt, and fail every time.

Mme. Sourciere's confession involved a whole gang, including her brother, George Pare, Robert Mackie of Belleville, Ontario, (Pontin's home town), a man named Holden from Boston, a burglar named Jack Roche and our friend Pontin, the popular and athletic Napanee bank clerk.

She also revealed some of the ingenious methods used by George Pare in concealing the stolen money. For one thing he had procured a large packing-box and had braced the four inside corners with four-by-four-inch scantling. Then, having hollowed these out, and stuffed the bored-out spaces with stolen bills, he had placed the box in a coal bin and filled it with ashes.

Of course I had to have Pare's confession to make my case complete, so I took the

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two Sourciere women up to Montreal,, left them in safe custody, and repaired to Manchester to arrest Pare. I realized that the old fellow was a bit of a genius in his way and I paid him the compliment of running him down to rights before springing any handcuff stuff.

I found Pare at his work bench in a woodshed off the barn. He looked up at me from a lathe he was planing, his face rayed with wrinkles, and I could see that he knew something was up.

"I've got a job for you," I said. "They tell me you're a first-rate mechanic. I have some stuff to take across the border, and I don't want to pay duty on it. Understand? Now can you fix up a piece of furniture for me so that I can pack in it — oh, any old thing — and ship it through as ordinary household effects?"

He put down his plane and looked at me. "Why you ask me that?" he demanded, with a stronger French accent than his sister's.

"Because I want to get the stuff across," I began; but he interrupted me.

"You would not get a stranger for that," he said positively. I told you he was a genius in his way and when he spoke like that I laughed and said, "Right you are! Come across, Pare!"

He stood and considered and I had a chance to look at his hands. They were long and sensitive, with finely shaped fingers in spite of a little surface roughness from manual work. In my professional experience there are only two classes of men who have that type of hands, artists and crooks — and a good crook is an artist.

I took a chance and said suddenly: "Pare, how long is it since you handled a combination?"

He started to bluster at that, but I could see the shot had gone home and it turned out (as I had suspected) that he had been a professional safe-breaker in his day. I had him two or three different ways, and he knew it.

"Well," he said, taking off his leather apron deliberately, "I might have known you'd have inquired at the department store and found out about that dining-room table."

"What dining-room table?" I asked in surprise.

He stared. "I thought you knew! That was where I kept the bulk of the bills in hollows in the legs. I got the table at the same time I bought the phonograph. I had a time getting a table with legs that were thick enough!"

It was a fairly easy matter after that to make him confess to his part of the crime.

The part of his story that most interested me was how Pare got the combination of the safe at Napanee. I shall never forget his quizzical smile as he told me how this was done.

The cashier, Mr. Bains, he said, was very fond of golf. On a certain day Bains went out on the golf links and left Pontin to close the safe door. Pare and Holden had instructed Pontin if he ever received orders to close the safe door to shoot the bolts but not disturb the combination. Pontin, and another clerk, remember, had the combination of the vault but didn't — as I explained at the beginning of this article — have the combination of the safe inside. Pare and Holden entered the bank that night and with the combination of the vault lock furnished by Pontin opened the safe.

"Hold on!" said I. "Let me get this straight. Pontin the bank clerk was your accomplice and he let you and Holden enter the bank on the night of the robbery?"

"Yes," said Pare. "You see, there was no night watchman in this little town."

"All right. Now we'll suppose you're inside the bank and Pontin has the vault combination, but not the safe combination. Then what?"

"Then we opened the safe door by simply drawing the bolts. I told you they hadn't been locked fast because Pontin had been careful not to spin the combination knob after he shut the safe door."

"So the safe had never been really locked?"

"That's right," grinned the safe-breaker as he saw that this was a new one to me.

He went on to explain how they had next taken off the back of the combination, thus exposing the tumblers to view, and, by reaching round to the front of the door, had manipulated the knob until they found where the tongue first dropped into the tumblers. They made a record of this and continued the operation until they got a record of the five numbers of the combination of the safe.

"Pretty slick work," I admitted. "No drilling, no explosives, and you had the combination?"

Pare nodded with the pride of an artist.

"You bet we did, and it worked. I had quite a thrill when I swung that safe door open and saw $45,000 lying there in nice clean packages. *And we never touched it!*"

"What!"

"Not a dollar. We put everything back exactly as it was and came away."

"But why?"

The veteran bank robber tapped his forehead.

"Suppose we had taken that money then? And suppose you detective boys had come on the scene and found that Bains had gone out on the golf course and given Pontin instructions to close the safe? Wouldn't you have had it on Pontin? Wouldn't it have looked as if Pontin had looted the safe before he closed the door?"

"I see. So you waited until another night?"

"Sure. We could afford to wait. We had the two combinations. It was Bains himself who closed the safe door when we pulled the trick, so there was nothing on Pontin."

Pare said that after the robbery was committed they had reset the combinations of the vault and the safe on other numbers so that when the officials came to the bank the next morning they could open neither one of these doors. Thus investigation was delayed and any suspicion was divided among four instead of being centered in Pontin.

For the information of those unfamiliar with a crime of this character and especially for the benefit of those who are students of the "Alias Jimmy Valentine" theories, I say, without fear of contradiction, that there is no known instance of any person unlocking a three, four or five wheel combination lock without possessing the method of determining by the "click" or by the sound when the tumbler drops into the groove. Makers of combination locks throughout the country, at the time of the Napanee bank burglary offered $1,000 to $5,000 to anyone who could unlock one of their combinations as they set them. Of course, such combinations have been opened by experts and by persons who profess to be able to do this, but only on combinations on which they have figured out the lock might be set — as 20, 40, 60, 80 — 15, 30, 45,— or 10, 20, 30, 40. Any mathematician can figure out how many combinations can be made on an 80 or 100 dial on a 3, 4 or 5 wheel combination. But to work either one of these out would require from 60 to 100 years, twelve hours' work each day.

HOLDEN was arrested in Boston. In his possession were found a lot of curios and rare coins that had been in the strong box of the safe, also a quantity of the new bills which he attempted to burn just after we got him. These we found to be some of the forged notes.

The arrests of Pare and Holden were made so quietly that the news of them did not get to Canada in time to warn the other suspects before we got there. With Silas Carpenter, Chief of Detectives in Montreal, I proceeded to Kingston and there again met our dear old Irish Magistrate who issued warrants for the arrest of Pontin, Jack Roche, and Robert Mackie. We arranged for the arrest of Pontin and then proceeded to Belleville, where at midnight we arrested Mackie. We found a quantity of the stolen money in his possession also. Some time later Roche was arrested.

With Mackie in a hired hack, we drove back to Napanee. The back-driver mutinied on us and we handcuffed him to the prisoner. We all arrived in front of the bank on a certain Monday, when to the astonishment of the natives, the news of the arrests was made public.

I am not a malicious man nor prone to exult at my enemies' downfall, but I may as well admit that I was human enough to feel a pleasurable sense of triumph when we saw those rascals sentenced at the Fall Assizes.

It wasn't so much catching the thieves that was so satisfying, it was revisiting that unfriendly town, more or less in the rôles of conquering heroes. You may remember that we had left it in ignominious defeat, and were lucky to have escaped being ridden out on a rail.

And yet I doubt if we were really any more popular than before. As I said at the commencement of this story, nobody loves a detective.

Mr. Dougherty has written another true detective story — "The Minneapolis Diamond Robbery" — even more fascinating than this. It is coming soon

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Brew of Ashes

[*Continued from page 16*]

Kosioscrakos irately reflected what a fool he was — with the noon rush on! Why hadn't he waited till a less busy time — or even forever? He knew by sad experience that in the world there are far more women willing, nay, even desirous, to be kissed than there are steady, reliable dishwashers. Annella irately reflected with swiftness that she might not get another job so near the crêche and bitterly told herself that she was altogether too impulsive! Having endured Albert Welson for several detestable months, she could not be irreparably injured by a mere kiss from a fat old man, perspiring and disagreeable though he might be.

Not knowing what to say, neither said anything. Then Kosioscrakos, with a brusk turning of his huge body, betook himself to the front room. At the same moment, Annella, with a brusk turning of her lean body, began piling more side-dishes into the hot pan. He did not discharge her — to her relief. And he did not again kiss her — to her relief.

A FEW weeks later, encouraged by a waitress, Annella asked defiantly for a raise, and got it — fifty cents. But it did not cause her to indulge in any orgy or extravagance. She owed a doctor bill of two dollars. Eva — she had named the baby after her mother — had had a touch of fever and indigestion.

Eva, though, was a healthy child — luckily for Annella's pocketbook. And when she was a month old, she could smile. At three months, she deigned to begin to converse with her mother. Oh, with marvelous intelligibility! At four months, she gave a startling exhibition of her ability to control her ten graceful pink toes. Whatever a baby's claims to being detrimental property, monotony is not one. As soon as she paid the doctor's bill, Annella began to save toward two dollars for a white serge coat for Eva. Extravagant? Well — didn't Eva justify it? She kept it wrapped in tissue paper so that it would remain clean.

Two months later, a second waitress told her that she was certainly some bonehead to stick at her present job. Why didn't she also get table work? Plenty of places paid seven dollars a week. And — *tips*.

Annella gravely thought over the advice. She could wait on table. Several times, in emergency, Kosioscrakos had sent her out to take an order or two. But — it would be a jump! And she was morbidly afraid to jump, like an amateur who once has gone face down in a pool bottomed with broken glass and thereby gashed and scarred himself for life. At present her work was hard, her niche in life distasteful. It grew more distasteful as she grew more fortified by regularity of living and by the baby's continued comfort at the crêche. But she was safe in the niche. Income and output tallied — and would continue to tally, barring sickness. At times she longed almost intolerably for cleaner, nicer work, another room, another way of living.

She asked the waitress if meals were always included. She regarded hatefully food for herself if it meant expenditure.

"You ninny! Sure!" And she added again, "And tips."

Annella gravely calculated. Tips — well, Annella did not count on tips. She considered only the certainties. She had little betting blood. Or perhaps it was that Eva had suckled away all her betting blood. One can run a risk for one's self. But not for a baby. There would be carfare. She would not room very far from the crêche. She would not take Eva to another crêche. The gaunt freckled Scotch sisters of this one had become her best friends.

She would have to dress better. She reflected that her one black serge skirt would do a month or two. She had yet three white waists, well-worn, but not out-worn. All her shoes but the black velvet pair were worn out. But they would do two weeks. After two long thoughtful weeks, Annella decided that it wouldn't be a perilous jump. So the waitress, scornfully amused at her caution, piloted her and recommended her to a downtown lunchroom — one of a big, cleanly moderate-priced chain. And there she was delighted, almost incredulous, to learn that she had every other Sunday off. This meant a saving of ten cents — at the crêche — leisure to do her and Eva's laundering and a chance to get acquainted with Eva in the daytime.

And as for tips, for the first time in months Annella's eyes flashed a blue that was almost pretty. Actually there were such things as tips! — even in a lunchroom where a twenty-five cent meat order included potatoes and gravy. At first she very shyly, with some shame, took the dime or, more often, the nickel. Annella had the high delicate nostrils indicative of a pride that disliked being ruled by necessity. But — Eva! If she took them shyly, it cannot be denied that she took them greedily as well. She soon averaged about a dollar and a half in tips weekly. One gala week she got four dollars — which elated her so much that she was correspondingly depressed the following when she got only sixty cents. Presently she had two customers who tipped her regularly. One, a fussy old man, left a dime every evening. The other, a sour, shabby man who never looked up from his invariable mutton with noodles, left fifteen cents every third noon; never more, never less.

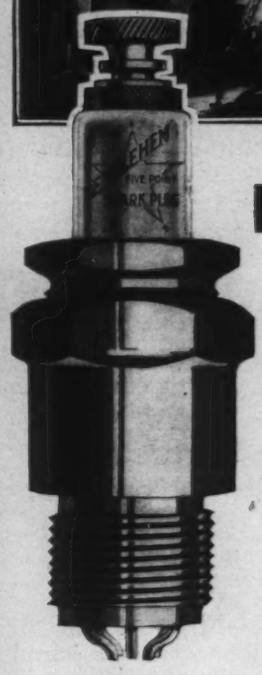
In this chain of lunchrooms, the food served employees was very different from that lumped out at Kosioscrakos's. Waitresses practically had their choice of the bill-of-fare. Annella began to grow dainty of appetite. It was her first chance for a long time. And, correspondingly, there came over her thin, eager face a certain daintiness of expression. And this was colored by the cosmetic of content, as Eva continued well; which is a very excellent cosmetic indeed. Also a tonic, a nerve-strengthener and a stimulant. At the end of two months Annella had regained some of the courage that Albert Welson had cruelly stripped away from her. She felt justified in taking a better room, one clean and light at two dollars and a half a week. She found one near the crêche. Also she felt justified in paying two dollars for a pair of doeskin bootees for Eva.

At the end of twelve months, she had thirty-one dollars in bank, she had paid ten dollars in doctor bills for Eva (though Agnes MacManus amusedly said it wasn't necessary; the child was merely feverish from teething!) and she had spent over seventy dollars for clothes for herself and small daughter. Which — though it was only a dollar and a half a week — meant that Eva had nearly a dozen inexpensive ready-made dresses; petticoats and flannel shirts and plenty of tiny stockings, while Annella had a trim ready-made blue cloth suit, six tasteful ready-made white waists, three pairs of shoes, a pretty plain hat, petticoats, underwear and stockings, besides many of the little accessories of toilet and wardrobe which cost only ten or twenty-five cents apiece.

So it was natural that her blue eyes should have the alert, attractive expression of irises that have surveyed the world and say it is good. And many men to whom she carried coffee and wheat cakes or roast beef with mashed potatoes, were quite willing to meet her outside the lunchroom. But they never lengthily annoyed her with this willingness. Annella had that duenna which is better than big brother, stern father, anxious mother or suspicious chaperon — a cold, bone-deep dislike of man and of men. When one pestered her into looking at him impersonally, she gave him the scrutinizing, disliking gaze that she had learned for Albert Welson. It was effective.

At the end of four years Annella had two hundred dollars in bank. Then Harriet Crowe, another waitress, suggested that they take a small flat together. Harriet was a tall, stolid, homely woman, but honest and of good habits. Annella was willing. They paid twenty-five dollars a month for four steam-heated rooms and spent ninety dollars furnishing them. Eva had a white-painted chiffonier all to her small self. She was a plump six-year-old then, with bobbed brown hair. "Lovely hair," admired Harriet. "I — I wish it weren't so sleek," said Annella, absently.

Two years later, Harriet had to give up her work. The arches of her broad feet were badly broken. But she was an excellent plain sewer and said she could get plenty of that work. And she did. Annella cheerfully insisted that she would assume more of the expense of their living because now Eva needn't be taken to the crêche every day, but might stay home with Harriet. The MacManus



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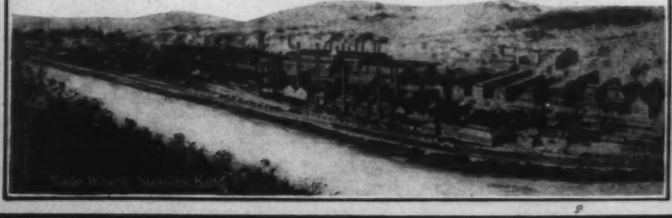

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sisters were about to transfer the crêche and go out West to an old brother's ranch to end their days. Annella had been a bit worried. Now she need not be. Eva was going to school now, too.

But Annella took warning from Harriet's misfortune and looked about for shorter hours of work. She found them. She quit the lunchroom and was taken on the extra supper force of a higher-class place. The hours were from six P.M. to nine-thirty, and she got five dollars. She was an expert waitress by this time. From eleven A.M. till three-thirty P.M. she was in the tea-room of a modish department-store and for that got four dollars. In the supper hours her tips were excellent. She averaged six dollars a week. In the tea-room they were much less. Annella learned, with some amusement, that women in chiffon velvet gowns can hang onto a dime like a dying man to hope in a hereafter, and yet clamor petulantly for super-service. But, curiously, she enjoyed the time in the tea-room and merely endured the hours at the supper work. The restaurant was garish. This tea-room happened to be artistic. She told Harriet that she reveled in its furnishings — the gray velvet floor and the soft light which filtered down from silver-chained inverted bowls. Also, curiously, she liked to wear the dainty caps and aprons. Penury had whipped her a long time, so that under its lash she had learned to feel guilty when buying anything better than she was required to wear. She was now demurely glad to handle the sheer frilled things that demanded so much laundering.

Later she told Harriet that there was only one drawback to the tea-room's artistic appearance. That was Smurkins, the short, pursy, red-haired lace buyer of the store, who lunched regularly at one of her tables.

Still later, with a short, irritable laugh, she told Harriet that Smurkins had let her know that it was merely because of her that he lunched there so regularly.

"Fresh?" inquired Harriet, sympathetically.

"N-no," slowly. "I can't say he's fresh. He's respectful enough."

"Ah!" exclaimed Harriet. "Them department-store buyers get big salaries!" insinuatingly.

"Do they?" responded Annella, in a snappy tone not usual to her. "His furzy red hair hurts my eyes!"

"Oh, you'd get used to it," jocularly began Harriet.

"No! I wouldn't get used to it!" interrupted Annella, so icily, so haughtily, that Harriet, stolid, slow to take offense, was half-offended. "The more I saw it, at close range, the *more* I'd loathe it!"

She stared angrily across the room to where Eva's sleek, bobbed head bent over a picture-book. Harriet wrongly interpreted that hard look. "Brown's prettier," she said hastily. "And we're getting along fine on our own salaries."

Eva suddenly looked up. She was then eight years old. "I want hair ribbons," she announced imperiously. "I'm too old for bobbed hair!"

The two women laughed together. But Annella, eyes presently grave, did not tell her friend that she too preferred hair ribbons and braided hair to the bobbed locks. For ribbons, big, wide, concealing taffeta bows, took away the sleek masculine look which made the small head so like an older brown one.

Four years later Harriet married an elderly bookkeeper, a widower for whose three little girls she had done considerable plain sewing. She sincerely told Annella that she hated to leave her, but——

Annella sincerely assured her that she needn't hesitate a second! Eva was big enough to look after herself a little, and Annella then for a year had had complete charge of the tea-room. That meant twenty-four dollars a week and no need for doing supper work

"Ever see that red-haired buyer?" insinuatingly asked Harriet.

"Smurkins long ago tired of the tea-room's dainty lunches," laughed Annella, thankfully. "Don't you worry about me, Harriet dear."

And there was indeed no need for Harriet to worry. For a year Annella and Eva were happy and comfortable. Annella had money in bank and was earning enough to insure Eva plenty of the gay wide taffeta hair bows, like butterfly wings, that the small vain soul craved. Life for them moved along a smooth groove, well-oiled if not silver-geared.

Annella was past thirty then. But she did not look it — quite. Nor did she look like a woman who has tasted dregs. Environment inevitably has its influence. Her voice was soft — like the tinkle of frail, pretty teacups. Her hands were white — like the napery they had charge of. Her walk was graceful — it had caught ease perhaps from the gray velvet carpet of the tea-room.

About this time Albert Welson's route of life crossed hers — traced doubtless by the evil imp that delights in enabling an undesirable person to locate a person who has no desire to be located.

He came into the tea-room with a woman of hard type. For a while he stared puzzled at Annella, chatting to Helen, the cashier. It took time for recognition to seep through the baked soil of his forgetfulness. But Annella recognized him at once. The smug-cropped brown hair was just the same, only thinner, perhaps sleeker. The loosely-hanging lower lip had telltale age's sag. He was trimly garbed, as of old. But were your eyes trained to people's appearances — Annella's eyes were! — you could detect impecuniosity under that careful trimness.

Making sure it was Annella, he took the woman away and came back to offer reparation for the wound that he had inflicted. Annella gravely told him the wound was quite healed, and the cold-cream of toil had even massaged away the scar.

He would not believe her. He insisted on making reparation!

He insisted so hard, that Annella, with wits sharpened on the whetstone of experience, astutely guessed that her niche in life looked good to him. By making her an honest woman, he would feel entitled to share her bed and board — especially the board. She was quite aware that about her personal appearance lay the aura of comfort, if not of luxury. So she said, not hiding a certain amusement, "No, thanks!"

At this amused refusal, he was peevishly reproachful. Had she no pride? Didn't she care for, say, her fellow employees' opinion?

Annella's laugh rang in soft derisive tinkle. But she forbore to give him facts that would perhaps have eased his solicitude over her — that Helen, the pale cashier, had a brother serving a life term; that Stella, the tall, deft waitress with copper-colored hair and scared brown eyes, had to report once a month to the Morals Court; that Robins, the bent, gray old man who collected all cashiers' receipts at day-end, sneakingly did favors to the cash-girls because his own sixteen-year-old Anne had taken the river route one dusty July night, long before. And there were others. "Oh, I guess they wouldn't be too hard on me if they knew," she said composedly.

Very well! Albert Welson turned haughtily and righteously away, and out of her life. He had done all that could be expected of him! Evidently (the loose lower lip curled bitterly) there was another man! Composedly Annella allowed him to carry away such belief. It was as good a deterrent as any to his demand to restore her honor. She did not mention Eva. He had forgotten that the arrival of such a person had been expected.

WHEN Eva was fourteen years old and in the first year of high school, Annella was about as happy as one can be in this world. Life was smooth, life was round, life was good as a ripe apple. For her it, like Gallia, was divided into three parts — the tea-room, the neat small flat, and Eva. And of the three, Eva was chief. She was as tall as her mother and had her mother's blue eyes.

"Only somehow they ain't just like yours," Harriet once puzzled when she ran in for a visit.

Annella could have told her that they got the high, white underlids from Albert Welson. But she didn't. She had about forgotten Albert's eyelids. And, with Harriet, she smiled indulgently at the long time Eva took at the golden-oak dresser arranging her huge hair-bows, her fingers fussing at each fold till fastidious young taste was satisfied. Eva had a large assortment of such bows — blue, rose, red, plaid. Annella saw to that. Ribbons don't cost much — especially when you are at a department-store daily and can keep tab on bargain sales.

She was a busy woman, was Annella, and absorbed. And perhaps continued comfort made her a trifle stupid. Comfort does that, sometimes. But she was amused — nothing more — when Eva, over night, it seemed, shed the big butterfly bows, as a snake sheds its skin, and emerged with slim bare neck and sleek braids caught tightly in place with two gay-stoned shell pins that stuck out behind her small ears like a pretty yearling's nubs of horns.

Eva was impatient at her mother's amused, amazed gaze.

"Good gracious, Mamma, I've been

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Mark the giant size of its CABLE-CORD, and its *cross-wrapped, two-ply* structure.

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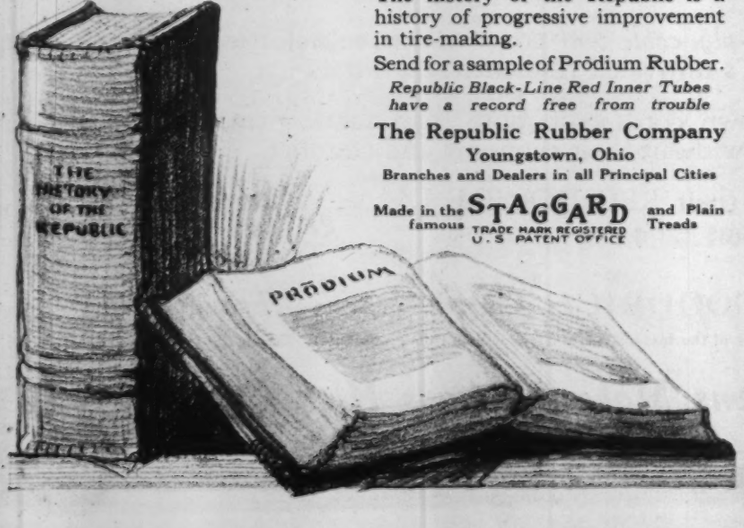

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ashamed for a long time to wear those baby bows! They're only for young girls!"

"Young girls!" Annella did not know whether to laugh or not.

"But I'm too old for them," calmly. "I got these at the corner Variety Shop with the fifty cents you gave me for an algebra key. 'Cause Janice has one and I always study with her." Then, before the mirror, Eva cocked her sleek brown head this way — that way — Annella's heart suddenly skipped a beat. Distinctly, as though it were yesterday she saw a larger sleek brown head cock this way — that way — while he tied his cravat at the mirror.

Well! It was a shock; but of course not a monstrous shock. All girls sometime shed hair ribbons. Annella got Eva a more tasteful pair of shell pins and became used to the sleek bare appearance of the small head. Also she began to get used to evenings by herself. Eva spent two or three a week at Janice's house; they studied together better than alone, said Eva. One night Eva was not at home at ten-thirty. Annella desired some bromo-seltzer, so she strolled down to the drug-store to get it and perhaps meet her. Well — she met her! At the soda-fountain with a pasty-faced young man. Annella's eyes dilated in dismay and surprise. Surely not ——

Flushed but defiant, Eva introduced Mr. Cahill, whose eyes brazened into Annella's, then shifted away. Gravely Annella shook hands with him, even in the dismay of the shock amused at Eva's flutterings and chin-tossing. She could not help thinking of a baby chick trying to fluff defiantly away from the old hen's wing. But Mr. Cahill was not amusing. He was detestable, with his cockily held cigarette, his cheap wrist-watch and cheaply swagger clothes.

Later, when the two had gone home, Eva was crossly defiant. But after the first irrepressible burst of displeasure and dismay, Annella asked questions warily. Eva answered sulkily. She was nearly fifteen years old, yes, she was! Lots of girls of her age had fellows. Yes, they did! No, he wasn't a high-school boy. He was a city salesman. Gracious, she didn't know for what! Cigars or something. My goodness, a girl couldn't go asking a man right away questions about his private business! Haughty tone and haughty blue eyes and haughty young chin high-held conveyed immeasurable rebuke to maternal ill-bred inquisitiveness! Oh, gracious, Janice had introduced him! Another girl introduced him to Janice. Gracious!

"But, dear," carefully asked Annella, keeping all dismay now out of her voice, "why meet him at the drug-store? Why not bring him here?"

Shocked and dismayed but not unhappy was Annella as she asked that question. She expected Eva to murmur that a boy was ill at ease with a girl's folks — she understood that young folks were irked by older presences — But she never dreamed that Eva might say, sadly, like a martyr, "In these four shabby rooms? My goodness, I'd be ashamed!"

"Oh — you — you would!" Annella's breath was so taken away that she could hardly murmur.

"I should say so!" said Eva, petulantly. "I wish you could see some girls' homes, Mamma!"

"But, Eva dear, we aren't rich!"

"No." Sadly, flatly, gloomily, in tone of long, patient suffering, Eva made the acknowledgment. "No. I know it."

It angered Annella. This — from that baby — after ——

But anger had gone by morning. She did not sleep much that night. Several times she sat up in bed to stare soberly at a round sleeping young cheek, pink as the stripe of the blanket snuggling it. As the night wore on, she brought herself to sympathize with Eva and understand her point of view. She herself had once loathed a place of abode — that first awful room. Eva's ideas were pitched a little higher — that was the only difference.

Her lease was up presently. She took a better flat, in a better street. The rent was far higher. It left her small margin for saving for rainy days. But she felt that Eva's peace and joy of mind were as vital as a rainy-day fund. She dipped heavily into her savings for new furniture. Eva was radiant. And her radiance repaid Annella.

Young pasty-faced Cahill called. But so did others of his sex. Annella, watching cannily, saw that Eva liked admiration better than she liked any admirer. This reassured her mother, and, at the same time, worried her. Eva, in the bewildering way of the young, had suddenly "grown up." Well, Annella realized that this was inevitable. It had come sooner than she expected. That was all.

And then something came — which she had never expected. Solicitously and worriedly Eva murmured one day that she hoped they — "they" meant Cahill and the others — would never find out that her mother used to be a waitress!

"What!" exclaimed Annella. But fortunately her sense of humor enabled her to smile wryly at any low place she might take in pasty young Cahill's — or his kind's.— estimation!

And then the wry smile faded — faded sadly as she gravely regarded Eva. She had an overweening desire to take that pretty superior young person, flesh of her flesh, and lay her across her capable knees in the position best suited to an old-fashioned punishment. But she resisted the desire. Spanking days for Eva were over.

"I — I wasn't especially fond of being a waitress, Eva," she said gently.

"I dare say not," kindly acknowledged Eva. "But it seems a pity that when Father ran away you didn't learn stenography, Mamma — or something with more class!"

Annella didn't know whether to laugh — or cry — or to shake Eva. And as the weeks went on, she did not know whether to be diverted or frightened by the child's amazing capacity for making masculine acquaintance. Where did all those boys come from?

At last she suggested rather sternly that so many friends must interfere with lessons. Eva's eyes became oddly hostile. "I don't care. I'm tired of school. All the girls," injuredly, "dress better than me —— "

"*All?*" incredulously. For once, when Eva was sick, Annella had gone after her books and surely, unless memory were tricky, there was a long line of girls in very ordinary garb!

"All the well-dressed ones dress better than me," sulkily. "Of course the frumps don't."

Annella went to Harriet for advice — and got information. Harriet was having her own troubles with restless, pleasure-seeking young step-daughters. "It's sickening," declared the disgusted Harriet, "the way girls dress nowadays! The streets are full of powdered, cheeky, vain little hussies!"

THAT year! At the end of it Annella looked all her years — and more!

At its beginning Eva quit school. She had not been promoted. Pride would not let her repeat the term with a younger class. Annella was aghast. She tried command, entreaty, threat, coaxing. Eva met command defiantly; entreaty, stubbornly; threat, rebelliously; coaxing, disdainfully. Helplessly her mother finally consented to let her try downtown business college. Also, hoping to appease the child's craving, she bought her new clothes; in fact, more than she could well afford. But she remembered that years back she herself had ached for dainty, expensive garb. She had been compelled to stifle the ache. But she could not expect Eva to be as strong.

Eva crowed over the pretty things, which repaid her mother. But — and this amused her mother — she added wistfully — "If you'd married again after Father ran away, married well, I mean, we wouldn't have to count our dollars, Mamma!"

Rather ironically Annella informed her that chances to marry well had not dropped, plum-like in her lap. Eva let a white chiffon blouse fall to the floor while her smooth young forehead puckered thoughtfully, as though trying to remember something. And then Annella, greatly amused but a bit annoyed too, learned that her daughter's memory had been far better and more precocious than seemed possible. "Didn't I once, a long time ago, hear you tell Aunt Harriet about a red-haired buyer at the store —— "

"Eva!" cried Annella. "I'm sure I don't know what you heard! But don't mention it again."

It soon became apparent, to Annella's anxiety, that downtown schooling to Eva meant far chummier acquaintance with matinees, restaurants and shop-windows than with pots and hooks. And the friends that she found! Annella need never have fretted over the pasty-faced Cahill. He was lost in a shuffled deck of far more than fifty-two Jacks. Annella was horribly afraid that the child would marry one of them — and at times she was horribly afraid that one of them would not marry the child. She spent sleepless nights over some of the deck that she classified; she spent other sleepless nights over

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FIND a man who has experienced the luxury of the Franklin Sedan for *summer use.*

Ask him what he thinks of the Sedan idea for summer.

He will tell you that he has made a *discovery* in motoring: that he will never use any other type of car; that all the objections you can think of are not true or do not apply to the Franklin.

He will tell you that the lightness and resilience of the Franklin make it practical for *any kind of driving*, on any sort of road, any time, anywhere.

That he gets all the *free-blowing air* there is — as much or as little as he wants.

That he can *regulate* the amount of ventilation. That he can instantly adjust the windows for any sort of weather — shut out dust or rain; drive for fifty miles on a hot summer afternoon and step out of the car *clean* and *cool.*

Then he will tell you what it means to his wife and family. The comfort of wearing what they please *en tour;* the freedom from grimy, parched skins and enveloping veils; the joy of stepping onto a hotel veranda without looking like the rescued survivors of a wrecked Cook's Tour.

Then he will come back to the specific features of Franklin construction — its *flexibility*, the *lightness* of its unsprung weight. He will tell you of *easy riding* over rough roads, its *liveliness* on the hills, its *maximum speed* from place to place, its economy in gasoline, its remarkable tire mileage.

Features that apply as well to the *Sedan* as to the Open models — the features that make the Franklin so definitely an *all-around efficient car.*

Touring Car	2280 lbs.	$1950.00	*Cabriolet*	2485 lbs.	$2750.00	*Town Car*	2610 lbs. $3100.00
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some that she couldn't classify. She wished desperately that another year of age would drop over night over Eva so that in the morning she might awake with wiser young eyes. She wished that she could buy a few years with their wisdom for her child as she bought presents for the Christmas stocking. Meanwhile she bought more pretty clothes for her, hoping ——

But Eva had the desire which grows lustier on satisfaction and is never satisfied. She jumped from lisle hose to silk lisle, like a pretty rabbit from one cabbage head to another. Then she jumped from silk lisle to silk, as though her slim ankles had a divine right to be so clad. In time she turned up a scornful young nose at certain grades of silk and sighed poutingly for the best.

Her mother did without a cloth suit that autumn and put the extra money on an exquisite long velvet coat for Eva, who crowed over it for a few weeks — then said petulantly that some girls she knew wore Hudson seal.

When the course at the business school was ended, Eva sought an office position. Aided by her mother, she found many — and lost them as soon as she found them. Two or three middle-aged gentlemen whose dictation she essayed to take, swore at her, she hotly told her mother, who sighed but secretly was glad they swore and did not kiss her baby. Finally in desperation or temper or boredom, Eva declared that she would rather work in the department-store, anyway.

"Oh, baby, it's too hard!" protested her mother. "And you don't actually need to work! Stay at home and keep house for me."

"Mamma!" rebukingly. "You told me last night you couldn't spare five dollars for a pair of white cloth shoes that I need!"

Well! Annella hated to see her come into the store. But she did not know what to do. Eva's will was stronger than hers. She could not understand why. She tried to think that any kind of work might be better for the child than idleness.

Eva did not care to go into the tea-room, though. Waitress! No, indeed. She would be a salesgirl.

"She's very young. Can't you afford — manage to keep her at school another year or so?" rebukingly asked the superintendent when Annella requested that a place be found for her daughter.

"No," curtly. And Annella said nothing more, though she flushed.

But the superintendent evidently appreciated her long, excellent service, for he said: "I guess the handkerchiefs will be easiest for her."

Like a little peacock, in her new black skirt, Eva preened into the handkerchief section.

"Tired, honey?" her mother anxiously asked her that night. All day, in the tea-room above she had ached for her little daughter.

"Yes!" wailed Eva. "My back aches! And my feet ache! And my head aches! And some customers were just as snippy!"

"Dear, you mustn't go back tomorrow —"

"But, Mamma, I saw Mr. Smurkins, the lace buyer, and even if he is red-haired —— "

"Eva!" Annella's laugh was annoyed. "I hope you didn't mention to the other girls —— "

"Of course not! But I asked 'em how much he gets, and he gets twelve thousand dollars a year, and he goes to Paris every May and October, and once he made a lot speculating —— "

"Eva!" Annella was amused and annoyed at the amount of information that her worldly daughter had contrived to gather. She gently made her understand that the subject was not interesting to her.

Though Eva's feet, back and head ached, she spent the evening motoring with a tall, taciturn, lean youth whom Annella regarded scrutinizingly but helplessly. She did not get home till long after midnight. Annella scolded, as usual. As usual, Eva took the scolding poutingly and injuredly.

"I like some fun!"

"I know, baby. But so much fun —— "

"Please don't scold, Mamma. I'm tired," plaintively. "It has been such a hard day!"

Annella sighed herself to sleep; as she did many succeeding nights. She had managed her own life-boat, even in storms. But she felt helpless, ignorant of the right way to control this small craft at her side. She scraped her pocketbook for pretty things for the girl till it was as limp as a piece of wet paper. She raked her brain for schemes to combat Eva's growing greed for gaiety till that brain was as limp as a wet dish-rag. She recognized hundreds like Eva — in the store, out of the store, pretty, restless, selfish girls, not to blame perhaps for the restless desires that the restless modern times had imbued them with. And, seeing how many of them ended, she was sick with terror, white at times, for her own baby.

"I hate to be poor!" was Eva's constant wail. "I wish we had more money."

"Eva, honey, sometime you may meet a clean, likable man —— "

"I'd like to know where!" snapped Eva, with an acumen that her mother wished that shuffled deck of Jacks might hear. "We don't know the right kind of people — we never will — but —— "

"But what?" once unwarily asked Annella wearily.

"I'd love to go to Paris!" said Eva, insinuatingly. "Just think of twelve thousand dollars a year —— "

"Oh — Eva!" Annella got out of her rocking-chair and walked impatiently around their small living-room. Then, half-amusedly, she told Eva that she hadn't exchanged twenty words with Mr. Smurkins in five years — and she doubted if he more than half-remembered her.

"Oh, yes, he does!" cannily assured Eva. "He stopped four times at the handkerchief counter to ask me how I'm getting along. And twice he assured me I had the loveliest mother!"

Very plainly Annella told Eva that in spite of that there was small possibility of Mr. Henry Smurkins being in the same frame of mind as he once had been and, even if he were, she could not marry him — not even for Eva's sake!

"You could marry him tomorrow if you wanted to," sulkily retorted Eva. "I know by the way he pronounces your name." In her own canny way she seemed to be older and wiser than her mother. Annella felt herself worsted in the argument, and worsted unfairly! She knew that somehow she ought to be able to master and rule this self-willed pretty thing that she had brought into the world and once held under a weak dizzy arm. But she couldn't!

Perhaps Eva was merely wearing out her spell of sulks. Perhaps she deliberately planned to punish her mother. But for ten nights in succession she went motoring, theatering, cabareting (in sick terror Annella would not think of worse!) and did not get home till the early hours of morning.

DURING the ten days Annella twice met Smurkins in the store. He was beginning to be bald. His red hair was a furzy hanging band around that small homely shiny dome. Annella gasped to herself. No, she couldn't do it. She had hated a sleek brown head — this furzy red one would be more hateful! She curtly returned his smiling nod and both times hurried past him. Not even for Eva! Anyway, though his nod was smilingly friendly, it did not seem to hint at anything warmer than courtesy. She smiled drily to herself. Eva's silly head was turned by all the taffy those lean, or pasty or foppish youths proffered her. She imagined that all the world was alike.

And two days later Eva contritely apologized for her behavior and asked her mother if she wouldn't go to a musical show with Mr. Smurkins.

"He asked us both," demurely.

"Eva!" sternly. "How did Mr. Smurkins come to ask to take you and me to a show?"

Eva grinned. "He happened to stop at the handkerchief counter and I said it was lonesome staying home evenings —— "

"You don't often stay," reproachfully.

"— and he right away asked if I thought you would let him. Really, Mamma, he stuttered as he asked!"

"I don't care to go," said Annella, coldly.

Eva observed abstractedly that she had had an engagement to go joy-riding, but she had broken it for this. But if her mother didn't really care to go to the theatre ——

Joy-riding! Annella's ears shivered at the words. She seldom slept while Eva was joy-riding! For one evening at least she would know where the girl was. And perhaps in the future Eva would go with her alone to shows and concerts. Poor Annella!

They went — the three. Eva was gay in a quiet, girlish way. Afterward they went to supper. Smurkins had his own limousine to take them home. Annella dislikingly noticed that his hands were thick-veined. For an evening, one wouldn't mind an occasional glance at those heavy, wide hands. But for every evening — every day — No, she couldn't.

Rather curtly she declined an invitation for herself and Eva later in the week. She claimed that she was too tired to spend more than an occasional evening in amusement.

Well, there was no doubt but that Eva

Concrete road along Fox River between Aurora and Oswego, Kendall County, Illinois. Built by the State Highway Department. W. W. Marr, Engineer, Springfield, Ill.

Interesting Facts About the Durability of Concrete Roads

What a Concrete Road Is A concrete road differs from all other types in having its surface inseparably cemented. The materials—sand, broken stone or pebbles—are not merely held together with a binder; they are cemented into a solid, water-tight stone, proof against the ravages of frost and water.

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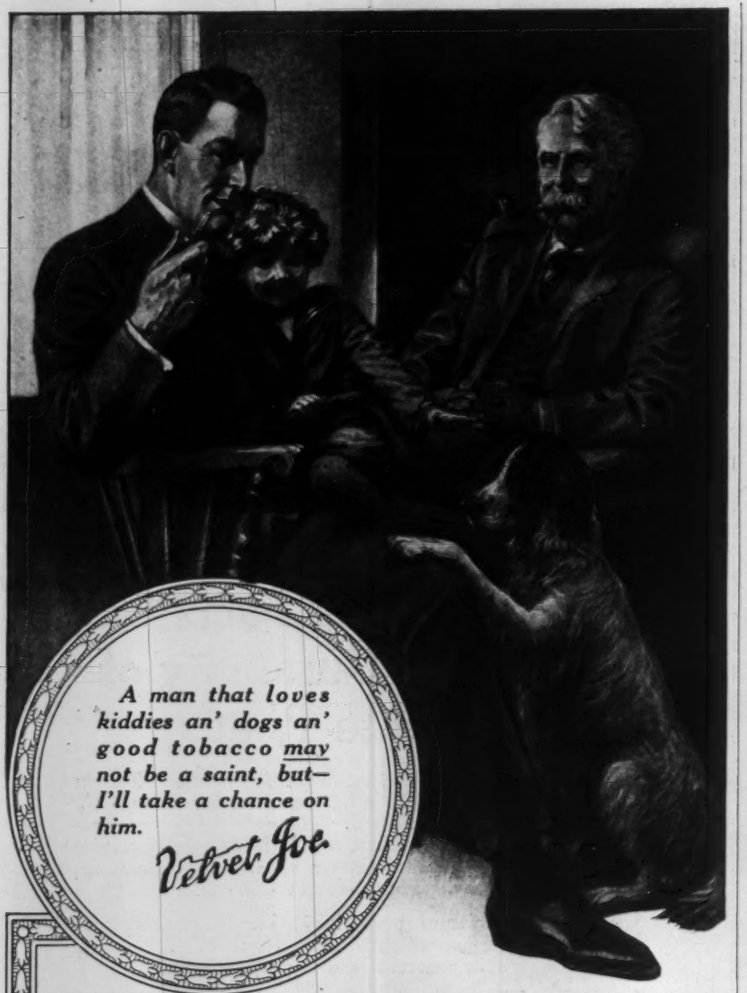

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Velvet Joe.

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That may be largely a matter of opinion, but how does this strike *you?*

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To begin with, VELVET is the choicest tobacco from Kentucky. And pipe smokers of long standing agree that Kentucky tobacco has more all around good pipe smoking qualities than any other kind.

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VELVET is mellowed and matured *naturally* for not less than two years.

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One Pound Glass Humidors

was punishing her when that especial evening did not see Eva in bed till three A.M. And she giggled unnecessarily as she tried to unbutton her white buckskin shoes. Then she went to sleep while her heartsick mother finished unbuttoning them.

It was a struggle after that. Eva had trumps — plenty of them. And she flaunted them. Evenings when Annella and Smurkins motored together or went to theatre or restaurant, Eva trotted along, as mild and meek and obedient as any little daughter could be. Evenings when Annella would have none of Mr. Henry Smurkins's company, Eva stormily fled — to cabaret or joy-ride or dance-hall.

"I wish you'd give me the right to take care of the kid," said Smurkins finally. "You've spoiled her. But she's only looking for a good time. I'd see that she gets it. And I'd see that she has all the pretty clothes she's so crazy about," indulgently. "She'd be the same as my own daughter."

Annella looked ahead helplessly. They were in his limousine. Eva was cuddled pridefully on the back seat, her eyes comfortably deriding pedestrians who looked up with envy.

"I've liked you ever since the first day you came into the tea-room," he went on, earnestly. "Sounds kind of silly to say so. Because you've never even known I was on earth, I guess. And maybe I don't look like the kind of man to get stuck on one woman and stay stuck. But — I am."

Annella squirmed in her seat. She couldn't. She did not dislike him. In the last few weeks she had spent many evenings with him — and Eva — that were tolerable, even pleasant. She acknowledged that to herself. But she remembered how she had loathed Albert Welson's sleek brown hair. She pictured days — years — when she would loathe Henry Smurkins's furzy red hair. No! she couldn't do it.

"I bet Eva would go crazy over Paris," chuckled Smurkins suddenly. "I'll hand it to the kid for this: She certainly has got the capacity for enjoyment! Some poor devils haven't."

Annella drew a catchy breath. Then, without preamble, she curtly told Smurkins that Eva inherited that capacity from a father who — had not troubled to give Eva his name!

"That so?" commented Smurkins, easily. "Well, if it's any interest to you to know, I've spent lots of odd hours wondering what shape of nose and name my father had! I found myself on the doorstep of a foundlings' home."

Annella drew another breath. Then she said quietly and courteously — it was the same courtesy of tone that the patrons of the tea-room knew so well! — that she would marry him. And she slowly and courteously told him that it was very good of him to be so good to — Eva.

"I go to Paris in October," he said. "This is September. But there's no need of waiting. We can make that our wedding-trip?"

"Yes," said Annella.

EVA shrieked and crowed with delight when they were home and Annella had told her.

Annella accepted her jubilations listlessly but gently. "I suppose you'll like to see Paris, baby!"

"Will I?" Eva lost her gay young breath at the thought of it. But she immediately recovered it and rushed to the telephone where rapidly, cutting each one's exclamations and congratulations short, she called up some dozen or so of her friends to tell them of her great good luck. She was going to Paris! Good-by! Good-by! Good-by!

"Eddie Mahon was mad," she afterward laughed to her mother. "And Harry Hayes seemed to think I had no right to leave town! And Pete Farwell said if he had the money he'd come along!"

Annella smiled absently.

Then for four or five weeks she was very busy getting Eva's and her clothes ready. She gave up her work at the tea-room. She remembered, with curious distinctness, the time when she gave up the work at the chocolate factory — and the five weeks that she spent getting Eva's clothes ready — those first few little cheap clothes. She had rebelled at them — had ached to buy better material, prettier little garments. Had she, before birth, laid the imprint of her aching desire on the small unconscious brain? She wondered listlessly, as she packed their trunks, stripped the small flat, made ready to give up their home for Henry Smurkins's home. Perhaps she had. If so, she was duty-bound to gratify the child's desires in so far as she was able, she felt — even though it was hard to do.

Smurkins must have had his own ideas of considerateness. Or perhaps he shrewdly guessed that Annella didn't consult her own desires when she agreed to marry him. Afterward he told her. But he did not inflict his company on them every evening, nor even every other evening, until the week before the time set for sailing. Then he was with them, Annella and Eva, constantly. Lunches, matinees, dinner. It was Eva who first complained.

"My gracious, Mamma, I don't have a minute to myself!"

Then under her mother's grave smile she colored and declared with unnecessary vim that she was very fond of him, though! She never got tired of him! Not at all! And his furzy red hair was exceedingly nice hair and she liked it, color, furziness and all! Didn't her mother, too?

Annella merely asked if she wanted to pack all her hats — or merely the three best? Because in Paris they would probably buy new . . .

"Just one," cannily said Eva. "Then I'll have to have new ones."

Annella packed the three. That evening — it was next to the last before departure — she and Smurkins motored alone. Eva had some friends to bid farewell to, she explained. It was a very quiet motor ride. Neither Annella nor Smurkins had much to say.

"When we come back, I'll get a new car," said Smurkins idly as they returned. "This is getting creaky."

"That'll be nice," said Annella, thinking of Eva. She was wondering seriously, though, if Eva would appreciate all that Smurkins would give her. Annella did not care for him, but he had acted generously. She felt that he would not be repaid rightly.

And she was still wondering, a little bit nipped by conscience, when she went into her small living-room and switched on the light. She then saw that the light was on in the dining-room adjoining and went out to find Eva.

Well — she found her, with a tall, lean embarrassed young man. And Eva, too, seemed embarrassed.

"This is Eddie Mahon, Mamma. You've met him — don't you remember him? And — and we're married! He — " giggling — "he wouldn't hear of me going off to Paris without him!"

"Oh — " Annella stared at Eva — at Eddie, getting redder under her eyes. And then — Annella laughed weakly.

Henry Smurkins had followed her out from the living-room.

Hearing, he turned and walked back. Annella, a few minutes later, found him staring out the window to the empty midnight street below. He turned at her entrance, and looked at her with a peculiar glance. And Annella, in turn, gave him a peculiar glance.

"You needn't worry," he said lightly. "I happen to know the young chap's father. He's old Mahon of the wholesale drygoods. Eddie and his wife will be well taken care of. And —— "

"I'm glad to hear that," said Annella, thankfully. "I — I hope Eva will make a good wife."

"Sure, she will," said Smurkins, heartily. "And — well, I'm not stupid. Couldn't buy laces if I was. I — I quite understand that now you'd like to draw out of marrying me. I knew it was for the kid. I — I hoped I could rope you in while you were worrying about her. I had an idea she was trying to pull off something this week, so I stuck around pretty close. Well, I guess I'm getting my proper reward. Good-by — I won't pester you."

He started toward the door, forgetting courtesy so far as to clap on his hat while still in the room.

Annella regarded him with a very peculiar glance — keen, serious and — bright. And suddenly she was in front of him and had barred the way.

"No — you won't pester me," she declared, and reached and took off his hat. And, for some reason, her fingers lingered gently on the red furze about that bald spot under the hat.

"Just — a minute ago — I discovered that you can like to look at a man's head," she said, with a catch in her voice.

Ida M. Evans is a new McClure writer. Next month, another: Oscar Graeve. McClure's is always on the lookout for fresh talent

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The Lifted Veil

[*Continued from page 12*]

sense of the word, didn't need to be "given away" by anyone. Maggie shook her head over this deviation from custom.

"I must say I never heard of a bride coming to the church all by herself. It doesn't seem to me quite decent. I've been wondering for the last week why she didn't ask Leslie, who seems to me the most proper person — but if she didn't want him, why there was old Dr. Rintoul."

Bainbridge smiled faintly. He was curiously numb now, and indifferent. He could hardly believe that the supreme hour was at hand. Clorinda herself and all the questions she raised seemed to fade away. The odd thing was that he should be there at all in that extraordinary manner — that Maggie and Leslie, slightly ill-tempered at having to be out so early, should be keeping him company — and that he hadn't had his breakfast.

Such thoughts as these were in his mind when he heard a movement in the vestry, and knew that Dr. Galloway had also come. The huge old man looked huger than ever in his surplice when Bainbridge entered the robing-room. Their greetings were brief, their intercourse prosaic. As they went over again certain details of the Lenten services, and of meetings at which Bainbridge's place would have to be supplied while he was away, there was the same unromantic feeling that had pervaded the short conversation with Maggie. The earliness of the hour, the dreariness, the cold had affected the spirits of them all.

On returning to the church Bainbridge found Leslie and Maggie seated side by side in a pew near the top. Half way down on the other side Mary Galloway was on her knees, her head bowed upon her hands. He himself took his place at the foot of the chancel steps waiting for Clorinda.

It was what Clorinda had wished. She preferred to do everything alone. Anyone with her, she said, would give her more trouble than companionship. She wanted to be free to think of nothing but the thing she had to do.

ON the stroke of eight she appeared, opening and closing the door for herself, and standing for a second or two looking up the long empty church. Dressed as if for the street in some rich shade of heliotrope, the only unusual note in her costume was that her hands were bare. After the first brief instant of inspection she began to walk slowly up the aisle. It was the slowness that drew Bainbridge's attention, as he looked and waited. It was not a ceremonial slowness, not the measured dignity of one taking part in a high solemnity. He knew that her natural manner would have been to come to him swiftly, with the urging forward of her impetuous character. That she took each step with hesitation meant either reluctance or pain.

But she shook her head when he made a movement as if to go down the aisle to her assistance. For him to do so would have been a breach of the ritual it had been her will to decree. "I want to come to you of my own accord — to do it all myself," she had insisted more than once; and there had been nothing for it but to let her have her way.

Nevertheless, even as she shook her head, she paused for a second, with her hand on the door of the nearest pew. She was resting, or getting her breath. In the circumstances it was doubtless natural that she should be somewhat overcome. Luckily, neither Mary Galloway nor the Pallisers had heard her approach or looked behind, so that as yet the only spectators were the rector and himself.

But as Clorinda came forward again and rested again, now leaning on the door of a pew somewhat heavily, Maggie glanced backward, springing to her feet and giving her husband a push. "For mercy's sake, Leslie," she cried, in a loud whisper, "do go and give her your arm. Can't you see she's ill?"

It was the circumstance that three of those present were most eager to avoid. Leslie's great eyes gazed toward Clorinda, with the words, "Must I? Dare I?" written in their glance. But neither Bainbridge nor Clorinda waited for him to move. The one hastened down the aisle, and the other upwards, so that she reached the chancel steps breathless and perturbed.

Instantly the rector's voice began to recite, somewhat asthmatically:

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God and in the face of this company to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony; which is an honorable estate, instituted of God in the time of man's innocency, signifying unto us the mystical union that is betwixt Christ and his Church."

Bainbridge felt her hand clutch his arm with a positive need of support. He had never known anyone to tremble so violently and yet remain standing. The doctor continued to wheeze on.

"Into this holy estate these two persons present come now to be joined. If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace."

The pause was solemn, it was almost menacing. It was as if the celebrant expected some dramatic intervention.

The voice resumed, in a lower and more intimate key:

"I require and charge you both, as ye shall answer at the dreadful day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, that if either of you know any impediment, why ye may not lawfully be joined together in matrimony, do ye now confess it."

Again Bainbridge glanced with that curious half-expectation at the woman who had come there to be his wife. It was giving her another chance. If she refused to take it the responsibility would be hers. He himself would then be free to seize the cup of his joy with both hands — even though the mixture within held so large an infusion of wormwood.

Again there was a pause; but again Clorinda made no movement. Though she still trembled she allowed him to detach her hand from his arm and clasp it within his own. Facing her directly, as they now stood, he could see that she was white with the bloodlessness of death, and that her pale lips quivered like a child's. Nevertheless she maintained a certain measure of composure as the rector put his question:

"Arthur, wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy state of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor her and keep her in sickness and in health; and forsaking all others keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live."

Bainbridge, who had weighed each word, felt that the circumstances required from him an exceptional warmth of affirmation. His "I will" rang through the hollow recesses of the church.

"Clorinda, wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of —— ?"

"Wait."

The word was whispered so faintly that the old rector didn't hear it. He had already begun on the word "matrimony" when Bainbridge himself said, hurriedly: "Wait. Something's the matter. She's — she's ill."

Clorinda was now leaning on him, as if about to faint. "Yes, I'm ill," she whispered. "I must — I must sit down."

Her swaying was such that Maggie with a smothered exclamation, sprang forward, catching her as she reeled. Between them they led her the few steps to the nearest pew, where she sat down.

"I shall be all right in a minute," she managed to say, with a smile of apology which scarcely reached her lips. "Then we can go on."

"Leslie, run into the vestry and get a glass of water," Maggie commanded.

Leslie ran, and during the minutes of his absence Clorinda, supported by Maggie, endeavored to smile, without succeeding. The rector had descended the steps and, prayer-book in hand, stood looking down on the sufferer sympathetically. Mary Galloway had left her pew, but made no attempt to come up the aisle. For once when there was need of her she held herself aloof.

"It's the hour," Maggie declared. "I said from the first that it was too ridiculously early."

Clorinda murmured faintly: "I shall be better soon. Then we can go on again."

But when Leslie returned with the water and she had taken a few sips she was still unable to stand. Having made the effort she relapsed again, seeming for a second or two about to lose consciousness. The efforts

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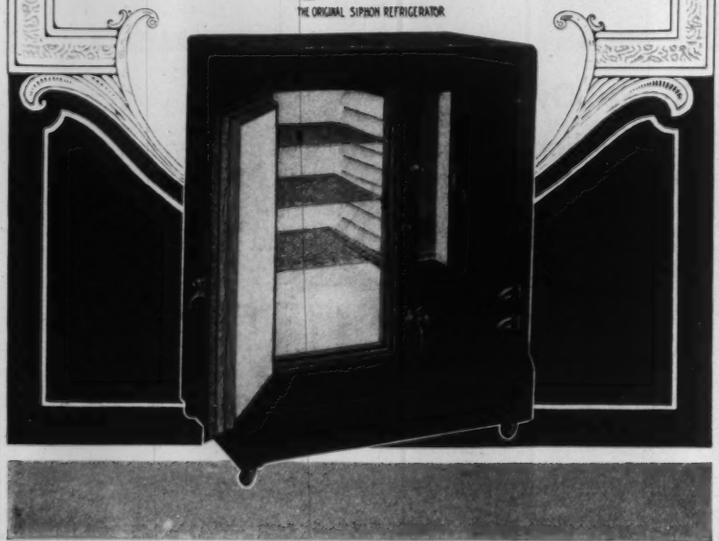

were repeated, with the same result. Tears came into her eyes as her head sank on Maggie's shoulder. "I'm very silly," she whispered again; "but it's what I ought to have expected."

It was Bainbridge's impulse to ask why. Though he refrained from doing so her words remained in his memory. She allowed him to sit beside her, and take her limp, cold hand in his; but her only recognition of him was in the occasional look of unspeakable tenderness, which tried to make itself a smile, she occasionally turned towards him.

It was Maggie who said at last, with decision: "It's got to be put off. Here it is nearly nine o'clock, and she's not able to stand up yet. I said from the first that eight was absurd. Dr. Galloway can come up to the house later in the day and have the service there."

But later in the day there was no opportunity. Clorinda was confined to her room and her bed, and could see no one but Maggie, who had installed herself as nurse. When old Dr. Rintoul was summoned he said she was suffering from shock following on prolonged nervous strain. On Bainbridge's explaining that though she might have been under a nervous strain there had been nothing in the nature of a shock he shook his shaggy gray head and thrust out his big underlip, saying that in that case her condition couldn't be accounted for.

So Shrove Tuesday passed, and Ash Wednesday passed, and Lent began, and Bainbridge didn't go away. There was nothing to go away for. Instead he went quietly about his work, wondering and praying, and waiting for the day when he should be able to see Clorinda. Till he could do so all was of necessity obscure to him. The veil was not only dense before him; it was entangling and confusing about his feet. He could attend to nothing but his obvious duties, scarcely daring so much as to think.

When Maggie had departed to her own house, and nurses took her place, it began to be evident that Clorinda was not merely indisposed, but ill.

"*I* can't make her out," Maggie complained to him. "I've done everything I can and was willing to do more; but she doesn't seem to want me. She's as good as said that she'd rather have Mary Galloway; and so Mary Galloway she has. Well, everyone to their taste! I'm the last person to force myself where I'm not wanted. I thought she seemed strange the day I suggested that Leslie should go with her to the church and give her away. The Lord knows I didn't care — except for the look of things. The idea of her coming all by herself like that! No wonder she's broken down — and all the rest of it."

It was only from Mary Galloway, therefore, that Bainbridge got any news — and she gave him very little. As far as he could observe she seemed to have relapsed into that methodical keeping out of his sight which he had noticed in her during previous years. He knew she flitted from the rectory to the church and from the church to Clorinda's, shadowy and spiritlike, but he rarely got a glimpse of her. When he did her answers to his questions had little variety.

"She's about the same. No; she hasn't been up yet. Dr. Rintoul says he doesn't know when she'll be able to see anyone but the nurses and me. No, she can't talk much — very little. She asks after you, but only in a general way, as to how you are and what you are doing and that sort of thing. But then for hour after hour she just lies there and doesn't say anything at all."

"Does she ever speak of Malcolm Grant?"

"Never."

On one occasion he asked the question: "What's really the matter with her — *really?*"

She began to move away from him. "Dr. Rintoul insists that she's had a shock."

"But what shock *can* she have had?"

She shook her head and said nothing.

"Malcolm Grant was with her the evening before ——"

"I don't know anything about that," she said, hurriedly, adding over her shoulder as she left him: "She's never said anything about it — and I haven't an idea."

But Bainbridge brooded over the suspicion, as he wondered and prayed and worked. He looked haggard and much older. The question as to his own position began to trouble him. Was he still engaged to her? Might he be said to be married to her? There was of course no legal marriage, but he had actually pronounced his "I will" before witnesses. Since she had gone so far was she bound in honor — was he bound in honor — to go on with the ceremony as soon as circumstances would allow? Or had all his romance faded into unreality and insubstantiality with Clorinda's withdrawal into a vague unseen?

It was with some thought of this heartbreaking possibility that he said one day to Dr. Galloway: "If it seemed advisable, could I have leave of absence to go over to France for a few months to see what I could do?"

The rector hung up his surplice in the closet appropriated to his vestments, saying as he did so: "Do — in what capacity?"

Bainbridge, who was in his street clothes, stood by the huge table laden with books and registers that held the center of the vestry. "I was thinking of work as ambulance-driver or stretcher-bearer; but I should be willing to do anything for which they'd take me on."

The rector turned, in his shirt-sleeves with his coat in his hand. "You can have any leave of absence you like provided — provided you don't take it in a hurry."

"I shouldn't take it in a hurry in any case; but why the proviso?"

The old man swung on his coat with a slow roll of his great bulk. "Because life works out, and we've got to give it time. We can't *work* it out. It's the error of the young and the eager to think that we can — that we're obliged to take the bull by the horns and intervene. Mistake, Bainbridge. All things work together for good to those who will let them. If it should prove to be a wise thing for you to go over to France it will become obvious." There was a tender note in the asthmatic old voice as he added: "Don't attempt it till it does."

ONLY once during Lent did Bainbridge come to actual speech with Malcolm Grant, though they continued to see each other at meetings where war was the topic and both were frequently speakers. They were on their way to a meeting at which Grant was to stir sympathy by reading some of his letters from the front. It was in the days when the sharing of such interests was still new and exciting.

Since it was necessary to walk the few hundred yards together they managed to do so without a too visible embarrassment. It was when the first commonplaces had been passed that Grant surprised the younger man with the simple question: "How is Mrs. Gildersleeve?" Bainbridge having replied warily that though there was not much change she was, if anything, a little better, the baronet said, abruptly:

"I'm afraid you think I had something to do with that." Before Bainbridge could rally, the speaker went on to add: "If so, it was quite inadvertently."

The natural inquiry was: "Inadvertently — in what way?"

"I can't tell you in what way. I only know that she — that she fainted."

Bainbridge stopped in his walk, so that they confronted each other. "Fainted — what for?"

"I tell you I don't know. I thought at the time it was for joy. Does take women that way sometimes, especially when they've been under a strain."

Bainbridge looked puzzled. "I don't follow you."

The other tried to explain. "It was the evening before — before you were to have been married. I ought to tell you now that I'd given up — everything. I'd begun to see that you — that you were the chap."

"Oh!" The ejaculation was just audible.

"Yes, old man. I'd watched — and considered — and thought you over — and hang it all! I'd made up my mind that you deserved her. I give you my word that I only went to see her to offer her a trifle of a present — and tell her that."

"And she fainted?"

He nodded. "I remembered what you'd said to me the last time we talked it over. You said that you'd leave the whole thing to the principle of right and wrong — and whichever of us was most in the right would get her. Well, I thought I was a sure winner on right till — till I began to see how you'd stood by her." Laying a hand on the clergyman's shoulder he looked down into his eyes with a smile. "You've been a corker, old chap ——"

"Yes, but why should she faint?"

He removed his hand, his face growing grave again. "Before God, old man, I don't know. She followed me easily enough while I was sizing you up, and saying what a good 'un you'd been, what? — and then all at once — when we were talking of the afternoon you and she came in and found me waiting — you remember! — and I was saying how magnificently you'd risen to that — when you'd never known — what? — and of course I couldn't help referring to the circumstances

of three and four years ago — but I did it delicately — the way she likes — well, all I can say is that she just toppled over like a rag — like a dead woman — and if I hadn't caught her she'd have tumbled off the chair. Luckily there was a bell within reach, and when I'd pressed it that little Pansy girl — the pretty one — came running in, and acted like a brick. She knew what to do — and brought her round — but — but — I had to make myself scarce, of course. Since then I haven't —— "

For lack of anything more to say they walked on again. Bainbridge was again struggling with himself. All his nerve had been strained to keep from shouting, "You fool!" in the face of this good fellow who had thought he was doing him a service. Something, he felt, he must say — something that would relieve his excitement and show this blunderer the harm he had done unwittingly. If the fact that it was unwitting might be pleaded as an excuse it was also a reason for plain speaking. He was actually phrasing a sentence that would not only be neat and courteous but would also tell this great simpleton something he would never forget — when he remembered.

He had once been near to speaking to Clorinda — he had been nearer to speaking to Leslie — when after all silence had been of God. Silence was probably of God in this case, too; and so they went onward to the door without breaking it.

THUS Malcolm Grant never knew what he had done, nor did Bainbridge ever refer to it. He had one secret the more to keep, and that was all. He made no mention of it even when Clorinda sent for him and all the veils were lifted.

That was a morning in April, when he had not seen her for nearly two months. He found her changed, emaciated, with some of her beauty gone. In her indefinable charm she had gained, however, as well as in that air of sorrow and mystery that had at all times hung about her like a magic cloak.

She was half seated, half reclining, in a long chair near the window of an upstairs sitting-room on the third floor — a fairy garden of flowered chintz. Bowls of daffodils and tulips stood about, and the sunshine was not so hot as to need tempering.

She allowed him to kiss her hand, though waving him away with a slight gesture when he attempted to repeat the homage on her lips. By methods so delicate and so deft as to defy his power of analysis she managed to convey the impression that they met on a new footing. He noticed that she no longer wore the ring he had given her, nor any but her wedding ring; though this he could attribute to the fact that her finger had grown so thin that even the gold band was loose on it.

The aerial effect of her laces and tissues and gauzes, blending in hue from white to lilac, and from lilac to pale rose, made of her something rare and spiritualized, that came within his sphere only through the exceeding tender cordiality of her greeting. Nothing could have been more cordial, nor more tender, nor more remote.

She seemed to have been carried away from him, to be obliged to come back toward him over some abyss of experience which she nevertheless could not pass. She might have been standing on the other brink of it, and merely holding out her hands.

Of herself she was disinclined to say more than that she was better, that physically she was almost well.

"But not mentally?" he asked, with anxiety.

"Oh, is one ever well mentally? I never have been — though, as I look back it seems to me as if I had been on the way to becoming so, if you hadn't — if we hadn't — Tell me," she began again, elliptically, "do you believe in what one might call a great corrective, as part of life? I see you don't understand me," she hastened to add. "What I mean is this: is there anything that takes care of people when they're about to make mistakes, and that keeps them from making them?"

"Why are you asking me?" he demanded, quickly. "Is it because ——?"

"Let us come to that later. I'm more interested in the question I've put than in anything else in the world. All through these weeks when I've been lying here as if I was thinking of nothing at all I've been turning it over. Are people ever held back from doing things that would injure either themselves or someone else?"

"What sort of people?" he found himself able to inquire.

"Oh, people who want to do right — not good people," she corrected, "but people who haven't been good, and are only trying — and longing."

"Doesn't that hark back to the question as to whether there's a power working in us and through us, with a purpose and a love — or whether we're just splashing about on our own?"

"I suppose it does. But which is it?"

"Which do you think?"

"I don't want to think. I want you to tell me."

"And I'm not going to, for the reason that it wouldn't do any good. What I believe won't be of any help to you; and nothing will be but what you work out for yourself."

She rested awhile silently; saying at last, without looking up at him: "And suppose I worked out that on that morning when we — when we went to the church there *was* a power — working in us and through us — with a purpose and a love — that kept us from doing what we went there to do?"

"You'd have to go further back. You'd have to inquire why that power should have led us to the church in the first place —— "

"But did it?"

"But didn't it?"

"Let us try to see. No, let me do it," she interposed, as he was about to speak. She was looking at him now, not directly, but with an oblique regard of her profound eyes. "You and I met — strangely. If I had had any suspicion of what was to happen from my going to you that afternoon I never should have gone."

"Oh, yes, you would — if you could have foreseen how I should love you."

She allowed her hand to remain in his when he had seized it and pressed it to his lips. "Yes; perhaps you're right. If I could have foreseen that I should probably have done it. It would have been the simplest way of telling you — the truth."

"Haven't we finished with that? Didn't we agree long ago that enough had been said about it ——?"

"We agreed that enough had been said about a subject of which — of which you knew nothing at all."

"But if I know about it now — and it doesn't make any difference —— "

"Ah, if it didn't!"

"But it doesn't. Can't you see ——?"

"I can see that you're the most wonderfully chivalrous man who ever lived. In the days when I thought you *knew* - - when we were always talking at cross-purposes — I thought no chivalry could be greater than yours; but now —— "

"Then why talk about it? Why not let it be as the groundwork of our love — which we have under our feet?"

"It isn't under *my* feet. It's over my head — it's the firmament — the sky — the great mystery — the phenomenon that makes me think of God."

The words burst from his lips with the accumulated force of two months of brooding on the point. "But no woman wants to marry God. She wants to marry a man. I'm a man, Clorinda, just as much as you're a woman." He seized both her hands and crushed them, as he leaned over her, his face near hers. "Oh, don't put a halo round me, and set me up in stained glass, or see me as anything but just the faulty and humble human being that I am."

She managed to withdraw her hands and to put distance between them. "I can only see you as you appear to me. You may be a faulty and humble human being, as you say; but I've never perceived it, and I perceive it less than ever now."

"But you *must* perceive it — because, if you did, you'd love me —— "

"I've told you already that I do love you — with a special kind of love."

"The kind of love one feels for a clergyman," he cried, bitterly.

"I withdraw the word clergyman," she smiled, very gently. "I used it because I couldn't think of anything else. I see now that I mean, rather, the kind of love — don't be shocked! — that Mary Magdalen and the other women in the New Testament must have felt toward the Saviour. No, I'm really sincere. It *is* love. It's the most beautiful and heavenly thing —— "

"But if I tell you that you're wrong?" he demanded, passionately. "If I confess to you that I was never as gentle as you seem to think — that I was never lenient — that I'm human and gross — that essentially I'm brutal — as brutal as — as —— "

Before the name which the comparison brought up could pass his lips she interrupted him, with her faint, sweet smile. "Then you'd hurt *me*, without doing yourself any good. When you destroy an ideal, as we're

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Every fruit dish is better with some flaky crusts mixed with it. That's why pies, tarts and shortcakes are better than fruit alone.

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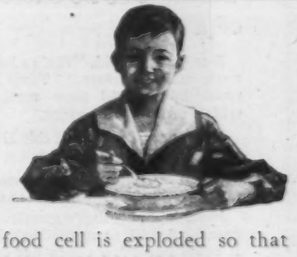

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so often inclined to do, you leave nothing but — destruction. You can't turn a crystal vase into a common jug just by the process of breaking it. It's a crystal vase — or it's nothing. But you don't let me explain," she hurried on, as he was about to protest again. "Do you remember that on that afternoon — that wonderful afternoon! — you said that I should never find my way until I had turned toward Good? Well, I think I've done it — now — at last."

"What do you mean by now? — at last?"

"Since I've fully understood what you did for me." Her expression grew radiant as she added: "It's taught me what I must do for you."

"What you must do for me, Clorinda, is —— "

She continued, serenely. "I thought you had already done as much for me as one human being could do for another. I never supposed that human goodness could go so far as you went that day — that day when we came in and found Malcolm Grant — and all the things you didn't really know till then must have come crowding in on you —— "

"If you want me to tell you exactly what was in my heart toward you —" he broke in, excitedly.

"No, I don't. I've nothing to do with exactly what was in your heart. I only saw what you did — and what I didn't understand till — till the night before we went to the church. Oh, I don't say that it wasn't a great blow to me when — just by a slip of someone's tongue — I found it out. My whole world seemed to go to pieces. All the happiness I'd built up on the idea that you knew — that you knew from the first — was shattered. I thought it would kill me. On that morning in the church it seemed to me as if I must die. I couldn't see what else I could do — then — so late — but simply go on as I'd promised you — and yet . . . I told you it was what I ought to have expected — that I should break down — didn't I? What I really thought — what I almost hoped for — was that I might be struck dead before the service could be ended. That's why I've asked you about the great corrective — the something that holds us back — that guides us, if you like — or protects us. I'm not thinking of it about me, but about you —— "

He broke in, with a groan. "Oh, Clorinda, why should we go over this now?"

"For this reason, that during all these weeks I've been thinking of it, and realizing that the strength to do what you did that day — to sit still and talk and betray nothing — and never betray anything afterwards — so that if it hadn't been for an accident — just an expression or two — I might have married you and never known it — I've realized that the strength to do that kind of thing doesn't come to any man all at once, nor except after years of self-training —— "

"To me it came because I loved you, Clorinda — and in no other way."

"No; it would have come to you whether you had loved me or not. It would have come to you on behalf of any poor soul in a desperate place — as I was — no matter who. Not that that takes anything away from your wonderful act toward me. On the contrary, it only makes it the *more* wonderful. What I want you to understand is that it has set me asking how people do such things at all."

"They do them for love. That's the source of the energy."

She nodded. "I told you once that the only thing I really knew about was love; but I've found that I knew very little. I hadn't imagined its height and its depth and its beauty. You've shown me that." She took his hand, smiling at him gently. "Don't you think that that's a great deal for a woman to say of a man? If she never could say any more — wouldn't it be much? But I *can* say more," she hastened on, not allowing him to speak. "I'm going to put that kind of love into practice — into practice, mind you! — toward every human being — just as you do. Only — " her voice failed a little — her eyes filled with tears — she bit her lip — "only when I do — and you don't understand what it is I'm attempting — I hope you'll be sure that — that it's that."

"But if it's that toward every human being, it will be that toward me, too, won't it, Clorinda?"

"Yes, toward you, too — toward you more than anyone — in its way."

"But in what way?"

"In the way of a great gratitude and devotion." She laid her other hand on his. "Will you promise me to believe that?"

"But why should I promise you — when we're always going to be together?"

"Promise me all the same."

"You know I can't but promise anything you ask."

"Thank you," she smiled. "I shall only ask you that; and that I shall beg you never to forget." She withdrew her hands from his, lying back with eyes closed. "I'm very tired," she murmured. "Would you mind saying good-by to me now —— ?"

"But, Clorinda, I've only come!"

"They won't let me talk long as yet. Besides — I have to keep my strength for — for something I've got to do later in the day. I'll — I'll communicate — with you — soon again. In the meanwhile — kiss me — and go."

She was still lying with closed eyes when he raised himself from the long kiss on her lips, and stood up. "Clorinda," he said, hoarsely, as he looked down on her, "I'm afraid of you. I don't know what you mean — or what you intend — but I want you to know what I mean and what I intend. I intend to marry you. I mean that nothing shall ever come between us. I've said solemnly — before witnesses — that I took you as my wife. You very nearly said that you took me as your husband. I'm coming back for the completion of that vow. I shall come tomorrow. Dr. Galloway will come with me — and we'll have the service here. It will give you no trouble. You needn't so much as stand up. But — I'm coming."

She made neither movement nor response, still lying pale and aerial and lovely, with closed eyes, and so, after stooping for one more long kiss, he turned and left her.

ON descending the first flight of stairs he found Pansy Wilde waiting for him, near the door of the drawing-room.

"Mr. Bainbridge," she begged, timidly, "can I tell you something, sir?"

Though he was staggering along, with tears blinding him — he hardly knew for what — he endeavored to turn his mind to this new demand. "Certainly, Pansy. What is it?"

The girl blushed and grew conscious. "It's about — about Mr. Hindmarsh, sir."

"Isn't he kind to you?"

"Oh, yes, sir; he's lovely. He's — he's asked me to — to marry him."

"Indeed?" The matter was now so grave that Bainbridge had no difficulty in giving it his attention. "But does he know——?"

"Yes, sir — I told him. He knows all about my being in jail — and the baby — and everything."

"And what has he said to that?"

"He's said that he knew it before — and that it's on account of it — partly — that he wants to — to take care of me — so that nothing won't happen to me again."

"And has Mrs. Gildersleeve said anything about it?"

She twisted her little person and hung her head. "She's said I was to be all the more sure that I was in love with him."

"And are you?"

Pansy's bosom swelled. "I don't care whether I am or not. If he feels that way about me —— "

He was searching for a clue to what was enigmatical in Clorinda. "And have you told that to Mrs. Gildersleeve, too?"

"Yes, sir; and she says I ought to be sure I know the difference between love and thankfulness."

"And — and does she say there's *much* difference?"

"She says there is — when it's anyone like — like me. She says the kinder he is the more I ought to consider him; and that to marry him without loving him with all my heart 'd be the worst harm I could do him."

"But if he's in love with *you!*"

"That's what *I* say. But she says it'd make it worse, because when a girl has once gone wrong, like — all she's got left to give is her undivided heart — and that if she hasn't got that she hasn't got nothing— and if I was to turn him down he'd get over it, and marry someone who'd be better for him in the end."

"And do you want me to advise you what to do?"

To his surprise Pansy said: "No, sir," quite conclusively, nodding her little head, sagely. "I'm going to take him. If I didn't — I might never get such a good chance again. Mrs. Gildersleeve says she won't put no obstacle in my way — only that — if it was her — she'd give the man her very best — or else she wouldn't do him the harm of taking him at all."

Bainbridge was not sure of the meaning of Pansy's little sob, nor could he stop longer to inquire. He was thinking of the undivided heart, being sure that the expression was Clorinda's own. It was an additional incentive, if he needed any, for taking Dr. Galloway into his confidence, and making

those arrangements for the following day of which he had already announced his intention.

He was breakfasting on the next morning when he read the statement, thrown at haphazard into the news items of the day:

"Sir Malcolm and Lady Grant, who were married yesterday afternoon, left by the night train for Montreal, where they will take up their residence."

All the blood in Bainbridge's body seemed to rush back to his heart, leaving him with a sense of being stunned and suffocated at once. His immediate actions were purely mechanical. He laid the paper down; he sipped his coffee without tasting it. He felt sick and strange. Minutes passed before his mind could work sufficiently to tell him that the Lady Grant of the paragraph couldn't be Clorinda. Malcolm Grant had said in so many words that he had renounced her. He must have married someone else. Men did such things. They took refuge from an overpowering loneliness in any company they could find. Where a woman accepted her solitary lot, partly because she couldn't help herself, a man took second best or third best or even fourth best, rather than go with nothing at all. He could easily see how Malcolm Grant would have married a chorus-girl, or anyone, rather than return to Montreal alone.

He buoyed himself up with this hope while he hurried to the rectory and asked for Mary Galloway. She came into the shabby drawing-room at once, looking wan and white and wide-eyed, in a long, soft, trailing thing of mauve. He read the truth before she had time to speak.

"So you've heard."

"Oh, but it isn't so!"

"I'm afraid I must tell you that it is. She sent for me last evening — only an hour or so before they went to the train. It was all over then." She spoke as if it had been a death. "It — it happened in the afternoon."

He dashed his hand against his brow and cried out: "Oh, but how *could* she?"

They continued to stand, while she did her best to explain. "Clorinda wanted me to tell you that — that she did it because — because she couldn't help it. Everything made her — first because — Oh, you *must* bear it! — because she'd always been in love with him — for years and years — only things happened that separated them — and there were misunderstandings — and she'd sworn never to marry him — never! . . . Only when she saw how near she came to marrying you — and doing you a great deal of harm — and wrecking your work — and your life — she sent for him and told him."

Thrusting his hands into his pockets he panted between his clenched teeth: "Go on."

"She wanted you to understand that it was for your sake."

The mad impatience of the inarticulate sound he made kept it from being quite a groan.

"She knew she could never have been to you the wife you ought to have — that everything was against it — things, so she said, that you knew about, but that I didn't understand — just as — just as everything was *for* the other thing." Her lips trembled, her eyes were full of compassion, as she gazed up at him. "*I* could have told you — at any time during the past few months — that he was the man she — she really loved — loved that way, I mean —— "

He flung out his hands. "Then why didn't you?"

"Because you seemed to know it yourself. That evening — before you were to have been married — you practically said so."

"But don't you know that we all contradict ourselves? When I said that it was to have *you* contradict *me*."

"That's what I thought; only that it seemed to me — too late. I couldn't think of anything to do but let you go on — and put the best light on it possible." She tried to comfort him. "And, you know, it wasn't that she didn't care about you. She did — only *not* in that way. There *are* two ways — — and one way —— "

"Makes people marry," he declared, with a kind of savagery, "while the other turns marriage into a sacrilege."

"Yes, that's it. You do understand. You remember my telling you that she once said you were — were too much like God. Well, that was just her way of putting it. You'd helped her wonderfully — in things I don't know anything about — and she felt such gratitude toward you that she didn't know it from love. She thought she *ought* to marry you, if you wanted to marry her. She said that she couldn't *see* — especially with the other thing — the real thing — of *that* kind — so mixed up and entangled — and with her own hard feelings toward Malcolm Grant — which was really a phase of love. . . . And then — when she was actually in the church that day — with a lot of things clear to her that had been dark before that — she said it was like the lifting of a veil! — well, you know what happened — and the poor thing couldn't help it."

He dropped into a chair. With arms folded on a table, he stared with head erect into the distance, seeing nothing, his lips compressed. Timidly she drew near him, standing partly behind him, and summoning all her courage to say:

"I think that's all there is to tell you. You do understand." The affirmative nod encouraged her to go on. "You — you understand everything, and so I needn't say how hard this has been for me — " As he raised his head to fling her a backward look she drew a little more behind him, leaning over his shoulder to lay something on the table in front of him. "She asked me to give you this."

For long minutes he leaned on his folded arms, gazing at the envelope on which his own name was written, but making no effort to open it. When he did so it was slowly, and as if in a dream.

There was no formal beginning, and no signature. It reminded him of the writing Malcolm Grant had brought to him two years before.

"This is the time when I want you to remember that I am doing everything for love — as you taught me. You may not think I am acting wisely or kindly, but you will. I couldn't do it more gently, so as to give you less surprise and pain, because you would never have permitted it. Believe me, I am taking the only way, the way that will be best in the end for us all. You will live to see that; and if I make you suffer now, the day will come when you will know how right I am — and forgive me. When it does, perhaps you will be able to send me some word that you have not been rendered wholly unhappy in knowing me — since I have been so blessed and so strengthened in knowing you.

"Mary will tell you everything else. She will always be able to give you news of me. Ask her sometimes. She will give me news of you, too. We shall not be altogether separated so long as we have her as a bond between us. It was through her that we knew each other — do you remember? — and I hope she will always be there.

"I am keeping your ring. Keep mine."

HE read this with little apparent emotion, and folding the sheet he slipped it back into the envelope which he put into his breast pocket, as if it was some ordinary note. Looking round to speak to Mary Galloway, he found she had left him alone.

Once more he leaned on the table with folded arms and stared. It was one of those periods, of which he had known others, when he seemed neither to suffer nor to think. He had a return of that sensation which he had experienced once or twice before, of being on a ship that was going down. Everything seemed to be sinking.

A half hour later he made his way to the rector's study.

"My trip to France seems to have become obvious," he said, with what composure he could command, "and I suppose I may be off."

The old man laid down the morning paper to discuss the practical bearings of his request. He did it coolly, without appearing to notice the reddened eyes or the twitching lips of the drawn face before him. It was only when all was arranged that Bainbridge, having risen to go away, blurted out the question: "What's the good of those happenings in life which give us a great deal of joy, or a great deal of sorrow, or a great deal of both together, and pass — apparently with no reason why they should ever have begun?"

The rector again laid down the paper he had taken up, removed his glasses and rubbed them with his handkerchief, after which he blew his nose.

"Have you never thought, when you've been crossing the Atlantic, how seemingly useless is the billow that rises — that rises only to fall — that falls only to rise in another billow — and so on, endlessly over the ocean?"

Bainbridge confessed to some such observation.

"But no one wave is a creation by itself. Each springs from another — from a great

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There isn't a streak of yellow in me. I've never been called a coward in all my life. I just didn't give it a thought.

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many others — from myriads and myriads of others, back to the beginning of time. Its causes may be lost to such poor ken as ours in the infinity of the seas — and yet they're all there, definite, numbered, and recorded by the intelligence in which even a breaker can't form and dissolve unperceived."

Again Bainbridge made a sign that he followed comprehendingly.

The roll of the deep voice suggested a Buddha speaking from some age-long seat of meditation. "And yet you know that each of these waves, as your steamer rides it, brings you nearer to your port. Very well, then! Just so with the phenomena of life. Nothing comes by itself — however isolated or disconnected it may seem. The causes are all there — infinitely far back. The thing that happens, no matter how you may question it or wonder at it, is the thing that was more or less bound to happen. It's the billow that's been thrown up by other billows. What's important is not to know whence it came, but how to ride it. You can let it swamp your little craft — or you can make it one more bounding leap on the voyage which is to take you home."

Bainbridge said nothing, but he stood with bowed head and reflected. He knew it was in substance what he would have said to another man; and yet it was so hard for the physician to heal himself.

And because it was hard it was not till a fortnight later, on the eve of his sailing, that he was able to write:

"You want me to tell you that I have not been made wholly unhappy by knowing you. Please be assured that knowing you has been the most precious experience of my life. Whatever happens nothing can ever dim the wonder of the past few months, or make me less grateful for the joy — I can use the word — it has brought me. If I have lost some things, I have gained too much not to be able to see that your friendship has made me rich with an inner treasure that will never pass away.

"I shall ask Mary for news of you. She will give you news of me.

"I am keeping the ring — where I have always kept it."

"Have you heard from her?" he asked Mary Galloway, when he had brought her this message to transmit.

She nodded — chiefly because she found it hard to speak.

"And she's ——?"

"She's better in health — and — and happy — except — except about you."

He took one or two turns up and down the old rectory drawing-room before he was able to say: "Then tell her to be happy about me, too." He stood before her now, looking down on her as she sat with eyes lowered and nervously clasped hands. "Tell her that — that if a veil has been lifted for her — one has been lifted for me, too — one that was down — close down — and that I see —— "

When he was long silent she gathered all her strength together to say: "See — what?"

"I see what I've written her, for one thing — and I see what she's written me — be sure to tell her that! — and I also see — " his voice dropped, as he added: "but I'll write that — or we'll talk it over when I come back. Now — good-by."

She barely lifted her brimming eyes, as without rising, and with her hand resting in his, she stammered the words: "Then you — you mean to write?"

"I will — if you'll write to me."

But as she made no answer to that proposal he stooped, kissed her cold hand, and turned away.

Out at sea he read the words, in a periodical he found in the smoking-room, and of which he knew the cover quite well: "The marriage arranged between Mr. Bainbridge, the assistant-rector of St. Mary Magdalen's, Fifth Avenue, and Mrs. Martin Gildersleeve (Clorinda Gildersleeve) will not take place."

Somehow, in this laconic notice, worded after the most correct models of its kind, he divined once more Miss Higgins's change of heart.

He was more sure of it, however, in the flattering article on Clorinda which he found in another column, an article describing the handsome residence of the new Lady Grant in Sherbrooke Street, with an account of the remarkable collection of miniatures formed by the first baronet, also a Sir Malcolm Grant, with the prophecy, founded on the Lord only knew what intuition of Miss Higgins's own, that in recognition of his splendid services and heroic financial sacrifices in the patriotic cause, Sir Malcolm Grant would soon be created a peer.

[*The end*]

This masterly novel has thrilled and delighted McClure readers. The magazine has published the finest serials in the past, and will continue to do so

Trailing Human Nature

[*Continued from page 27*]

THEN there's the hypothesis that all the world loves a lover. As a matter of fact, it is doubtful if any living creature can make himself so obnoxious and fill bystanders with a desire to toss a paving brick into his face so readily as the average lover — particularly if he is disposed to discuss his love affairs. The reason love scenes on the stage are rather popular is not so much because the world loves a lover as because everybody loves himself. When a man witnesses a stage love-scene, he likes it — if he does like it — in direct ratio to the way it reminds him of some love scene in which he himself has participated, or hopes to participate. A thing to be of genuine interest must be more or less personal, and there is nothing personal in hearing another man tell about his sweetheart. It isn't *your* sweetheart, is it? The average man cares more about the condition of his thumb nail than about the future of the Chinese Empire. Which reminds me of a man I saw the other day in a Turkish bath. I could see only a part of him from where I was lying, but I was impressed with the look of intense earnestness on his face as he stared at something down below. I wondered if he had a telegram in his hand containing an announcement that would change the future of the race, and I raised up on my haunches to see what it was that he was looking at so intently. I saw. He was examining a little brown mole on his knee.

I OFTEN wonder if there would not be a great deal more true gentility in the world if more people were like a good dog. My dog will fit in anywhere. He can adjust himself to almost any condition and be equally at home in a livery-stable or a gilded drawing-room. A great many persons have an idea that *noblesse oblige* is a matter of knowing which fork to use, abusing the servants, and showing their annoyance over the absence of various needless luxuries. The chances are that they could profit much by trying to acquire the point of view of a good dog.

WE are egoists all. Remember the first time you wore long trousers or pushed a baby buggy? You had an idea that about 85,000 people had quit their tasks in order to stare at you. Yet the chances are that scarcely anybody at all felt the slighest concern, one way or the other, about your new pants or new baby.

AND here is a good thing to remember: When a man is really great we admire him not so much because of his greatness as because, in spite of his greatness, he is still just as human as the rest of us.

There will be further talks on all sorts of subjects by the clever Fred Kelly. He knows human nature through and through

War Against War

[*Continued from page 11*]

Alpine ranges marked a natural geographical end to her domains; and the control of the Adriatic was given her. She had bargained and bartered in the first year of the war.

To compensate for the loss of Poland, Russia demanded Turkey-in-Europe, with Constantinople, the key to the Black Sea and the interior. Here England balked.

She feared for India, her storehouse of resource. With a strengthened Russia looming on the north, cut off from communication by the threat of Russia in old Turkey, her statesmen said that England's lands might as well be scattered among the dependencies of the solar system.

Then the Balkans clamored for their toll. The old feud of Bulgaria, Servia, Roumania and Greece broke out afresh, with the old fire, with Bulgaria as the bone of contention. Across the council-board, the agents of these states glowered at one another in true representation of the jealousies of their peoples.

Only on the direct proposal of the United States to finance the rejuvenation of the countries, by long-time loans to the governments, was a conflagration averted; even that seemed but a postponement of settlement. The states might have held out longer except for the firm stand of the head of the American commission, an ex-president, followed by the threat to withhold aid.

The acceptance of the American proposition formed the basis of settlement. Germany was left as a state, independent, but shorn of any power to threaten the peace of the world by force of arms. Austria was allowed to remain a monarchy, but as Hungary reverted to the state of an independent kingdom, there was no threat to be feared there.

So the war, the greatest and most cataclysmic epoch the world has ever faced since chaos and the flood, ended. And the truth became apparent that it had resulted in negligible gain. No world problem had been solved. The utter uselessness of it all came home to the people, to those who lived in the combatant countries and to those who, residing in neutral states, were able to get a perspective without personal losses to distort their vision.

The moment seemed ripe. With the world's monetary resources practically centered in the United States, the countries of the civilized world must look to her for aid if they were to begin the race of reconstruction on an even footing with their neighbors.

Appreciating the situation, the man who occupied the presidential chair of the United States reached a decision to undertake a venture so fraught with benefit to the world should the plan succeed, so proof-positive of treason should it fail, that the mere matter of the reputation and life of an executive became as nothing in comparison.

His scheme was so vast, so all-embracing, that no single brain was equal to the task of co-ordination of its detail. Not only did he require tremendous financial backing, but he needed the full and comprehensive application of the great brains of Captains of Industry and organizers of huge enterprises.

In the travail of the moment, then, he summoned to his counsel the financial giants of America. To them he revealed his plan.

The capitalists were staggered. Then, as the vastness of the undertaking dawned upon them, they enthusiastically hailed the personality of a man who could conceive such a project and was daring enough to essay its development.

Conference followed conference, wrapped in the deepest seclusion. With their approval and active support pledged to the limit of their almost incalculable resources, the plan was launched.

And this brings us to the meeting of the three rulers upon mid-Atlantic.

THE scene in the flag-quarters of the *Oregon* was impressive. There was a faint sway of port-curtain as the great ship rolled gently in the swell; the glow from shaded electric lights was concentrated upon the center table where maps and papers were spread in seeming confusion.

"Gentlemen," said the President when the group had gathered about the table, "we have agreed in our negotiations for this conference, to dispense with formality for the moment. Time is too pressing to delay cutting straight to the heart of the subject matter. May I state my proposition?

"We have all," he continued, "studied the possibility of establishing world-peace, and the proffered theories of pacifists have all been considered. Disarming has been urged as a solution.

"But those who have learned the history of nations must realize that so long as men are grouped into communities whose members hold similarity of views as to custom, habit, and thought, there will ever be differences arising between neighboring communities because they do not think alike. From the days of primitive savagery, if tribes wished to fight, lack of armament never held them back. They would arm in some way, if only with sticks and stones.

"To me, it seems incontrovertible that the exclusive fealty of a people to a homeland state, instead of a brother allegiance to the welfare of man's inherent full domain, the wide, wide world, is one of the greatest fundamental causes of war. In other words, patriotism, a necessary thing under present conditions, is a stumbling-block to world development.

"World-state has been suggested as a solution, and in the past, coalitions have been formed in tentative effort to bring such a state about; for example, the Holy Alliance. The alliance failed signally because of its incomplete scope — and the form of class despotic government which marked it paid little, if any, heed to the opinions or wishes of its subjects.

"But it is my conviction that it *is* humanly possible to establish a satisfactory world-state — a perfected oligarchial — democracy.

"Permit me to present a plan which may achieve this end." And the President unfolded a pamphlet and began to outline his idea.

The King of England, brows knitted in perplexity and cheek on supporting hand, cast quick glances from the pile of papers before him to the averted face of the Czar, as though striving to fathom the workings of his mind and his inmost attitude.

The British premier kept his eyes upon those of the President. As the latter proceeded, the Czar arose and walked quietly to a port in the sheer, armored side to the cabin.

Through it, a pendulum of silent stars marked the beat of the swell. They appeared to fascinate him and he leaned forward eagerly, as though studying them. His devastated dominions seemed to unfold before his vision, gaunt and desolate in the aftermath of war. Across their dim expanses marched a serried shadow-army, torn and quiet, with gaping breasts stained dark with blood.

"This, Sirs, is my proposal," concluded the President later, and he slowly sank into his chair.

There was silence for a moment. Quietly, the Czar turned from his visions and took his place at the table.

"In the name of Imperial Russia," he said, "your Excellency, I accept your plan and subscribe to it with every resource at my command."

The President turned to the King.

"And — your Majesty?" he inquired.

The British premier's eyes burned with anxiety and question as he peered at his monarch.

"Your Majesty, your Majesty!" he said. "Answer, Sire, for England!"

The King turned a troubled glance from the President to the Czar. He scarcely seemed to hear the hoarse whisper of his premier. After a moment, he leaned forward and stared intently at the mass of plans before him. The others watched him, on mental tiptoe.

He turned to his premier. "Are you sure?" he asked.

"Your Majesty," replied the minister, "I am as sure as to what your courage should be as I am sure that I live. I know the temper of your people — I recognize full well what tradition and the glory of England stand for in their minds. England, as well as all that pertains to it, we have held changeless as the seas, and that any iota of her individuality should be surrendered seems so remote that one might accuse the author of such a suggestion of idiocy ——"

The President's face flushed a dull red and

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the Secretary of State leaped to his feet, to lean across the table.

"The time has arrived when the greater portion of the civilized world is exhausted after a fruitless war. Where are the gains? What are the questions settled? Upon what is founded a belief that war will not come again, more terrible than before?

"The social and industrial fabrics are torn asunder, while the golden harvest of labor has been dissipated to support armaments. The European world of commerce is upset — this commerce which statisticians tell us represents the activities of nine-tenths of the people.

"If, then, it is humanly possible for us to meet on a common ground of understanding, let us agree to utilize those powers with which we have been endowed by our several peoples, to render war impossible in the future."

"Wait," said the premier, with hand uplifted; "permit me to finish my sentence.

"— of idiocy when the proposition is first broached. It would appear as an utter failure to properly estimate the sentiment of England."

The President and the Secretary of State resumed their seats.

"To bear her part in the war adequately, England had to be aroused from her false security and lethargy. At last, she found herself. But in the last desperate attacks before the Rhine and in the advance upon Berlin, even when Germany was practically ready to capitulate yet fought on under the hatred of '*Gott strafe England*,' the casualties among our troops grew so staggering that, I venture to say, there is no family in England which has not sustained its loss.

"Under these circumstances, the people are compelled to think. They must recognize the utter futility of the present system of internationalism, the constant threat of war and the burden of armament. Our people, Sire, feel no hatred for their late enemies. The very respect which a stout foeman inspires becomes, when hospitalities cease, a strong bond of admiration, a link in the brotherhood of man.

"Yet standing between general open admission of the truth of these things and accomplishment of the ideal is the long instilled pride of personal conquest and the natural impulse to hug closely that which has been won or saved by blood-sweat.

"I present the matter in this way that we may have some realization of the almost insuperable difficulties which must be surmounted before such a plan as is before us can be successful.

"And now, understanding this, loving England and its glorious history and traditions as I have never loved it before — and I am called a patriotic man — I pledge you my reputation, my honor and my life that I believe England's most glorious achievement would be the full acceptance of this proposal. It should become our destiny."

With a hand upon the shoulder of his minister, the King slowly gained his feet.

"You have heard my premier. I, too, am a figurehead — much more so than my brother of Russia — and the real ruler of England has just spoken. His word is weightier than mine.

"As I see it, if this plan should be put into effect, England sacrifices none of her individuality. Her history will remain her own, her people the English people and her land England still. Instead of loss, she gains full benefit of world-resources. She retains her individual government, though in slightly modified form, and gains, too, a voice in the government of the world.

"There is bound to be an increasing prosperity attending the new order. Instead of armaments to be supported, the taxes levied will be expended for public utility. It is enough.

"For the British Empire, I agree to devote my best efforts toward establishing such a world government as has been suggested."

As the King ceased speaking, he stretched forth his hand, which the American President grasped, and for a solemn moment the two stood silently cementing an unwritten bond. The Czar, too, arose and joined hands with the others, while the premiers stood reverently by.

"It should mark the beginning of the millennium," said the President, feelingly. Then, after a moment's pause, he continued:

"Let us now consider some items of major detail."

"About France?" asked the Czar.

"France," replied the President, "rejoicing in the recovery of her lost provinces, has already begun reorganization of her system to embrace the additional territory. While my agents have attempted to sound out the French President on the subject of world-peace, there is not much satisfaction to be had as yet, although I am confident that the people of France would welcome such a proposal."

"But," interrupted the King, "France is practically destitute ——"

"Exactly so. I have arranged with the financiers to delay on the question of the vast loans requested until such time as the attitudes of England and Russia should be ascertained."

"France will subscribe when the time comes," said the Czar. "It seems better to me that we do not attempt too large a — a combination at first, until the people of our three countries are brought to the proper frame of mind for the plan."

"The gravest immediate point involved, as I see it," remarked the premier of Great Britain, "is that of the ruler. Each country will naturally deem its own people of paramount importance. A deadlock is bound to ensue over this point; and a form of government satisfactory to the three powers must be established. England will not relish a republic, although, in reality it is today a great democracy ——"

"And Russia," interposed the Czar, "if the ruling classes can be managed would doubtless accept a republic readily on account of the vast underlying socialistic movement which I am bound to recognize."

The premier bowed and continued: "And the United States, under its constitution and institutions, cannot entertain monarchial ideas."

"A world-parliament," quietly replied the President, "seems to offer a practical solution. In such a plan as I propose, what is the necessity for an individual head other than a presiding officer?"

"Such a presiding officer of the Parliament should be endowed with sufficient authority to meet any minor immediate crisis requiring prompt action. And if a working portion of the Parliament is always in session, it may be called upon to act promptly, when necessary.

"This form of government should eliminate any jealousies that might otherwise arise were it necessary to choose a ruler from the various territorial divisions."

"Is the power retained by your individual states in America," inquired the Russian chancellor, "sufficient to satisfy the people and still leave supreme direction of affairs and policies in the hands of the federal government? Is it an unqualified success?"

"The question of 'States' Rights' was fought out, as your Excellency knows, during our civil war," replied the President. "In my country, no one now questions the authority of the central government — it is simply accepted as a matter of fact. In my opinion, it is a thorough success."

"The plan calls for the establishment of a major divisional government in each of the three countries," said the King, "such as obtains in your states."

A GENERAL discussion of policy and expediency ensued.

The question of the titled nobility was mentioned. Opposition, it was said, might be encountered from this powerful class were an unwise step taken. The conclusion was reached that it would be only fair to permit members of noble houses to retain their titles or not, as they chose.

"I am authorized," said the President, later, "by the advisory board of financiers to make adequate provision for the immediate launching of the propaganda."

He fumbled for a moment with the lock of a steel-bound leather case which the Secretary of State laid before him.

"I have here," he continued, "drafts to the sum of ten million dollars, five millions for England and five for Russia. This, I am authorized to transfer to the sovereigns directly upon the signing of the agreement, taking a receipt as a voucher."

He withdrew an inner case from the portfolio, opened it and extracted the two drafts which, without further ado, he presented to the monarchs.

"To defray the immediate expense of the propaganda," he said. "It is the option-money upon the greatest transaction the world has ever witnessed."

He paused for a moment. "And here is a tentative copy of the agreement. It is not intended to be the instrument itself but merely an outline of what it should comprehend. With your permission, we will read it over after which each one should suggest amendments. Then it may be discussed to determine the exact phraseology of the

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document. A "typewritten sheet was laid before each person.

There was an adjustment of eye-glasses and a general bending over the table. Some paused to light fresh cigars and the blue smoke wreathed itself about fantastically as they settled to examination of the text.

Later, the drafts were compared. In the end, when the pros and cons were dissected, the document remained practically in form that which the President had submitted. It read as follows:

"In the name of God, Amen.

"Believing in our hearts, minds and consciences that there exists no real necessity for national differences;

"The burden of supporting armies and navies imposes a useless taxation upon the peoples of the world;

"That such tax as must be levied for the adequate support of government should be applied toward the welfare and best interests of the people;

"That the citizens and subjects of the various countries differ from one another in opportunity but not in rights;

"That frontiers separating countries should exist only for the conveniences of government administration;

"That patriotism, so-called, a passion which has been inculcated into the spirit of a national people to insure response when protection is needed from a possible hostile people should properly apply for the world at large rather than for an individual territory;

"That nothing in the last paragraph shall be construed as in any way detracting from deeds of valor and sacrifice which have been hitherto performed in the name of patriotism;

"That the expense of administering government in all countries now in existence would be materially lessened should the several nations consent to be governed as one;

"That the particular benefits of natural resource, soil, climate, science and the arts of civilization as known in the several now-existing countries should be developed and administered for the welfare of all;

"That, using whatever means may best commend themselves to achieve the end desired, the now-existing countries of the world, whether known as civilized or otherwise, should be brought under the administration of a central government in which there will always be due representation of the people and the will of the people;

"And that the creed of the brotherhood of man is the true and righteous one;

"We, therefore, representatives of the undersigned governments, in a personal capacity, believing it to be to the best interests of all the people, solemnly agree and pledge ourselves to exert every power at our command, tactfully, earnestly and devoutly to bring about the merging of the several states under one central government.

"And further, that as soon as expedient, the accredited rulers of the various other nations not signatory to this instrument, shall be invited to voluntarily join the nations whose representatives are signatory to this instrument in the establishment of such a government.

"Placing then, our faith in an all-wise Providence, and beseeching His guidance in this desired consummation, and pledging our belief that such amalgamation of the nations of the earth must redound to the lasting benefit of mankind, we append our several signatures to this instrument."

THERE was no hesitancy in signing the three copies of the document, which the Secretary of State prepared.

The hour was late. There remained nothing further which could be accomplished at the conference; so, with the documents pouched with the money-drafts for the propaganda, the meeting closed as simply as it had been conducted. Farewells were given, and in a spirit of exaltation the muffled figures emerged from the admiral's cabin, entered the waiting launches and were returned to their ships.

From the bridge of the *Oregon* annunciator calls rang far below in the armored interior, and the mighty engines were set astir. The great ship turned her prow toward Hampton Roads, flashed a farewell signal, and gathered speed, while the salt spray broke across her bows with an ocean's benediction.

Within the flag quarters, the President, alone at last, dropped his head upon his arms at the littered table, and prayed.

In the next instalment of this remarkable record, the author tells of the great peace organization, Japan's proclamation against the world amalgamation and the terrible war which follows.

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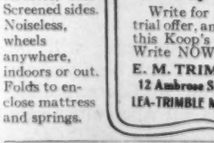

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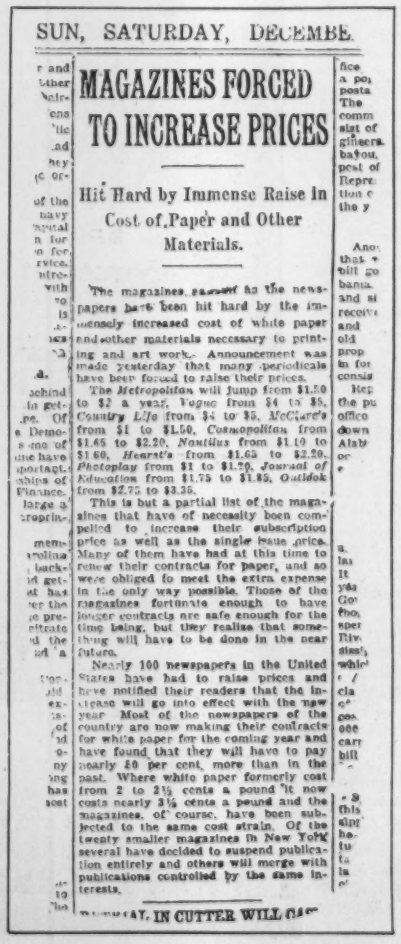

SUN, SATURDAY, DECEMBE

MAGAZINES FORCED TO INCREASE PRICES

Hit Hard by Immense Raise In Cost of Paper and Other Materials.

The magazines suffered as the newspapers have been hit hard by the immensely increased cost of white paper and other materials necessary to printing and art work. Announcement was made yesterday that many periodicals have been forced to raise their prices.

The *Metropolitan* will jump from $1.50 to $2 a year, *Vogue* from $4 to $5, *Country Life* from $4 to $5, *McClure's* from $1 to $1.50, *Cosmopolitan* from $1.65 to $2.20, *Nautilus* from $1.10 to $1.60, *Hearst's* from $1.65 to $2.20, *Photoplay* from $1 to $1.20, *Journal of Education* from $1.75 to $1.85, *Outlook* from $2.75 to $3.35.

This is but a partial list of the magazines that have of necessity been compelled to increase their subscription price as well as the single issue price. Many of them have had at this time to renew their contracts for paper, and so were obliged to meet the extra expense in the only way possible. Those of the magazines fortunate enough to have longer contracts are safe enough for the time being, but they realize that something will have to be done in the near future.

Nearly 100 newspapers in the United States have had to raise prices and have notified their readers that the increase will go into effect with the new year. Most of the newspapers of the country are now making their contracts for white paper for the coming year and have found that they will have to pay nearly 50 per cent. more than in the past. Where white paper formerly cost from 2 to 2½ cents a pound it now costs nearly 3½ cents a pound and the magazines, of course, have been subjected to the same cost strain. Of the twenty smaller magazines in New York several have decided to suspend publication entirely and others will merge with publications controlled by the same interests.

IN CUTTER WILL CA

We allow you this great saving because by sending us a long-time subscription, you save us bookkeeping, correspondence, clerical work in handling subscriptions, and other items of expense. You save $1.00 or $1.50 by earning $1.00 or $1.50. But bear in mind that prices are still advancing and that on April 30th this offer will be withdrawn.

Compare McClure's with any of the prominent magazines of the new 20-cent class. Then you will see the value in this offer. Then you will see the wisdom of sending in at once your reservation for two or three years at the $1.00 price. Subscriptions may be new or renewal.

Bear in mind that the next two or three years will be McClure's richest years in editorial quality. The best writers in America; and more of them—that is the McClure policy. A long-term subscription to McClure's is an absolutely safe investment.

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The end is in sight—April 30th is your last day. If you delay you will lose $1.00 or $1.50. If you mail the above coupon at once, you will save $1.00 or $1.50.

Foreign and New York City Postage Extra.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

McClure Bldg., NEW YORK

Good Things Coming in McClure's

Mary Roberts Rinehart has written an absorbing mystery serial for McClure's. The first installment of this baffling three-part story will appear in the late Spring.

"A King in Babylon"—by Burton E. Stevenson. A fine mystery serial; an altogether new setting for a motion-picture yarn, with a thrilling and unforeseen climax.

Edith Wharton's Greatest Novel, "Summer," will run through seven issues. It will prove the serial sensation of 1917.

"War Against War"—a great anonymous story of world politics after the War.

"How to Have Better Children," by Cleveland Moffett. Another helpful article in Mr. Moffett's "Love and Life" series.

"The Prop Baby"—an amusing story of vaudeville, by Bozeman Bulger.

Two Great True Detective Stories—by George S. Dougherty, Former Deputy Commissioner of Police, and Chief of Detectives of New York City.

More baseball stories by Jerome Beatty.

"No Clue"—a Mystery Story, by Marie Manning.

"A Matter of Gesture," by Susan Glaspell.

"Kamp"—a powerful story of a woman and two men, by Oscar Graeve.

"A Bleecker Street Bleecker"—a complete novel, by W. B. Trites.

"Divided Spoils"—a business story, by Frank Goewey Jones.

"The Opal Morning," by Ethel Watts Mumford.

"Big Things"—a love story, by Fannie Heaslip Lea.

"Being Wicked"—a story of human nature, by Leila Burton Wells.

"The Unhappy Medium"—a "Kid Scanlan" story, by H. C. Witwer.

How to Have Better Children

Continued from page 14]

That is the position regarding human mating that has prevailed for centuries, that has been upheld by theologians and glorified by poets with the result that while splendid progress has been made with flowers, fruit, vegetables, poultry, and domestic animals in a development towards higher and finer types, there has been practically no progress made with human types for thousands of years. In beauty of face and form, in power of mind, in nobility of soul there is no evidence that men and women of today are in any way superior to the men and women of ancient Greece. On the contrary, the average twentieth-century American or European is in many respects inferior to the average Athenian of the time of Demosthenes, or to the average Roman of the time of Julius Caesar.

"Both church and state," says Edwin Grant Conklin, professor of biology at Princeton University, "have cheerfully given consent and blessing to the marriage and propagation of diseased, defective, and vicious persons. . . . Is it any wonder that the inheritance of the human race has not improved within historic times?"

All authorities agree, however, that the human race might advance magnificently towards the establishment of a breed of supermen and superwomen, just as Luther Burbank's creations have advanced magnificently from inferior types, just as our thoroughbred horses and thoroughbred cattle have advanced magnificently, were it not for the barriers of human ignorance, egotism and selfishness. Every alcoholic, every consumptive, every degenerate, every criminal in the world insists upon his or her inalienable right to marry and have children—that is, to propagate a race of undesirables who, in their turn, must go on endlessly peopling the earth with more undesirables *unless* ——

Unless what?

Unless men and women realize that of all the things in this world needing regulation the most important is this business of creating human life. For the common good, for the future of the race certain unworthy human types must be restrained from reproducing themselves. And all citizens must be instructed and encouraged to conduct themselves as regards the marriage relation in such a way that their children will be, not the second best or the third best, as usually happens in the hazard of accidental matings, but the *very best children they are capable of producing.*

I EXPRESSED these views recently to a woman who combines intelligence with rare nobility of soul, and I saw that she shrank from the thought of considering love as merely an agency for promoting racial efficiency.

"This eugenics creed is a worship of the body," she said, "but the body is not everything. What about the soul? Think of the wonderful minds, the God-like spirits that have been housed in frail and imperfect bodies. Must marriage be denied to these radiant ones because of their physical weakness?"

"Not marriage," I replied, "but parenthood. If a woman loves some Robert Louis Stevenson, in spite of his weak lungs, let her marry him and be happy with him, but let her guard the next generation against hereditary tuberculosis."

"You mean by not having children?"

"Precisely."

"But — " the lady hesitated, then put the question always asked by women at this point, a question that must be satisfactorily answered before race-betterment enthusiasts can hope to make progress in the practical carrying out of their theories.

"What about the strongest instinct that nature has implanted in women?" she said.

"You mean motherhood?"

"Yes. Suppose a healthy woman marries an invalid or a man who becomes an invalid before they have children? Suppose she loves this man? There are thousands of such cases."

"I know. And there are thousands of cases where a deeply loved wife carries some hereditary taint that makes her unfit to bear children. It is unfortunate, but — do you think such persons have a right to bring into the world sons and daughters doomed to physical or mental inferiority? If this wife longs for a child can she not adopt one?"

The lady shook her head.

"That is not what women want. They want their own children. They want healthy children, beautiful children, intelligent children if that is possible, but, if it is not possible — *they want children anyway! And they want their own children!*"

I have met exceptional women who hold more advanced ideas. I recall the case of a beautiful young wife from Georgia who has had no children because her husband developed St. Vitus' dance soon after their marriage, and St. Vitus' dance, as she knew, is an inheritable disease.

Another woman confessed to me that she has never been willing to have children because her husband is an alcoholic.

Another woman of unusual intelligence is the wife of a distinguished biologist who for years has been a victim of tuberculosis, although he has held the disease in check by living in Denver. She also has a predisposition to this malady, so they have decided not to have children. A friend of the husband, however, thinks they are making a mistake.

"Why shouldn't they have children?" this friend insisted to me one day. "They both possess exceptionally fine minds and splendid characters. Their children would inherit remarkable mental and spiritual qualities."

"Also tuberculosis," I replied.

"Perhaps not. And even if they did the children might resist the disease by living in Denver, just as the parents have resisted it."

In vain I pointed out that Dr. Trudeau's tuberculous children did not resist this disease in the Adirondacks, although the doctor himself resisted it for years. My opponent refused to be convinced; he says that science is developing in our midst a new troublemaker, an over-sensitive eugenic conscience.

On the other hand, a woman of my acquaintance tells me that when she married her husband she made it a condition that there should be no children.

"I have no respect," she says, "for a woman who insists upon having a child that will be born with a tendency to disease or to bodily or mental weakness. The woman who tries to justify such a course on the ground of motherhood love is deceiving herself. She is really acting from a selfish motive; she wants a child for the joy it will bring to her, and forgets the heavy price in unhappiness and suffering that the child must pay."

I wondered what was the hereditary peril that had led this active and successful business woman to deny her own great desire for children. Finally she told me. There was a strain of insanity in her husband's family.

"It's extraordinary," she went on, "how little attention is paid to this danger. All over the country are men and women, thousands of them, just on the borderland of insanity, although they remain at liberty and are free to marry. I know of a dozen such cases in Brooklyn, where I live. The man next door, for instance, is always talking about immense checks that he is going to send to people, checks for millions. Another man stopped me on the street the other day and began explaining how he had taken all the salmon out of the Connecticut River. And then there is Polly."

"Polly?"

"That's what she calls herself. She is a quiet, respectable-looking woman who goes about ringing doorbells and announcing that she has come to rent the house. One day she came up to me very pleasantly and said: 'I am Polly. My doctor tells me I must dig in my garden. I want you to come and dig with me."

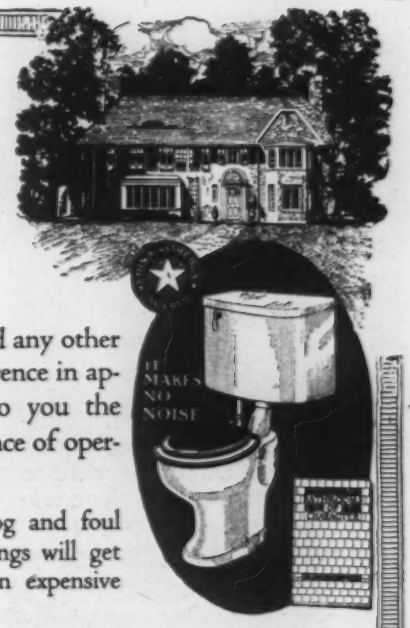
Most women would draw back at the thought of marrying a man in the near-insane class and of having children by him; but how many would refuse to marry an attractive man and have children by him (if they loved him) who showed signs of incipient tuberculosis or whose family had a tuberculosis record? Not one in ten!

And how many women would refuse to marry an attractive man and have children by him (if they loved him) who was known to be a moderately heavy drinker and whose family had an alcoholic record? Not one in a hundred!

Alas! we must acknowledge that the majority of women are not progressive, not scientific when it comes to picking out a husband!

In Your Home

The Silent Si-wel-clo



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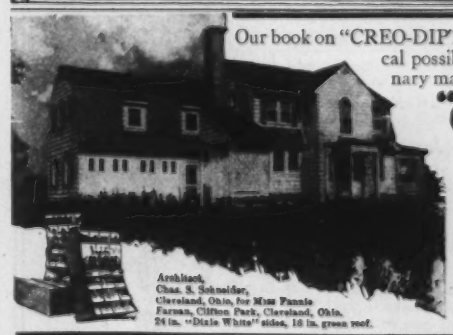

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Witness the increase in the use of colored bodies, graceful designs, ornamental interiors of closed cars, and Moorish finish Fabrikoid for upholstery.

A Rayntite top is light enough for the average woman to handle, yet guaranteed not to leak for one year, and built to last as long as the car.

Trade Authority Tells of Trend

From the show number of *The Automobile* of January 4, 1917, we clipped the following:

long in arriving.

Tops Are Lighter

Tops are tending to be lighter. The old-fashioned top consisted of two layers of material, each being thick and massive. Now there are many cars with only one thickness of material, just as waterproof, less attractive to dust, and a good third lighter.

Why make your car top heavy, and the "one-man" top a joke, by using material twice as heavy as it needs to be?

Now Made in Two Varieties

RAYNTITE No. 1. Single texture with Fabrikoid surface and —
RAYNTITE No. 2. Single texture with Fairfield Rubber surface

Each is guaranteed one year against leakage

If the car you are considering is not topped with Rayntite, find out whether you or your wife can really handle the one-man top.

Samples of either variety on request

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Are we, then, facing a situation where the majority of women, mothers of the race, will be found in determined opposition to child-betterment ideals? Are women the ones who will cling desperately to the ancient love-as-you-please errors that for centuries have kept the human race from advancing? Are women unable to understand our supreme duties to posterity?

What are these duties? What do we owe to posterity?

The answer is that we owe everything to posterity, since all that we are, all that we have and know and enjoy we have received from those who came before us, from those who, by their toil, their love, their centuries of slow and painful striving, worked out our present civilization, which is really not ours at all except as we hold it in trust from them to pass it on to those who will come after us. To love our children, our descendants with a racial intensity akin to worship is our natural tribute to the overwhelming life-mystery that surrounds us, to the endless and beginningless life-river that bears us along on its God-like bosom.

"At times, in a fleeting vision," says Henri Bergson, "the invisible breath that bears the living is materialized before our eyes. We have this sudden illumination before certain forms of maternal love, so striking and in most animals so touching, observable even in the solicitude of the plant for its seed. This love, in which some have seen the great mystery of life, may possibly deliver to us life's secret. It shows us each generation leaning over the generation that shall follow.

Leaning over the generation that shall follow!

To our children we pass on the love that our parents gave to us. We never give back this love to our parents, not the full measure of it, any more than our children ever give back to us a full measure of the love we give to them. They will pass it on to their children, who will pass it on to *their* children. And this is as it should be; this is no sign of youthful ingratitude and should cause no grief in parents' hearts, for it happens in accordance with nature's eternal racial law: *each generation leans forward, not backward, lovingly, yearningly forward over the generation that follows it.*

What, then, can we do for the generations that will follow us? How can we best hand down the heritage of love and service that has been handed down to us? Evidently we can do nothing so important, nothing so desirable for future generations as to leave behind us children possessed of the finest possible bodily, mental and spiritual endowment.

How are we to have such children? How are we to give them this endowment? Is there available knowledge on these subjects that will enable the average man and woman to have better children than they would probably have had without this knowledge?

The answer is *yes*, there is a vast store of such knowledge that may be drawn upon helpfully by whoever desires to possess it.

And, first, let me emphasize one fact: that nature rewards the normal, healthy man and woman for conforming with her great procreative intent and punishes them for not conforming with it. Statistics prove that men and women who marry and have children live longer and are less liable to disease than men and women who do not marry and do not have children. Married women, for instance, who are mothers are less frequently afflicted with cancer of the breast than unmarried women or than married women who are not mothers.

Perhaps the greatest of all crimes is committed by the man or woman who, having health, intelligence, all that is necessary for admirable offspring, deliberately breaks the continuous life-chain, deliberately extinguishes the precious life-flame that has come down to him or to her from the parents of our race. I am not speaking of birth control, but of *birth refusal*. Whoever, being healthy, for selfish reasons refuses to have *any* child, either by not marrying at all or by keeping sterile a marriage that might have been nobly fruitful, takes a dread responsibility, for that shattered life-strain, sacred survival of the ages, may be necessary to one of God's high purposes. Another Lincoln! Another Tolstoy! Who knows?

Here is a simple law of heredity to be kept in mind by parents, that nature, in all her creations, fights desperately to maintain an average standard of excellence. With all her power she moves *down* from the highest types and *up* from the lowest, working always towards the perpetuation of an *average* type.

This means that in human mating it is not absolutely necessary, although desirable, that the finest men marry the finest women or that the finest women marry the finest men. The children from such ideal marriages will tend to range downward towards the average (while remaining above it) and may not show greater excellencies than the children of a very fine man mated with an average woman or the children of a very fine woman mated with an average man.

It is of the utmost importance, however, that men and women who are *below* the average in any respect correct their deficiencies by trying to select mates possessed of compensating excellencies. A short girl should marry a tall man. A stupid man should marry a clever girl—if he can. An indolent person should select one abounding in energy. A delicate person should take a life partner who has robust health. And so on.

And the mating of two inferior persons is evidently a crime against the race; a lazy or stupid man mated to a lazy or stupid woman, a diseased or degenerate man mated to a diseased or degenerate woman, a feeble-minded or criminally disposed man mated to a woman of the same class, will *always* produce inferior children, although nature may try to push these children up towards the average level or, failing in this, may kill them off with her inferiority-destroyers, the microbes.

IN May, the Prize Letters in our "Grow Old Along With Me" Contest will be printed, with a wonderful introduction by Mr. Moffett. And in June there will be another article in the "How to Live Long" series, called "More About Husbands and Better Children."

Unless we knew this secret it would seem best for the race that superior men should always mate with superior women. As a matter of fact, magnificent offspring are obtained in this way for a few generations; then, suddenly, as happens in breeding fine horses, nature steps in with her law of cultural limitations (so named by Dr. Robert T. Morris) and says: "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." And she proceeds to end our Superman dream *by making the improved type sterile!* Were it not for this racial restriction we might, in a few centuries, Burbank up a race of Bismarcks or Napoleons twenty feet high!

Another law of heredity, known as Galton's law, is that average parents tend to produce average children, whereas parents possessing high character units tend to produce children that will also possess high character units. And parents possessing extreme character units, whether high or low, tend to produce children possessing less extreme character units.

Suppose a girl is a fine musician. If she marries a man who is also a fine musician the chances are ten to one that *all their children will be fine musicians.* But if she marries a man who has no musical ability the chances are that their children will have little or no musical ability.

The same responsibility rests on a young woman who is a brilliant artist or writer. If she mates with a man who has the same talent as herself, then their children will almost certainly inherit this talent. Otherwise not.

Dr. Charles A. L. Reed of the University of Cincinnati, believes that the children of mature parents are more apt to attain success in life than children born when the parents were either at the crescendo or decrescendo of sexual life.

In support of this theory is an investigation made by Havelock Ellis, who analyzed the ages of 299 fathers at the birth of sons who grew up to be geniuses and found that only two of these fathers were under twenty, only nine between twenty and twenty-four, and only sixteen over fifty-five.

Paolo Mantegazza, the Italian philosopher, says that the best parenthood period for men is between twenty-five and thirty-five and for women between eighteen and twenty-five.

Statistics of all countries show a larger proportion of deaths among the children of young parents than among the children of older parents.

Eugenists tell us that frenzies of passion (the spiritual must be aroused with the physical) are not good for the child to be begotten; also that inhabitants of hot

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climates, although more ardent, have fewer children than the inhabitants of colder climates. And the children of sexually self-indulgent fathers have a less favorable racial inheritance than the children of fathers who have learned moderation.

Lovers are right in worshiping physical beauty, for beauty in either sex is nature's stamp of approval. Beauty in a woman, especially when accompanied by a reasonable roundness or plumpness, offers a strong presumption of suitableness for motherhood. But this presumption must be supported by a study of the family pedigree. A young woman may be very beautiful in face and form and yet have cancer of the breast which may have come to her through a family cancer tendency.

Young men and young women must realize, speaking in a biological sense, that when they join their lives to a sweetheart, it is not the sweetheart alone that they marry, but the sweetheart's entire family. Nor can they ever separate themselves from this family. The parents, the grandparents, the uncles and aunts, the brothers and sisters are always present and always will be present in the family life-strain, the family germ plasm, the family diseases and weaknesses (as well as excellencies) that will inevitably be passed down and revealed in the children to come.

How often we have heard an ardent young lover, in the glow of his desire, insist that it makes no difference to him what objections there are to a certain girl's family — he loves the girl, and that settles it. Her father may have died of cancer, her mother may be in the last stages of tuberculosis, but he loves the girl. Her grandfather may have been an epileptic, her brother may be in jail, she may have two or three degenerate cousins, but he loves the girl. *He is going to marry the girl and not her family!*

And every day lovely young women, resisting all advice (or, perhaps, receiving no advice), make similarly unfortunate selections of husbands. They accept a life partner for the most trivial reasons, because he dances well, because he is amusing or good-looking, because he has nice eyes or a pleasant voice; it never occurs to them to ask what his family inheritance may be or whether he is fit or unfit to be the father of their children. And if you point out to these young ladies that their chosen one comes of a tainted or enfeebled line, that his blood-relatives are a shiftless, dishonest or diseased lot, they tell you they are answering the holy call of love, they are marrying one particular, predestined man (whom they adore) *and not the whole family!*

Alas! These hasty lovers have the cruelest evidence forced upon them that they *have* married the whole family. This evidence comes with the children *and grows as the children grow!*

Take the case of a drinking man who comes of a drinking family. His father or his grandfather may have died of delirium tremens. Then what? The girl says she loves this man and he loves her. He needs her. He will stop drinking for her sake. Her great love will reform him.

Perhaps this is true, perhaps she will reform him, but one thing is certain that the greatest love of the finest woman in the world *cannot reform the germ plasm of an hereditary drunkard*, nor prevent that germ plasm from transmitting an alcoholic craving to the drunkard's children.

Young women should be warned in our colleges and high schools, girls should be taught in our homes to hate the alcohol habit *chiefly* for the harm it does to the children of those who are enslaved by it. They should be told plainly that the procreative powers of the heavy drinker or even of the steady "moderate drinker" are seriously impaired, not always sufficiently, however, to prevent him from having defective children.

Dr. Bertholet, the distinguished scientist of Lausanne, after hundreds of comparative autopsies of alcoholic and normal persons, finds that "morbid changes in the essential cells of the reproductive glands in alcoholic men occur in 82 per cent. of the cases."

If a girl must love a drinking man, if nothing can stop her from casting her lot with his, let her at least refrain from drinking herself unless she would give her children a *doubly* evil inheritance that will predispose them to nervous diseases, epilepsy and insanity.

"Among Bavarians, the greatest beer-drinking people in the world, three hundred out of every one thousand babies are born dead," says Professor Hahnel. "Norwegian mothers had as many dead-born babies as Bavarian mothers until they were taught not to drink alcoholic liquors. Now they lose about eighty or ninety out of one thousand babies."

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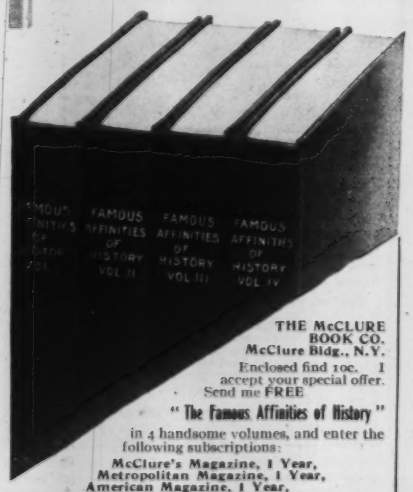

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I know a California girl who married a brilliant graduate of Harvard University. She married him after he had proved his devotion to her and his strength of will by entirely abstaining from alcohol (he had become a rather heavy drinker in his senior year) for twelve months following his graduation.

Alas for these good intentions! Soon after their marriage he began to drink again and, in spite of every effort this fine girl could make, in spite of her wealth of love, he continued to drink until degrading conditions led to a divorce. And this man's child by another woman who caused the divorce, a drinking woman, was born dead!

I hope I am free from any fanatical attitude towards the alcohol question. I see no harm in an occasional glass of beer or light wine and admit there are emergencies, like the beginning of a cold, when a little whiskey is beneficial; but this kind of moderation (virtually abstemiousness) is exceedingly rare. Most men who drink at all drink regularly, one or two cocktails through the day, one or two high-balls in the evening. And *every* day! *Every* evening! They urge their wives and women friends to drink with them. They get drunk upon occasions and see no particular harm in it. No particular harm in a little drunkenness! They might as well say there is no particular harm in a little smallpox!

As illustrating what hereditary damage is done by even moderate drinking, I may mention the case of five distinguished brothers who, twenty-five years ago, were heads of corporations, bank presidents, men who made and spent large sums of money. One of them held a very high position in the United States Government. They were all moderate drinkers and all died at a good age, apparently none the worse for this indulgence, *but* —

Of their eighteen sons, not one made a success of his life. All were either steady drinkers or heavy drinkers. Two-thirds of them died before they were thirty-five, and only one of them reached the age of fifty. This one, a friend of mine, a man in poor health, admits that he cannot live without whiskey. His only daughter, a young woman of twenty-eight, died recently of cerebro-spinal-meningitis and her little child of four has been attacked by the same disease.

From the standpoint of race betterment the European war may prove an immense blessing and save more lives (perhaps more treasure) than it costs, if it leads to the permanent abolition of alcohol drinking. Already Russia has been made over by the suppression of the hellish vodka industry, and incalculable benefits have been accomplished in Germany, France and England through the establishment of sobriety (and of abstemiousness in food) as a national habit.

"We have in alcohol," declared Jules Cambon, the distinguished French Ambassador, "a more terrible enemy and one that may be harder to conquer than the whole of Germany."

And the Kaiser himself, who is known to have become a total abstainer, said to some German naval cadets shortly before the war: "The next sea battle will demand sound nerves of you. Nerves will decide. These become undermined by alcohol and from youth up by alcohol endangered."

Statistics show that a large proportion, probably one-third, of our criminals, prostitutes, tramps, paupers, and feeble-minded owe their life-misfortunes to an alcoholic inheritance. One sociologist reports an investigation of the families of 2000 erring women that showed 1464 of these to have had drunken fathers and 1140 drunken mothers!

The clear-eyed girls of America may well ponder these truths before they give themselves to alcoholics or near-alcoholics who, through physiological impairment, will be *unable* to satisfy the motherhood longings of a fine woman or, at the best, will give her only inferior children.

Noblesse oblige!

Let us develop a new physiological pride that will make those who come of sound and superior stock *ashamed* to marry into families known to be unsound and inferior. Let love be awakened, not blindly, but after intelligent choice. It will be a better and more lasting love. Why not?

I believe that in a more enlightened age it will be considered as monstrous and unnatural for a healthy woman to marry a diseased man as it is now considered monstrous and unnatural for a white woman to marry a black man!

The time may come when men and women who are racially undesirable will not only be permitted to use birth-control measures, but will be *compelled* to use them. They will be

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allowed to marry among themselves (only among themselves), but they will be severely punished if children are born, since the greatest crime such undesirables (including consumptives, defectives, degenerates) can commit against the state is to have children. And the best service they can render the state is to let their inferior life-strains perish with them.

We may imagine that the Great Republic of the future will divide its citizens into two classes: those who are fit to have children and are honored and rewarded (especially the women) for having children, and those who are *not allowed* to have children. It is possible that the latter class will include those who do not desire to have children on the theory that desire goes with fitness and that the absence of child-desire is presumptive evidence of impaired parenthood value.

In conclusion, let us glance briefly at the fascinating subject of sex determination and consider whether it is possible for parents to influence this determination and so conduct themselves that either a son or a daughter will be born according to their desire? Or is sex in the unborn child an element quite beyond parental control, and is it determined entirely by accident?

There is an extensive literature on this subject, scores of books presenting numberless sex determination theories and claiming value for this or that diet regime as a means (usually an infallible means) of having sons or daughters at will. The consensus of opinion, however, among the most distinguished biologists and eugenists of Europe and America is that sex-diet theories must be rejected as not demonstrated and not scientific. These authorities say that it would be as inconceivably difficult to foretell the fateful mingling of two particular microscopic life-cells among millions — whether a male ascendency mingling or a female ascendency mingling — as it would be to calculate which particular raindrop of a thunderstorm would fall upon one particular blade of grass!

It is evident that any sex determination theory, even the most fantastic, must work out correctly and be in accordance with birth-facts about half the time, since boys and girls are born in about even numbers. Thus, if we solemnly declare that mothers who eat no meat and live at the Waldorf-Astoria will surely give birth to sons, while mothers who drink no milk and live at the Plaza are bound to have daughters, we shall be right about half the time!

I may mention that experts in the Vedic writings, those inexhaustible storehouses of racial wisdom, are said to have solved this sex-birth problem in quite a different way. They approach the procreative mystery, I am assured by one of these experts, not lightly but in a spirit of reverence after a definite period (ten days) of mental and physical preparation. The attitude of the husband and the wife is one of spiritual joy, not of sensuality; they are participants in a sacramental rite, the highest form of racial worship, for which they have made themselves worthy. Then voluntarily, by power of the mind, and acting in obedience to an historic sex-ceremonial, they are able to establish a male control or a female control in their union that insures a male child or a female child.

More articles by Cleveland Moffett are coming in this remarkable series. Watch for them. They will make you think

Summer— *Continued from page 22*

been drinking; then she saw that he was sober, but stirred by a deep and stern emotion totally unlike his usual transient angers. And suddenly she understood that until then she had never really noticed him or thought about him. Except on the occasion of his one offense he had been to her merely the person who is always there, the unquestioned central fact of life, as inevitable but as uninteresting as North Dormer itself, or any of the other conditions fate had laid on her. Even then she had regarded him only in relation to herself, and had never speculated as to his own feelings, beyond instinctively concluding that he would not trouble her again in the same way. But now she began to wonder what he was really like.

He had grasped the back of his chair with both hands, and stood looking hard at her. At length he said: "Charity, for once let's you and me talk together like friends."

Instantly she felt that something had happened, and that he held her in his hand.

"Where is Mr. Harney? Why hasn't he come back? Have you sent him away?" she broke out, without knowing what she was saying.

The change in Mr. Royall frightened her. All the blood seemed to leave his veins and against his swarthy pallor the deep lines in his face looked black.

"Didn't he have time to answer some of those questions last night? You was with him long enough!" he said.

Charity stood speechless. The taunt was so unrelated to what had been happening in her soul that she hardly understood it. But the instinct of self-defense awoke in her.

"Who says I was with him last night?"

"The whole place is saying it by now."

"Then it was you that put the lie into their mouths. — Oh, how I've always hated you!" she cried.

She had expected a retort in kind, and it startled her to hear her exclamation sounding on through silence.

'Yes, I know," Mr. Royall said slowly. "But that ain't going to help us much now."

"It helps me not to care a straw what lies you tell about me!"

"If they're lies, they're not my lies: my Bible oath on that, Charity. I didn't know where you were: I wasn't out of this house last night."

She made no answer and he went on: "Is it a lie that you were seen coming out of Miss Hatchard's nigh onto midnight?"

She straightened herself with a laugh, all her reckless insolence recovered. "I didn't look to see what time it was."

"You lost girl . . . you . . . you . . . Oh, my God, why did you tell me?" he broke out, dropping into his chair, his head bowed down like an old man's.

Charity's self-possession had returned with the sense of her danger. "Do you suppose I'd take the trouble to lie to *you*? Who are you, anyhow, to ask me where I go to when I go out at night?"

Mr. Royall lifted his head and looked at her. His face had grown quiet and almost gentle, as she remembered seeing it sometimes when she was a little girl, before Mrs. Royall died.

"Don't let's go on like this, Charity. It can't do any good to either of us. You were seen going into that fellow's house . . . you were seen coming out of it . . . I've watched this thing coming, and I've tried to stop it. As God sees me, I have . . . "

"Ah, it *was* you, then? I knew it was you that sent him away!"

He looked at her in surprise. "Didn't he tell you so? I thought he understood." He spoke slowly, with difficult pauses, "I didn't name you to him: I'd have cut my hand off sooner. I just told him I couldn't spare the horse any longer; and that the cooking was getting too heavy for Verena. I guess he's the kind that's heard the same thing before. Anyhow, he took it quietly enough. He said his job here was about done, anyhow; and there didn't another word pass between us . . . If he told you otherwise he told you an untruth."

Charity listened in a cold trance of anger. It was nothing to her what the village said . . . but all this fingering of her dreams!

"I've told you he didn't tell me anything. I didn't speak with him last night."

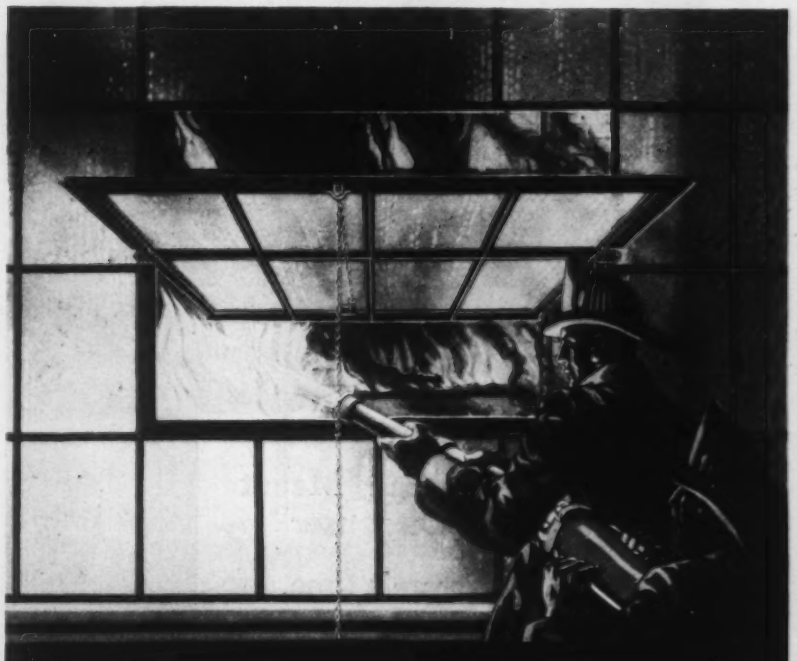
"You didn't speak with him?"

"No . . . It's not that I care what any of you say . . . but you may as well know. Things ain't between us the way you think . . . and the other people in this place. He was kind to me; he was my friend; and all of a sudden he stopped coming, and I knew it was you that done it — *you!*" All her unreconciled memory of the past flamed out at him. "So I went there last night to find out what you'd said to him: that's all."

Mr. Royall drew a heavy breath. "But, then — if he wasn't there, what were you doing there all that time? — Charity, for pity's sake tell me. I've got to know, to stop their talking."

This pathetic abdication of all authority over her did not move her: she could feel only the outrage of his interference.

"Can't you see that I don't care what anybody says? It's true I went there to see him and he was in his room, and I stood outside for ever so long and watched him; but I dursn't go in for fear he'd think I'd come



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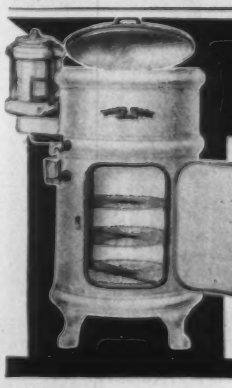

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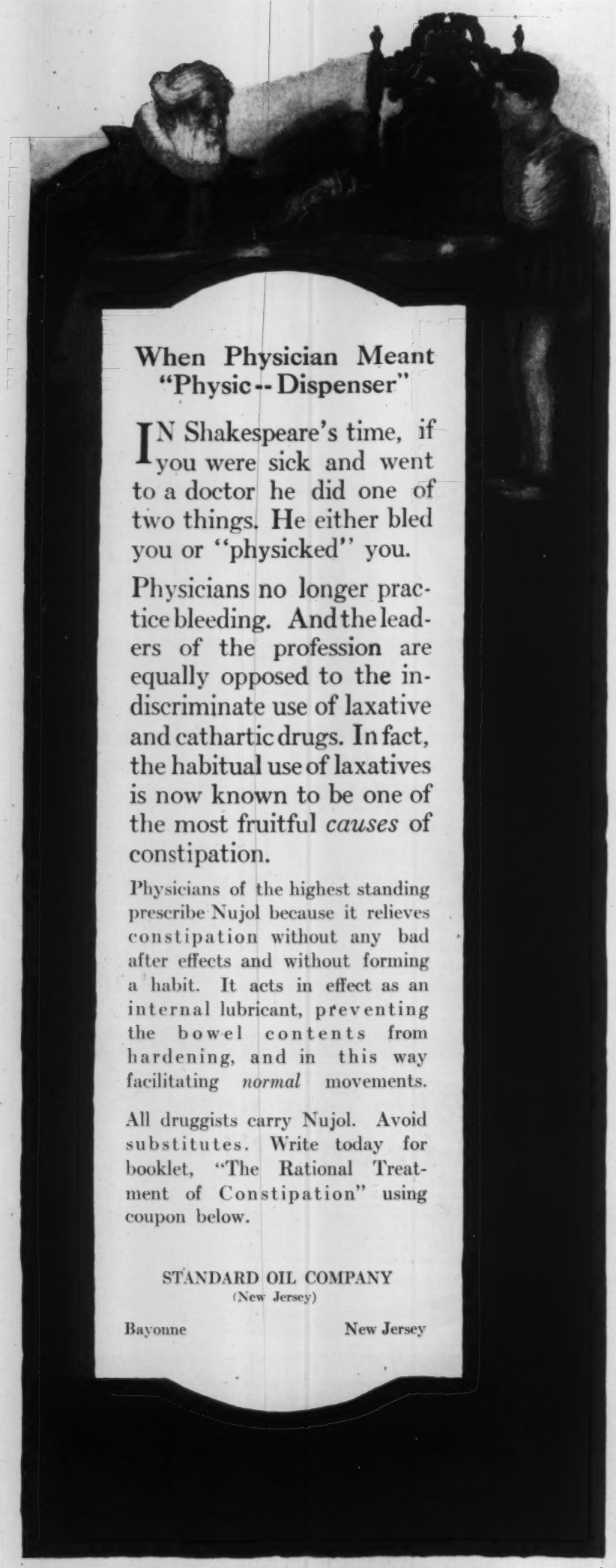

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after him . . . " She felt her voice breaking, and gathered it up in a last defiance. "As long as I live I'll never forgive you!" she cried.

Mr. Royall made no answer. He sat and pondered with sunken head, his veined hands clasped about the arms of his chair. Age seemed to have come down on him as winter comes on the hills after a storm. At length he looked up.

"Charity, you say you don't care; but you're the proudest girl I know, and the last to want people to talk against you. You know there's always eyes watching you: you're handsomer and smarter than the rest, and that's enough. But till lately you've never given them a chance. Now they've got it, and they're going to use it. I believe what you say, but they won't . . . It was Mrs. Tom Fry seen you going in . . . and two or three of them watched for you to come out again . . . You've been with the fellow all day long every day since he come here . . . and I'm a lawyer, and I know how hard slander dies." He paused, but she stood motionless, without giving him any sign of acquiescence or even of attention. "He's a pleasant fellow to talk to — I liked having him here myself. The young men up here ain't had his chances. But there's one thing as old as the hills and as plain as daylight: if he'd wanted you the right way he'd have said so."

Charity did not speak. It seemed to her that nothing could exceed the bitterness of hearing such words from such lips.

Mr. Royall rose from his seat. "See here, Charity Royall: I had a shameful thought once, and you've made me pay for it. Isn't that score pretty near wiped out? . . . There's a streak in me I ain't always master of; but I've always acted straight to you but that once. And you've known I would — you've trusted me. For all your sneers and your mockery you've always known I loved you the way a man loves a decent woman. I'm a good many years older than you, but I'm head and shoulders above this place and everybody in it, and you know that too. I slipped up once, but that's no reason for not starting again. If you'll come with me I'll do it. If you'll marry me we'll leave here and settle in some big town, where there's men, and business, and things doing. It's not too late for me to find an opening . . . I can see it by the way folks treat me when I go down to Hepburn or Nettleton . . . "

Charity made no movement. Nothing in his appeal reached her heart, and she thought only of words to wound and wither. But a growing lassitude restrained her. What did anything matter that he was saying? She saw the old life closing in on her, and hardly heeded his fanciful picture of renewal.

"Charity — Charity — say you'll do it," she heard him urge, all his lost years and wasted passion in his voice.

"Oh, what's the use of all this? When I leave here it won't be with you."

She moved toward the door as she spoke, and he stood up and placed himself between her and the threshold. He seemed suddenly tall and strong, as though the extremity of his humiliation had given him new vigor.

"That's all, is it? It's not much." He leaned against the door, so towering and powerful that he seemed to fill the narrow room. "Well, then — look here . . . You're right: I've no claim on you — why should you look at a broken man like me? You want the other fellow . . . and I don't blame you. You picked out the best when you seen it . . . well, that was always my way." He fixed his stern eyes on her, and she had the sense that the struggle within him was at its highest. "Do you want him to marry you?" he asked.

They stood and looked at each other for a long moment, eye to eye, with the terrible equality of courage that sometimes made her feel as if she had his blood in her veins.

"Do you want him to — say? I'll have him here in an hour if you do. I ain't been in the law thirty years for nothing. He's hired Carrick Fry's team to take him to Hepburn, but he ain't going to start for another hour. And I can put things to him so he won't be long deciding. . . . He's soft: I could see that. I don't say you won't be sorry afterward — but, by God, I'll give you the chance to be, if you say so."

She heard him out in silence, too remote from all he was feeling and saying for any sally of scorn to relieve her. As she listened, there flitted through her mind the vision of Liff Hyatt's muddy boot coming down on the white bramble-flowers. The same thing had happened now; something transient and exquisite had flowered in her, and she had stood by and seen it trampled to earth. While the thought passed through her she was aware of Mr. Royall, still leaning against the door, but crestfallen diminished, as though her silence were the answer he most dreaded.

"I don't want any chance you can give me: I'm glad he's going away," she said.

He kept his place a moment longer, his hand on the door-knob. "Charity!" he pleaded. She made no answer, and he turned the knob and went out. She heard him fumble with the latch of the front door, and saw him walk down the steps. He passed out of the gate, and his figure, stooping and heavy, receded slowly up the street.

For a while she remained where he had left her. She was still trembling with the humiliation of his last words, which rang so loud in her ears that it seemed as though they must echo through the village, proclaiming her a creature to lend herself to such vile suggestions. Her shame weighed on her like a physical oppression; the roof and walls seemed to be closing in on her, and she was seized by the impulse to get away, under the open sky, where there would be room to breathe. She went to the front door, and as she did so Lucius Harney opened it.

He looked graver and less confident than usual, and for a moment or two neither of them spoke. Then he held out his hand. "Are you going out?" he asked. "May I come in?"

Her heart was beating so violently that she was afraid to speak, and stood looking at him with tear-dilated eyes; then she became aware of what her silence must betray, and said quickly: "Yes; come in."

She led the way into the dining-room, and they sat down on opposite sides of the table, the cruet-stand and japanned bread-basket between them. Harney had laid his straw hat on the table, and as he sat there, in his easy-looking summer clothes, a brown tie knotted under his flannel collar, and his smooth brown hair brushed back from his forehead, she pictured him, as she had seen him the night before, lying on his bed, with the tossed locks falling into his eyes, and his bare throat rising out of his unbuttoned shirt. He had never seemed so remote as at the moment when that vision flashed through her mind.

"I'm so sorry it's good-by: I suppose you know I'm leaving," he began, abruptly and awkwardly; she guessed that he was wondering how much she knew of his reasons for going.

"I presume you found your work was over quicker than what you expected," she said.

"Well, yes — that is, no: there are plenty of things I should have liked to do. But my holiday's limited, and now that Mr. Royall needs the horse for himself it's rather difficult to find means of getting about."

"There ain't any too many teams for hire around here," she acquiesced; and there was another silence.

"These days here have been — awfully pleasant: I wanted to thank you for making them so," he continued, his color rising.

She could not think of any reply, and he went on: "You've been wonderfully kind to me, and I wanted to tell you . . . I wish I could think of you as happier, less lonely . . . Things are sure to change for you by and by . . . "

"Things don't change at North Dormer: people just get used to them."

The answer seemed to break up the order of his pre-arranged consolations, and he sat looking at her uncertainly. Then he said, with his sweet smile: "That's not true of you. It can't be."

The smile was like a knife-thrust through her heart: everything in her began to tremble and break loose. She felt her tears run over, and stood up.

"Well, good-by," she said.

She was aware of his taking her hand, and of feeling that his touch was lifeless.

"Good-by." He turned away, and stopped on the threshold. "You'll say good-by for me to Verena?"

She heard the closing of the outer door and

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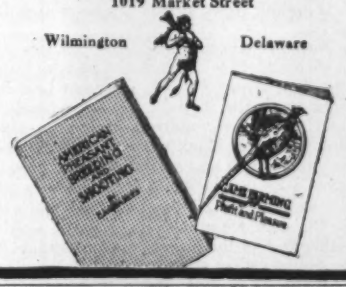

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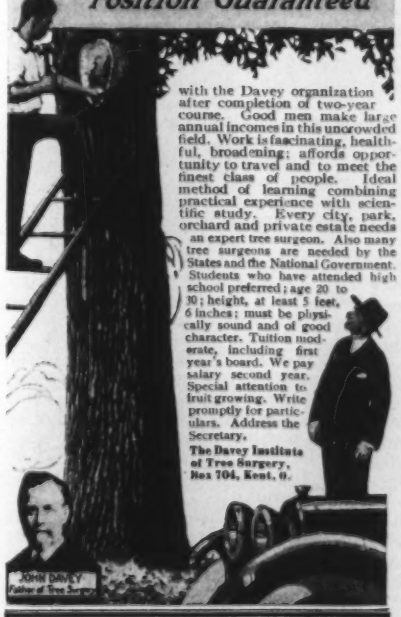

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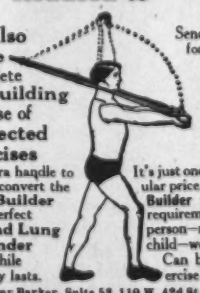

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the sound of his quick tread along the path. The latch of the gate clicked after him.

The next morning when she rose in the cold dawn and opened her shutters she saw a freckled boy standing on the other side of the road and looking up at her. He was a boy from a farm three or four miles down the Creston road, and she wondered what he was doing there at that hour, and why he looked so hard at her window. When he saw her he crossed over and leaned against the gate unconcernedly. There was no one stirring in the house, and she threw a shawl over her nightgown and ran down and let herself out. By the time she reached the gate the boy was sauntering down the road, whistling carelessly; but she saw that a letter had been thrust between the latch and the cross-bar of the gate. She took it out and hastened back to her room.

The envelope bore her name, and inside was a leaf torn from a pocket-diary. "Dear Charity, I can't go away like this. I am staying for a few days at Creston River. Will you come down and meet me at Creston pool? I will wait for you till evening."

[*To be continued*]

The Unhappy Medium

[*Continued from page 30*]

was plenty of skulls and stuff like that layin' around where they would do the most good. At the far end is a small wire gratin' with a Morris chair on the other side of it. Honest Dan explains that there's where the come-ons sit while the professor massages their soul. They never see him, Dan figurin' in that way it would be harder to pick the professor out at police headquarters when the district attorney got around to him. We hadn't been there a minute when the curtain at the other end of the room opens and in blows the stout dame, floppin' down in the chair with a sigh as the professor pulls open the grate to feed her the oil. Dan pulls us back in the dark and I notice she was so excited that she shook all over like a ten-cent portion of cornstarch or Instant Desserto and her breath was comin' in short little gasps.

Honest Dan is takin' an inventory of the couple of quarts of diamonds she wore and figurin' the list price on his shirt cuffs. When he got through he dug me in the ribs and says it looks like a big winter.

The professor starts to talk with a strong Ellis Island dialect, tellin' the dame that he's just been in a trance, give the sacred crystal the once over and took up her case with a few odd ghosts. The result was that a spirit which was in the know had just give him a tip that she was no less than the tenth regular reincarnation of Cleopatra, who did a big time act in one with a guy called Marc Anthony who was now doin' a single or had jumped to the movies or somethin' like that.

The stout dame gets up off the chair and waves her handkerchief.

"Merciful heavens!" she remarks loudly. "I knew it!"

Then she pulls a funny fall and faints!

The professor hisses at Dan to get him a cigarette and the West Indian hallboys drag the stout dame into the chair from which she had slipped followin' the professor's sure-fire stuff about Cleopatra. He snatches a few drags out of the cigarette before the dame comes to and when she does he goes on and says yes she is Cleopatra, there ain't no doubt about it and she must have noticed the strange power she had over men all her life, hadn't she? The stout dame sighs and nods her head. The professor then tells her that she has been in wrong and unhappy all her life because she had never met her mate. The same bein' a big, husky, red-blooded cave man which would club her senseless and carry her off to his lair. Had she ever met anybody like that? The stout dame says not lately but when poor Henry and her had first got married he was a Saturday-night ale hound and once or twice he had — but never mind she won't speak ill of the dead. The professor says he can see that nobody of the real big-league calibre has crossed her path as yet and that her husband's spirit had told him in confidence only the other day that one night he got to thinkin' what a poor worm he was to be married to Cleopatra and it had been too much for his humble soul which burst.

The dame nods and starts to weep.

"Poor Hennery!" she says, "he ain't stopped lyin' yet! I should never have wed him, but how did I know that my fatal beauty would prove his undoing?"

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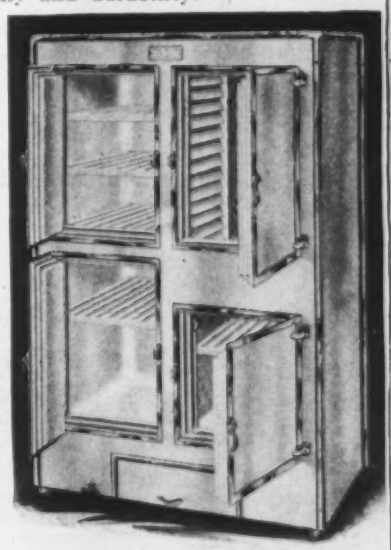

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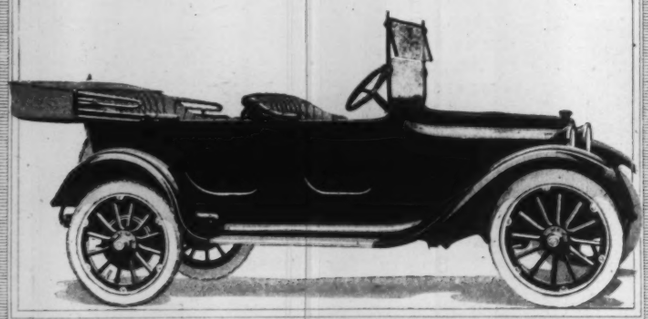

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"Ain't that rich?" pipes Honest Dan in my ear.

The professor has a coughin' spell, and when he calmed himself he says he has just got in touch with Marc Anthony and he's pullin' the wires to have him come back to earth so's their souls can be welded together again and if she will come back in a week he'll be able to tell her some big news. He said it was bein' whispered around among the spirits that Marc Anthony was on earth now eatin' his noble heart out because he couldn't find her.

Then he suddenly shuts the gate and the dame staggers out, overcome with joy and the smell of that incense which would have made a glue factory quit. Honest Dan beats it around and opens the door for her. They wouldn't take a nickel off her then, because they was savin' her for the big play.

ABOUT a week after our visit to the Temple of the Inner Star, the Kid comes runnin' up to my room at the hotel one mornin' and busts in the door. He's got a newspaper in his hand and he slams it down on the bed and kicks over an innocent chair.

"I hope they give him eighty years!" he hollers.

"Who's your friend?" I asks him.

"Friend!" he screams. "Why, the big psalm-singin' stiff, I'll murder him!"

"There's just one thing I'd like to know, Kid," I says. "Who?"

"That cheap, pan-handlin' crook that Dan Leduc wished on me!" he yells. "That rotten snake I kept from dyin' in the gutter, that baby-stealin' rat which claims he's a medium! Professor Bunko — that's who!"

I grabbed up the paper and all over the front page is a picture of Miss Vincent. Underneath it says this:

"Famous Film Star Rumored Engaged to Millionaire."

"Well," I says, "what has the social note got to do with the Professor?"

"What has bullets got to do with the war?" bellers the Kid. "Why, the big hick. I'll go down there and strangle him right out loud before them high-brow simps of his! I'll have him pinched and I hope he gets life! I'll ——"

He went on like that for half an hour, and when he finally cools off he explains that the professor had guaranteed to dust off his charmers and charm Miss Vincent so hard that she wouldn't give a pleasant smile to nobody but the Kid. All Scanlan had to do was follow the professor's dope and there'd be nothin' to it but slippin' the minister and payin' the railroad people for the honeymoon. The Kid had gone ahead and done like the professor said, startin' off with the letter requestin' a lock of her hair clipped at eleven eighteen on a rainy Sunday night. Then he telegraphed her to bathe her thumbs in hot tea every Friday at noon and send him the leaves in a red envelope. He followed that up with a note demandin' a ring that she had first dipped in the juice of a stewed poppy and then held in back of her while she said, "Alagazza, gazzopi, gazzam!" thirteen times.

I guess the professor overplayed the thing a bit because the only action the Kid got was a short note from Miss Vincent in which she said that as long as he had started right in to drink the minute he hit New York, their friendship was all over. The next thing was that notice in the paper.

The Kid's idea was to go right down and wreck the Temple of the Inner Star, windin' up by havin' Honest Dan and his bunk pinched. I showed him where it would do no good because he had set 'em up in business and if they was crooked the jury would figure that and put the Kid's name on one of them indictments. He calmed off finally and said he'd be satisfied to let it go at half killin' 'em both and makin' a bum out of the Temple of the Inner Star.

We got down there in a few minutes and Honest Dan meets us at the door. He's all excited and says the time has come for the big hog-killin', after which they're gonna blow New York because they've been tipped off that the new police commissioner is about to startle the natives with a raid. The Kid starts to bawl him out when the stout dame is ushered into the room and Dan hustles us into the professor's shrine in the rear.

As soon as she gets inside the professor tells her to prepare for a shock. She shivers all over, grabbin' the side of the chair and takin' a long whiff out of a little green bottle. Then she says she'll try and be brave and to let her have the works. The professor says he has finally dug up Marc Anthony and all the spirits is in there tryin' for them so's they can be brought together. He told her to go right back to her rooms at the Fritz-Charlton and he would send out the old thought-waves for Marc. Just when he'd get him he didn't know — it might be a day, a week or a month, but she was to sit there all dolled up to receive him and wait. He said she would know Marc because he would have a snake tattooed on the third finger of his right hand in memory of the way Cleopatra kissed off. That's all he was allowed to give out just now, he winds up.

Well, the stout dame thanks him about six hundred times and waddles out darn near hysterical. She grabs hold of her daughter and hisses in her ear:

"Oh, Gladys, they've found him! My beloved Marc Anthony is coming to claim me for his own. Then we will return to Egypt and, sitting upon a golden throne ——"

Friend daughter pulls a weary smile and leads Cleopatra to the door.

"Oh, don't, mother!" she says. "Don't! If you only knew how all this sickens me! This man has hypnotized you! Why don't you listen to me and take that trip to California where ——"

"What!" squeals the stout dame. "What! Be away when my Marc comes? How dare you think of such a thing! I did that once and if you have read your history you must remember the terrible result!"

Daughter sighs, shakes her head and they go out.

Now the Kid has been takin' all this stuff in without lettin' a peep out of him, and when the stout dame has left, I figured he'd tear right in to the plotters; so I got ready to hold up my end and reached for a chair. But what d'ye think the Kid did? He falls down on a sofa and starts to laugh! On the level, I bet he snickered out loud for a good fifteen minutes and then he gets up and walks to the door without sayin' a single word to either Dan or the professor after all that stuff he pulled on me at the hotel.

While we're goin' down in the elevator, Honest Dan tells us that they got a handsome actor who just now is playin' in a show called "Standin' on the Corners, Waitin' for a Job," and they're gonna have him get a snake painted on the third finger of his right hand and shoo him up to the stout dame the next day. After he has been welcome homed, Marc Anthony is gonna say that he's makin' out a check for the professor which throwed them together and don't she think she ought to send in somethin' also? When she asked what he thought would be about right, Marc Anthony was gonna say that he guessed she ought to keep the pen she wrote the check with as a souvenir, but that everything else she had, includin' anything a pawnbroker would give a ticket on, would do!

I didn't say nothin' to that, but I was doin' a piece of thinkin' and as soon as we got our feet on Fifth Avenue again I let go. I told the Kid what I thought of his friend Honest Dan in language that Billy Sunday could have been proud of. When I got through with Dan I took up the professor and give him a play. I said it was my belief that a couple of safety-first crooks who would deliberately trim a simple old dame out of her dough in that coarse manner should be taken up to the Metropolitan tower and eased off.

The Kid just grins and starts hummin' under his breath.

By this time I had worked myself up to such a pitch that my goat was chasin' madly about the streets and to have the Kid act that way was about all I needed.

"Gobs and generous Gazoopis!" he snickers at me when I get through. "Our employees is all new, noisy and Norwegians!"

There was a queer look in his eye and I figured he must have slipped out in the mornin' at that, to ask some bartender what he thought of the Phillies. I stopped right in the middle of traffic and told him I was goin' up to the Fritz-Charlton the next mornin' and tip the stout dame off if it was the last thing I did.

He just grins!

The next mornin' I beat it up to Cleopatra's hotel and after I have waited an hour she sends a maid down to see me. The maid tells me to spread my hands out flat on a little table that's standin' there and she examines every finger like a sure enough mechanic looks over a second-hand automobile he's gonna buy to hack with. Finally she throws my hands down with a disappointed look and her shoulders begins one of them hula dances.

"*Voilà!*" she remarks. "That leetle snake, he is not there! Madame she is not at home — away wit' you!"

Well, I figures I did what I could, so I breezed out and left Cleopatra flat.

Failin' to locate the Kid anywheres, I went

on down to the studio and walk right in on the professor and Honest Dan givin' Marc Anthony a dress rehearsal. He was a handsome guy, all right, sickenin'ly so, with one of them soft, mushy faces and wavin' blond hair. He's had the snake tattooed on his finger like the part called for and the way he carries on about how he's gonna give the stout dame the work makes me foam at the mouth. My once favorably known left had all it could do to keep from bouncin' off his chin! Finally they start him away and Honest Dan tells me how they got it framed up for him to meet Cleopatra. He was to go to the Fritz-Charlton and send up a card that claimed he was the editor of *Society Seethings*, and when she come down to see him, he was to ask her what was her plans for the winter season and a lot of bunk like that. In no way was he to make a crack about bein' Marc Anthony — that would be too raw; but as he was leavin' he was to carelessly let her see that snake on his finger. They knowed Cleopatra would do the rest.

I couldn't stand no more; so I hustled back to our hotel and the minute I get in the clerk tells me the Kid has been chasin' around lookin' for me all mornin', so I beat it right up to our suite. When I come in he rushes over and grabs me by the arm.

"When are them yeggmen gonna send Marc Anthony up to Cleopatra?" he demands, all excited.

"He just left a few minutes ago!" I tells him. "Why?"

The Kid gives a yell and jumps over to the door leadin' to our sittin'-room, yankin it open with one jerk. I thought I'd pass away when I got a flash at what was inside. There was about twenty of the roughest-lookin' guys I ever seen in my life, all dolled up in new suits, shoes and hats. Some of them I recognized as ex-heavyweights, there was a few strikin' longshoremen, a fair sprinklin' of East Side gunmen and here and there what had passed for an actor in the tanks.

"Some layout, eh?" pipes the Kid, rubbin' his hands together. "It took me all mornin' and nearly three hundred bucks to rib them guys up, but they're all desperate, darin' and dolled up!"

"What the — what's the big idea?" I gasps.

"Hold up your hands!" roars the Kid at his rough and readys.

They did — and I got it! Each and every one of them guys had a snake tattooed on the third finger of his right hand!

The Kid had probably put in the mornin' rehearsin' 'em, because all he had to say now was, "Go to it!" and they beat it. He told me they was all goin' up to the Fritz-Charlton and ask for the stout dame at three minute intervals, show their right hand and claim they was Marc Anthony!

"If that don't show the stout dame that the professor is the bunk and if she don't let out a moan that'll be plainly heard at police headquarters I'll make Dan a present of the five thousand he took me for!" says the Kid.

IN about an hour the telephone begins to ring and I answers it. When the ravin' maniac on the other end of the wire got to where he could control the English language, I found out it was Honest Dan. The main thing he said was for us to come down to the Temple of the Inner Star right away because him and the professor had got in a terrible jam. We hopped in a taxi and did like he said. Honest Dan is waitin' in the elevator for us and he looked like the loser in a battle royal. He says the stout dame had just left and she's in a terrible state. I could believe that easy because there is nothin' more vicious in the land of the free than an enraged come-on. I'd rather be in the trenches than to face an angry boob!

"Somebody put the bee on us!" howls Honest Dan, wringin' his hands, "and a truckload of guys went up to the hotel claimin' they was Marc Anthony in voices that disturbed the people in Denver. They throwed the real Marc out on his lily-white ear and seven of 'em got pinched for disorderly conduct. I understand there was a a mêlée up there that would make a football game look like cheese and the papers is havin' a field day with the thing! We got to grab Cleopatra's gems and go away from here before the whole plant is uncovered."

"Why," I says, "how are you gonna take the stout dame now? She knows it's a fake, don't she?"

"Fake nothin'!" hollers Dan. "She thinks it's on the level! The only thing that bothers her is which one is the right Marc Anthony. She says two of them had such patrician faces that she thinks some of the Caesars has got mixed up with the lot. She's gonna put it up to her late husband and she's comin' back here any minute to talk with his spirit!" He begins walkin' the floor. "I never seen no dame like that!" he busts out. "She *wants* to be trimmed! The only thing she seemed to be sore about was the fact that she couldn't pick out the right Marc Anthony. Now we git the chance of a life-time to grab a roll when she comes back and we ain't got no ghost! If I could only get the guy that sent all them Marc Anthonys up there," he winds up, "I'd make a ghost of him!"

He never seemed to think the Kid might have done it, because the Kid was the boy that had set him and the professor up in business and why should he crab his own play?

A little electric buzzer makes good while Honest Dan is ravin' away and Dan, gettin' white, grabs the Kid by the arm and begs him to come to the rescue.

"Jump in that cabinet there!" he whispers to him, "and when this dame asks if you're Henry, say yes and tell her the real Marc Anthony is the guy with the blond hair and he's now at the German Hospital. That's all you got to say and —"

He shoves the Kid back of the cabinet and me back of a curtain just as Cleopatra blows in with her daughter. Honest Dan tells them to be seated quick because the professor has just got the spirit of her husband where he's ready to talk to the reporters. The West Indian hallboys sneak around in the back, rattlin' chains and bangin' on pans. Then Dan reaches back and opens the mechanical bellows and a blast of cool air comes into the room while a white light flashes over the cabinet.

"Now!" whispers Dan to the stout dame, "speak quick!"

At that minute, Dan looked like a guy with a ticket on a hundred to one shot, watchin' it breeze into the stretch leadin' by a city block.

"Is — is that you, Hennery?" squeaks Cleopatra in a tremblin' voice.

There's a rustle in the cabinet and then this comes out over the top:

"Generous gobs of Gazoopis! Our employees is ready, reckless and Russian. This guy is crooked, crazy and careless. He will take you for your beautiful, bulgin' bank-roll and ——"

"Why, Hennery!" squawks the dame, jumpin' up off the chair.

I heard the well-known dull thud on the other side of the cabinet and I guess it was Professor Parducci fallin' senseless on the floor. I thought Honest Dan had dropped dead from the way he was hung over a sofa.

"Each and every day," goes on the voice in the cabinet, "each and every day we ship a million lovely loaves ——"

"Merciful heavens!" yells the dame. "A sign! Hennery, shall I go back?"

"Back is right!" says the voice. "These guys are cheap crooks and they ain't no Marc Anthony!"

The lights go out and Honest Dan comes to, rushin' over to the stout dame with a million alibis tryin' to be first out of his mouth. I beat it around to the back; but the professor has gone somewheres else while the goin' was fair to medium.

"You have deceived me, you wretch!" screams the stout dame. "You have ——"

That's as far as she got because right in the middle of it she pulls a faint and daughter eases her to the floor. The Kid hops out of the cabinet and grabs Honest Dan.

"Beat it, you rat!" bawls Scanlan, "before I commit mayhem!"

From the way Honest Dan went out of that room, he should be passin' Samoa now!

Daughter reaches up and grabs the Kid's hand. "I — I — want to thank you!" she says, "for saving my mother. I — don't know what might have happened if you hadn't been here!"

"That's all right!" pipes the Kid. "D'ye want us to do anything else?"

"Yes!" she says, "Will you tell me where you heard that — that description of the — the million lovely loaves?"

"Sure," answers the Kid. "When we was comin' East we stopped off at a hick burg somewheres and a guy took us over a bakery ——"

Daughter claps her hands and laughs.

"Poetic justice!" she says. "That explains everything. My poor, dear father founded that bakery and those were the last advertisements for it that he wrote!"

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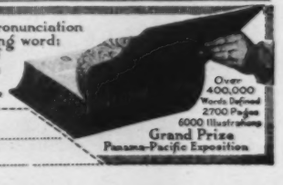

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By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

Editor of McClure's Monthly Financial Department, "Your Money and How to Make it Earn"

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At first blush it may appear anomalous that the word opportunity should be associated with reorganizations, which imply failure, receivership and a general wiping out or "sweating" of obligations of various kinds. But the shrewd, skilful and intelligent investor always reaps his greatest reward from stocks and bonds which are temporarily under a cloud. Obviously the secret of investing for unusually large returns is to purchase securities temporarily depressed in price but possessing intrinsic merit. This is often true of those about to go through reorganization, or in the process, or having just completed it.

At the very start it may be well to disclaim any intention of presenting a sure method of picking out "cheap" stocks that may or will prove bargains. Neither the writer, not any other man, living or dead, possesses the philosopher's stone or fountain of eternal investment youth. In its last analysis successful investment, leaving out of consideration the ultra-conservative type which is contented with a low interest return, is solely a matter of good *judgment*. Even John D. Rockefeller has made terribly serious and fatal mistakes of judgment in his investments. So it is with nearly every other multi-millionaire.

Indeed, it should be said that some skill and study are necessary as a rule, to take advantage of reorganizations. This is no field for the hopeless person who says he (or she) knows nothing whatever about finance and yet in the very act of saying it conveys the impression that by some unexplained miracle he (or she) should be enabled to quickly acquire riches from the right investment. Those who stubbornly refuse to try to understand these subjects, or through mere carelessness make frightful blunders, are warned from reading this article. Yet I desire to assert that any person of reasonable intelligence who is willing to devote a few hours to hard and careful reading and study should be able to discover numerous situations in the various railroad reorganizations that might well redound to his advantage.

Two classes of investors have an interest in reorganizations, those who already have securities in the unhappy company and who desire to suffer as little as possible, and those who go in at such a time to profit by the opportunity afforded. This article will have to do chiefly with railroads, because a large number were involved in the years from 1912 to 1916, and many thousands of persons are concerned.

In 1915 more than one billion dollars of railroad bonds and stocks were in receivers' hands. A corporation takes this action when it cannot pay its debts. Usually the stockholders and various bondholders "get together" and form protective committees. Then if there is enough property to conserve, these various committees form a joint reorganization committee which draws up a plan for putting the company on its feet. This plan commonly involves raising cash by assessing the stockholders and sometimes the bondholders, and forming a new company whose fixed charges (interest obligations) will be so much less than those of the old company that the new company will be morally certain of not getting into trouble again. Of course the more "drastic" the scaling down the more sure the new company is to succeed. Stockholders or bondholders who pay an assessment commonly receive new securities.

In only rare cases does the investor have any legal obligation to pay an assessment, to join or enter the reorganization. No bonds and very few stocks, except mining shares, are assessable in the enforced sense. But if the investor does not pay what is asked of him, if in other words he does not "assent" he is simply wiped out. The whole question then before us is to see whether it pays to assent, and this is solely a question of fact and judgment to be determined on the merits of each case.

Let me first observe that while very little financial knowledge or even attention is required to own a stock or bond in a going, solvent company, it is a wholly different matter to be an investor in an insolvent corporation. Then the investor must keep his ears and eyes wide open. It is no longer enough to sit still and wait for dividends to come. One must be wide awake and observant. If you have stocks or bonds in a company that falls into receivers' hands you must read every item of news about the company. Either you must have ready access to the statistical department of a reliable banking or brokerage firm or you must follow some specialized financial service. Although reorganization committees advertise extensively there are always hundreds of investors who utterly fail to read or to understand these instructions, who do not deposit their securities with the committee until after the last day has expired, who do not pay the assessment in time, who never see or read the reorganization plan and who generally fail to get aboard, although the committees spend hundreds of thousands of dollars which have to come out of the investors' pockets in shouting to them through advertisements and circulars to get aboard.

Usually in the case of the larger and better known companies the committees consist of reputable men, bankers and insurance company officials, who can be trusted. True enough they spend a great deal of money and one reason bank officers are so willing to serve on committees is because their banks profit from taking part in the reorganizations. But these abuses are being slowly righted, and besides no one has ever suggested any other way of doing it. Where there are rival committees denouncing one another, the investor is bewildered. No help or advice can be given in such a case except to judge as best one can and sit tight just as long as possible. That is, don't join either until the last possible moment.

In case of small mining and real estate companies where the property is of slight or doubtful value and the committees do not consist of men who command confidence, this advice may be given: if an assessment of any size is asked, stay out and charge off your investment to total loss, but if no assessment is asked take your chances with the committee.

There have been two fairly recent periods of railroad receivership in this country, that through which we have just passed and that of 1893. Many of the strongest railroads in the country today went through reorganization between 1893 and 1896. These include the extremely rich and successful Atchison, Reading, Union Pacific, Norfolk & Western; the prosperous Northern Pacific and Baltimore and Ohio; and the Southern and the Erie. Indeed, the Reading, although today one of the most prosperous enterprises in this country, has been through three receiverships, the Northern Pacific two, and the Atchison one, and one reorganization without receivership. Indeed, many of the best railways of today have evolved from the disasters of the past.

The strong position which most of these railroads hold today is in fact largely due to the thoroughness with which they were reorganized more than twenty years ago. For detailed information on this subject one should read the standard book, Daggett's Railroad Reorganization, or the excellent circular issued by the brokerage firm of A. A. Housman & Co. The Erie and Southern have been laggards, but fixed charges on the Erie were reduced far less than on the Atchison, Northern Pacific, Union Pacific and Reading, and as for the Southern's lack of marked prosperity, this may be ascribed to obvious causes. At any rate none of these companies found it at all difficult to weather the railroad insolvency storm that swept the country two or three years ago.

And in every case, including the Erie and the Southern, the securities have shown an enormous advance from the low prices of 1894 to the present time. Atchison and Norfolk & Western which sold at 3 and 4 respectively in 1894 are now selling around 105 and 135 and are universally considered worth those prices. If

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a man had bought 100 shares each of thirty-seven railroad stocks selling at $15 or under in 1894 the cost would have been $29,097 and later there would have been $24,050 assessments to pay. Allowing for interest on his capital as offset by subsequent dividends, the profit would have been 330%, or $178,432 on the investment of $53,147, if all the stocks had been sold at the high prices of 1906. Of course this is an extreme, hypothetical transaction, but it is a striking illustration all the same. Profits on the purchase or reorganized bonds in the late '90s have been figured from 54% to 218%.

There appear to be good chances of a satisfactory outcome for investors in railroads now going through reorganization, such as the Rock Island, Wabash, Missouri Pacific, Frisco and perhaps others. Fixed charges on the Frisco have been reduced 38.5% and on the Missouri Pacific 26.9%. It is obviously unwise to specify too closely. Prices may be entirely altered during the two months that always elapse between the writing of this article and the time when readers see the magazine. But certain general suggestions may be made.

In the October issue of McClure's, Wabash preferred A stock was favorably spoken of, although readers of this department know full well how averse the writer is to recommending specific stocks. At the present writing (Feb. 1) Wabash preferred A has had a considerable rise and has recently commenced paying dividends. The selection of this stock last summer for a "business man's" investment, provided one could afford to wait for returns, was just the sort of opportunity that reorganizations constantly afford. It was a conservative speculative investment, and the writer would not have been surprised if two or three years had passed before it "made good." Fortunately in this particular instance results came sooner.

There are always old, underlying mortgage bonds "close" to the property of a railroad, which reorganization does not disturb. These often decline far below their real worth during the course of reorganization from solely sentimental causes. Those who want to buy gilt edge bonds below their probable value should study Rock Island general 4s and Frisco general 6s. The discriminating investor should study Rock Island refunding 4s which at 77 pay about 6%, and which not long ago sold as low as 63. Apparently the reorganization will not disturb them, and even if all the present plans fall through the refunding bondholders if they cared to could wipe out all the bonds below them as well as the stock, and take the entire property for themselves.

Other suggestions for careful study are the new Frisco prior lien 4s, prior lien 5s and adjustment 6s, the first two being fairly sure to net the investor 6%, while the adjustments may net from 7 to 9%, although of course there is a speculative element in any such bond. Others to be studied are the Missouri Pacific general 4s, "when issued," and possibly the preferred stock, "when issued." There are those who have confidence that Rock Island preferred A stock, also w. i., will begin to pay its 7% dividends almost immediately, although it is now selling under 90.

Any continuance of the present volume of railroad earnings is almost certain to assure the complete success of the pending reorganizations. Of course the problem of regulation, labor, taxes and rates are serious, but the railroads have often faced difficult problems before and survived. If a railroad property has a real economic justification, if its troubles have been financial, it almost always works out of a reorganization. But there are a few small railroads built where there is no traffic or at a cost so absurdly prohibitive that no amount of reorganization can impart any value to their securities.

Books About Stocks and Bonds

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Corporation Finance. Part 2. Distributing Securities. Reorganization. By Hastings Lyon. Houghton Mifflin Co. $2. The first part of Professor Lyon's work was entitled Capitalization, and the two books are now combined in one volume at the cost of $3. Few men are better fitted to write on this subject than Professor Lyon owing to his active practice of law for the Investment Bankers Association of America. His work is characterized by accuracy and painstaking detail. Every point is illustrated by concrete cases. In the second volume he writes with especial care and thoroughness on syndicates and reorganizations. The last named subject is treated at great length and is of much interest to the investor. Other

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subjects treated are: Raising funds for the capital account through appeal to stockholders, raising funds through banking houses, listing on the stock exchange, corporate income, special nature of the income of a holding company and origin of the complexity of liens. The book is marred by a needlessly dull, heavy and involved style and by utter absence of order and system in the arrangement of subjects. Moreover the chapter on stock exchange listing is handled in such a way as to make it a mere "filler," and at the most should have been relegated to an appendix.

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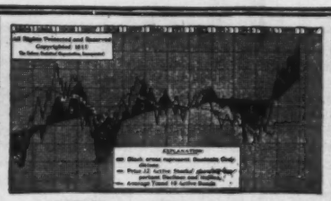

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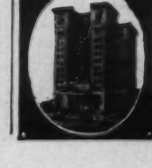

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The Opal Morning

[*Continued from page 24*]

Besides, he had a curiosity to see the end of the game — evidently a crooked one — and Bill might need looking after.

"Oh, good!" cried Irene, rising. "I'll go and see the Boss — he'll be all right. We don't need to dance again tonight. That'll be a lark, all right." She ran lightly down the room, and, eagerly as a child, buttonholed the tall saturnine proprietor.

"Roulette." The Pest spoke up with a great rolling of eyes and R's. "Excellent. I loof it. You shall help me, you nice mans — be my — what you call — Mashcote."

"Mash coat! Oh, Lord, oh Lord! you'll be the death of me!" Matt roared. "Sure, little one, I will be your mascot."

"Ah," she cried delightedly. "'Mascotte!' lake zat — the same as French — Oh, verree well!"

Allison looked at Hélène. She seemed neither glad nor sorry, more as if she considered it a matter of business. He liked her make-up, he decided; it was intelligent. She was heavily but smoothly powdered, her great eyes, elongated in straight pencil lines, added something enigmatic to her level gaze. Her mouth, with large, well-formed lips, was darkly, almost blackly red, more sinister than vampire scarlet and more secretly alluring. He wondered how old she might be. One could never tell with these strange women. But however young, she was most thoroughly experienced.

Irene came skipping and sliding with graceful dancing steps over the polished floor.

"Come on, boys," she called. "It's all right. I told William to scare us up a taxi at the corner."

Van rose. "I'll be with you in a minute. I'm going to speak to Sweeney. How many quarts do we want — half a dozen? That'll hold us for a while. Have you got anything for breakfast, Hélène, or shall I forage in the ice-box here?"

"Oh, Saku always has eggs and bacon and little sausages," Hélène answered indifferently. "It's a standing order. I'm ready if you are."

The party bundled uncomfortably into one cab, were jolted and bounced down the side street up the Great White Way, now fast fading into grayness, and turned west again in the upper Forties.

Allison cursed under his breath and called himself a fool, not only for this stupid round of would-be gaiety but for having dismissed his own motor car. He was cramped and uncomfortable. Irene, voluble and wriggling, sat in his lap, clutching at his coat-collar whenever the cab jolted unduly. Hélène sat next him with the little Hungarian on her knees. It was all sordid, old stuff. The girls smelled of cheap perfume and scented face-powder. The atmosphere reeked of the sour smell of wine, the acrid odor of stale tobacco smoke — bah!

Before a tall apartment-house the taxi came to a stop. Stiffly they disentangled themselves and their wraps, and were conveyed up in the elevator by a bleary-eyed negro boy. Hélène preceded them down a short corridor, opened a door with her latch-key, and turned on the switch. A step or two to a portiere and she ushered her guests into a living-room. A long table was piled with books, a center lamp of Chinese bronze, deep-seated comfortable chairs, flowers everywhere. On the walls a few framed photographs of musical celebrities, mostly signed; several studies by well-known artists; a framed caricature by Caran d'Arche; Steinlen's Pierrot poster. These were the dissonant notes. A conventional cosy corner with red lights, cushions and tabourette, bearing cigarettes; red-plush curtains; a cellarette; a dog basket, at present untenanted; a divan; a decorated tea-wagon, loaded with an ample cocktail set. These things were more in keeping with the place and the hostess.

Van, with an air of boastful ownership, set out the champagne bottles and called for Saku in a bellowing roar. The girls made themselves comfortable, while Hélène, from the bottom of the cabinet, took out the roulette-wheel and the long, green painted cloth that marked the numbers. She cleared the table and set the layout. Her face remained expressionless, her welcome a mere matter of business as stereotyped as her smile. A white-clad Japanese appeared presently, noted the number of the guests, nodded approval, and, without asking or receiving instructions, retired to the kitchenette. Evidently such breakfast parties were the regular order of things.

The company gathered quickly about the wheel. Van poured the champagne and joined the others, his face paling a little and his eyes narrowing. The click of the ball always had the effect of a pull at his heart, a tensing of his gambler's nerves. Bangs hauled out his available change and rumpled a roll of bills.

The girls ostentatiously jingled gilt mesh-purses and talked in strained, high voices as they drew up chairs and performed various rites "for luck." Hélène joined them; lost, won again, excused herself and rose. Van would bank.

In spite of his weariness and disgust Allison watched her. She intrigued him. What was she? Was the game crooked? Was she herself as remote as she seemed? Was she somebody's tool, or somebody's victim? Was the game her own venture, or was Sweeney back of it? Where did Van come in? He took a hand, and presently the fascination of the game of chance seized his attention.

The clean-up was certainly in favor of the house with a vengeance. Back of them Hélène hovered. In the dining-room the noise of dishes and silver indicated the activities of Saku. More champagne. The ball clicked faster. Somewhere a clock rang four. Hélène had disposed herself on the divan in the embrasure of the window, saying nothing, seemingly oblivious of the others.

Allison rose and stretched. "I've got

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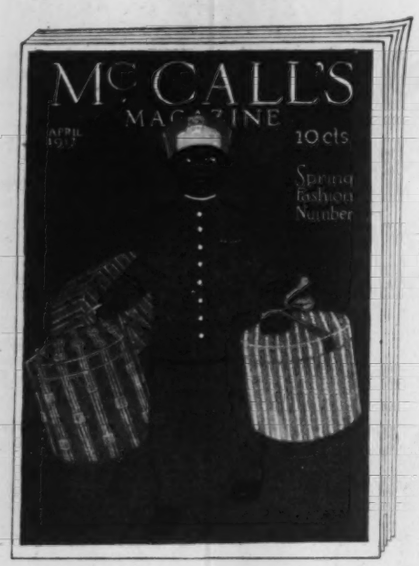

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enough," he said. "When's that Jap going to announce tiffin?"

"Half-past four, I told him," Hélène answered.

He looked at her. She certainly was handsome — more than that — there was latent power in her, in her face, in her relaxed figure, in the even, low-pitched quality of her indifferent voice. Allison looked from her to the others at the table. "The little pest" was lolling over Bangs and rumpling his hair with her beringed hands. Irene had degenerated to the gutter from which she had risen on her winged feet. Allison was not proud of his own friends. It was an ugly sight, these men and women, seeking excitement. He felt in his pocket for his cigarette-case, and found it empty.

"Over there." Hélène pointed to the tabourette. "No, wait. I've got some I think you might like better — if you care for Cubans. In the red painted box on the writing-desk."

ALLISON nodded, crossed the room and jerked the cord on a jeweled desk light, that brought into sharp prominence every feature of the gaudy, gilt escritoire. Then he stood still, his hand suspended above the gaily painted Dutch cofferette. His eyes, wide with surprise, were fixed upon a portrait of Forrest Allyne in a silver frame — Forrest Allyne in this cabaret dancer's flat! Could she, "the girl of the tiger-skin" — "Miss Three Weeks" — have read "I, Too, Have Been in Arcady?" Did she know those songs of simple things — those frail imaginings? or had she been attracted by some twist of natural animalism to the face of that passionate youth?

"Ah!" he said aloud. "Good-looking chap. Who's your friend, Hélène?" He picked up the picture.

"That?" Her voice crossed the hubbub of the room as if traveling in an element of its own, not loud, but curiously distinct. "That's a boy I used to know. He's taken to writing lately; sent me a volume of his stuff the other day — sort of Kid flirtation, you know."

Allison chuckled. "Not your style, I should say. Shouldn't think you'd take much stock in him. Have you read his book?"

She rose from the divan nervously and joined him. With swift fingers, as if she resented his possessive grip, she took the picture from his hand. A flush showed faintly under her whitened skin.

"Oh, yes, I glanced at it. It isn't the sort of thing that would interest you at all. You'd guy it. Where *are* those cigarettes? Box is empty? That's Saku, he loves 'em; I can't keep one. Just the same I've got a lot hidden I bet he didn't find." She unlocked the escritoire, and, pulling out a drawer, rummaged in its secret recesses. Over her white shoulder he had a glimpse of the tumbled interior of the desk — its pens and inks, its rumpled bills, pink note bond, a bunch of rose-colored gauze samples, and spread out, as if the letter had been hastily left uncompleted, a double page of cheap writing-paper, half covered with the ill-formed, individual handwriting he knew so well.

"Good God!" he gasped. "You're not 'Me,' are you?"

Her body whipped itself erect and she stood staring at him open-mouthed, her black-red lips drawn above her glittering teeth.

"What do you mean?" she demanded. Her hand fell with a quick protective gesture on the unfinished letter.

He laughed harshly. "Lord! what a joke! You — *you* the girl 'marooned in a lot of scenery'! You the girl who has her letters delivered with the milk-cans. No wonder you're an authority on dawns! Lord! What a farce!"

"Stop laughing!" she flamed. "Stop it, I say! I won't be laughed at, and it isn't a laughing matter. So *he's* a cad, too — like all the rest! Had to show around the little country girl's letters, did he?" Her hand was shaking as she crumpled the sheet and threw it into the scrap basket. "Well, you can go back and tell him just what kind of a little backwoods ingenue wrote 'em — for the fun of the thing — to make a jackass of a poet have the big head just to make the man with that silly woman-face think he'd been writing something real with his twaddle!"

Allison hardly listened to her. Something deep within him was angrily resenting this changling of his dreams. He was suddenly furious with this painted dancer for her impersonation of that other — as if somehow she had wronged a real and living entity. His resentment burst into being.

"Gad!" he explained. "It makes me sick! What the deuce did you want to go to all that elaborate trouble for? What's the sense? And that snapshot — a lot like *you* — gingham and pinafores and lilacs and sunbonnets, hey? Of all the stupid ——"

"So he showed you *that*, too, did he?" she interrupted. "Sweet proposition, *he* is. That was a snapshot of Lillie Ling — a movie girl — I happened to know — she looks the rube part all right, and — well, you can tell him to come and see me dance the tiger dance. That'll give him something new in ginghams. *Then* he can tell the story on himself if he wants to."

"Oh, he's seen you dance and he doesn't care to repeat the story, believe me."

"Oh, he has, has he?" Her eyes blazed. "Yes, he has. If you want to know, I wrote 'I, Too, Have Been in Arcady.' *I'm* your childhood's friend."

She stepped away from him three slow steps. Her gaze traveled from the face of the youth in the portrait to Allison's living presence.

"*You*," she whispered. "*You* wrote Arcady — you wrote 'The Opal Morning'? *No*, you didn't. You're lying — you — you bally rounder — you — *you* the Bright-light pet!"

"Well," he sneered, "what about it? You, my precious little country girl — we're quits."

"But you couldn't!" There was a sob in her voice. "*You couldn't* write 'The Slipped Tether' — 'The Steed With Wings'!" She snatched the framed picture and held it to her breast with an unconsciously dramatic gesture.

"Oh, yes, I did." His anger was dying down in a curious new curiosity and wonder. "And 'Pan's Hoofprints,' and 'The Little Masque.' You see, I remember your favorites."

She turned on him with sudden low-voiced fury. "And you! *You* dared to write like that — to make *me* feel like that! Isn't there any truth in the world — is everything that looks beautiful just a sham and a cheat! I — I worshiped those things. They took me out of myself — they made me *think* I was the girl who wrote you — and now — bah!" She threw the portrait atop of the letter in the trash basket. There were tears on her lashes.

"Bleakfast," Saku announced.

A sudden pushing back of chairs, yawns and giggles as the party broke up, and, led by Van, made their way to the dining-room.

"Cooming — no?" the little Hungarian called, as she hung possessively to Matt's arm.

"In a minute," Hélène answered. "Go ahead, don't wait for me" — her voice broke on the last word, and she feigned to cough, as she waved a gesture of angry dismissal to her companion.

But Allison did not move. "If you care so much for that sort of thing — the Arcady — why *this?*" His spread palm indicated the gaming table — its oilcloth surface smeared with spilt champagne, the chips piled in uncounted heaps.

"Well," she answered, her head thrown back, her eyes defiant. "If *you* care so much for Arcady, why *this?*" Her gesture of loathing included him from top to toe and seemed to background him with all the reek and vice he had sneered at.

"But I don't understand."

"Neither do I." She came back fiercely. "*You* don't *have* to do this sort of thing."

"Do you?" he demanded.

"I've got to live," she blazed.

"But not like this."

"How do you know? I've got to make money — so I can go back."

"To the farm, hey?" His own voice was bitter.

"No — back to Paris — back to work."

"Ah! — work." His tone was an insult, and her cheeks crimsoned.

"Yes, *work*. Why am I dancing? Because I won't strain my voice — singing in the slums, the only openings I could get over here. And I've got a voice, and I'm going to make good, see if I don't. I had a little money when I came of age, but it's all used up, and the war broke out or I'd have managed somehow there — in Paris. I had to come back — but I'm not beaten. Do you think I want *this* — do you think I want to be with people like *that?*" She jerked her head toward the dining-room, whence came sounds of maudlin talk and inane giggling. "Do you think I want such men as *you* around me? Well, I don't. You rub me raw, all of you — all of you!"

The words of her letter flashed in his brain: "Do you have to be with people you dislike

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all the time?" . . . "My soul is sandpapered raw." . . . "There's a cascade, a rockery here—a horrid, stilted, man-made thing." He remembered the glass grotto of the restaurant, with its illumined step. . . . "I hate its pour, pour, pour."

He looked at her, all his resentment gone. Why, the girl had written her heart and soul in those letters to a stranger. They were the truth, the naked truth. He realized that he alone of all who surrounded her knew her. To him blindly she had shown herself. "Me" was real. She *was* "Me," and with that sudden understanding came disgust with himself. Yes, he was a pretty poor substitute for Allyne. Allyne was the better half of himself. He, the man of the world, was after all, a pretty low-down animal. A great wave of pity swept over him. He was resolved, suddenly and impetuously resolved to let "Me" divorce Hélène, and return to herself and her possibilities.

"Listen here," he said sharply. "I believe you wrote your real self in those letters. I believe you do want to get out. I believe it's your right to get out. If I set up the money, and it won't hurt me—I've got a lot of it—will you clear out of this whole thing? Will you go back, and *work*—will you?"

She quivered with indignation from head to foot. If eyes could kill he would have been smitten dead.

"How dare you, how dare you!" she stammered.

He looked at her gravely. "Why, of course, I dare. I *mean* it. I'm just fool enough to have faith in the 'Me' I know in those letters."

"You—you—or your kind—give something for nothing, just to help—a—a cabaret dancer—not much!" She laughed, and her laughter was poisonous in its weary hate.

"I don't blame you," he said gently. "But, look here. I know something of the real you, you see, and *I* wrote the Arcady. That, too, is myself. Nobody except my publishers and the artist who drew the picture of what I'd like to look like know that I, Forbes Allison, am Forrest Allyne. Listen to me. I don't ask you to accept anything from Allison. I wouldn't ask you—but—you know what this life is. You know what you want to be. Here is the way out—take it! Not from me, but from the man who was once in Arcady, from that other one who wrote of real dawns. You needn't be afraid, and you couldn't resent it from *him*."

She crossed her arms about her body as if to hold herself together. Her teeth were chattering; her brows contracted as if in unendurable pain. He put his hand on her naked shoulder, and his touch had all the gentleness of a ministering saint. Even her resentful flesh did not wince.

"Little sister—because—I know the real you, because you know the other one in me—let me—open the door of freedom for you—let me——"

There was a cry, a crash of plates, a burst of riotous laughter and confused exclamations.

"Ah, God!" She quivered and turned to him, sick with disgust. She was silent a moment, the lovely lids closing over her tired eyes. Then she straightened and looked at him. "Thank you," she said simply. "'You'—you may help 'Me.'"

His face relaxed, his eyes darkened and softened till for a moment the shadow and semblance of the mythical portrait seemed to dwell upon his different face.

"Thank you, 'Me,'" he said softly, and, crossing to the window, drew back the curtains and raised the shade.

The sky above the house-tops rushed to meet them, streaming lights of pink and silver against the greenish heavens, purple shadows back of chimney-pots that had turned to cornelian and coral, flecks of gold and drifts of milky blue. "'Me,'" he said softly. "Look—the opal morning!"

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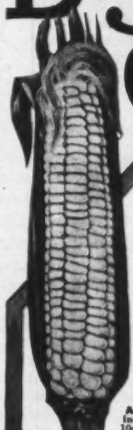

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Questions Concerning Foods and Drugs

Discussed by Lewis B. Allyn

Professor Lewis B. Allyn, of Westfield, Massachusetts, the creator of the Westfield Standard, is Food Editor of the McClure Publications, and will answer, without charge, any question from a McClure reader on foods, beverages, or toilet preparations. Please enclose a stamped envelope for reply, as all questions are answered personally, and not (unless of general interest) through the magazine. Address Professor Allyn, care of The McClure Publications, McClure Building, New York.

What Makes Butter Yellow

YOU have answered several of our questions concerning foods but there is one which I have never heard discussed; it is "what makes butter yellow?" Of course I know that butter color will do it, but what I mean is, why is butter naturally yellow? *Mrs. C. M. R., Mich.*

Many people judge of the value of butter principally by its color, believing that within certain limits the brighter the yellow, the richer the product. This is an empirical judgment and one of many illustrations of the futility of using color as the basis of selection. The yellow pigment to which butter owes its color is also present in the fat globules in milk. Since these are more widely scattered the color is not so apparent in milk. This same pigment consists of several common pigments found in grass and other plants, carotin and xanthopylis.

These coloring matters pass from the feed into the milk. This explains why carrots and the fresh grass in spring and summer quickly increase the yellow color of butter.

The Dairy Division of the United States Department of Agriculture has demonstrated that by far the larger part of the yellow pigments from the feed is deposited in the fat of the cow. When the ration is changed to one containing less coloring matter, for example — hay or ensilage, the fat yields up some of its stored color and thus the yellowness of the milk or butter does not decrease as rapidly as might be expected. Any dairyman will tell you that not only does the breed of animal, probably through its ability to store and utilize the yellow vegetable pigments, influence the color of butter, but he can increase the yellowness by feeding selected foods rich in coloring matters.

Good Advice for Patent Medicine Takers

THE *State Board of Health of Vermont issues the following, which all of us can read with profit:*

SEVEN REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD LET PATENT MEDICINES ALONE

1. There may be any one of a hundred things the matter with you. You can't tell which trouble you have.

2. There are a hundred different concoctions advertised. You can't tell which one you need. This again is guesswork — mere guesswork when life and health are in the balance.

3. In either case, if you guess wrong, positive injury is done; for any medicine strong enough to do good work when needed will do harm when not needed.

4. A remedy useful in one stage of a disease may be positively injurious at some other stage of that disease. With the patent medicine there is no discrimination.

5. Because you get well after using a certain preparation, is no reason you get well because of it. When you are sick there are fifty chances to one that you will get well anyhow, and if you take a patent medicine, the chances are that you recover in spite of taking it, and not because of taking it.

6. The recuperative powers in the body — the natural tendency to throw off disease, re-adjust our physical machinery, and get things back in good order — these are your greatest helps in getting well again, and a drug which is not needed by your system hinders and checks these recuperative powers — and if you use patent medicines, there are a hundred chances to one that you will get a drug that is not needed for your particular malady and your particular stage of that malady.

7. Right living will make it unnecessary to drug yourself except at very rare intervals, but if you do get sick enough to really need treatment, do not take a concoction of drugs prepared by a man who probably has no medical training, has never seen you, knows nothing of your case, and whose mixture has ninety-nine chances of missing you to one of hitting.—*The Progressive Farmer.*

Better Let an Expert Do It

THE *women I meet are selling crullers, mincemeat, jellies, etc., the profit to be given to their church. I understand the manufacture of pure baking powder, extracts, etc., as my father was a chemist and manufacturer of patent medicines, and we always made our own baking powder in my father's home.*

Could I make the above baking powder and extracts and sell a limited quantity to my friends and acquaintances and give the profit on same to help clear our little church debt, without sending sample of each to Washington, D. C., for approval of Food and Drug Commissioner, as I would have to do if launching it on the market? *Mrs. W. M. S., New Jersey.*

If you do not intend to sell the products you mention outside the state of New Jersey, you will have to conform only to the laws of your state. If sold outside of New Jersey they become amenable to the provisions of the Federal law. In either event, the products must be correctly labeled and must contain no forbidden ingredients. You will bear in mind the net weight or volume statement.

You are not required to send a sample of any product to Wash., D. C. The Food and Drug Commission do not approve any product.

The baking powder will doubtless contain no alum and like the extracts will be made from pure, high-grade materials.

Possibly you could secure the coöperation of some manufacturer of high-grade powders and extracts. Any such maker can produce a better and more economical product with his buying power, manufacturing facilities, chemical control, years of experience, etc.

A "Foxy" Old Chemist

I AM *much interested in your article "Silver Hair Dye" in McClure's for January, and I am sending you, under separate cover, a small sample of tonic which I wish analysis of.*

I cannot, however, conform to your request to send an original package, as I get it from an old chemist who uses no labels and all kinds of bottles, charging by the ounce. This article really does restore the faded gray hair to a good healthy color.

I have great trouble getting the tonic, as I need it, and would like the formula, and unless you find something harmful in it, I can recommend it to your readers as a hair color restorative.

Thank you for any interest you may take in my request. *Miss J. K. C., New York.*

No wonder the "old chemist uses no labels and all kinds of bottles." We should suspect he would be glad to hide his identity.

The stuff is exceedingly poisonous, containing the dangerous sugar of lead. It is practically a solution of lead acetate and sulphur. In using this stuff one runs the risk of contracting lead poisoning. It does not restore color to gray hair, but only forms lead sulphid thereon, which may be mistaken for natural hair color. The preparation should be condemned.

IMPORTANT: If you wish a sample tested, send the article to be tested in an original, unopened package to Prof. Lewis B. Allyn, McClure Laboratories, Westfield, Mass., with your name and address plainly marked. Where the article itself is not sent, the trade name, the manufacturer's name, and that of the dealer from whom the article was purchased, should be given. For bulk goods, a sufficient quantity should be sent, as well as the name of the dealer from whom purchased, and date of purchase. All applicants for this service should state whether they are readers of or subscribers to McClure's.

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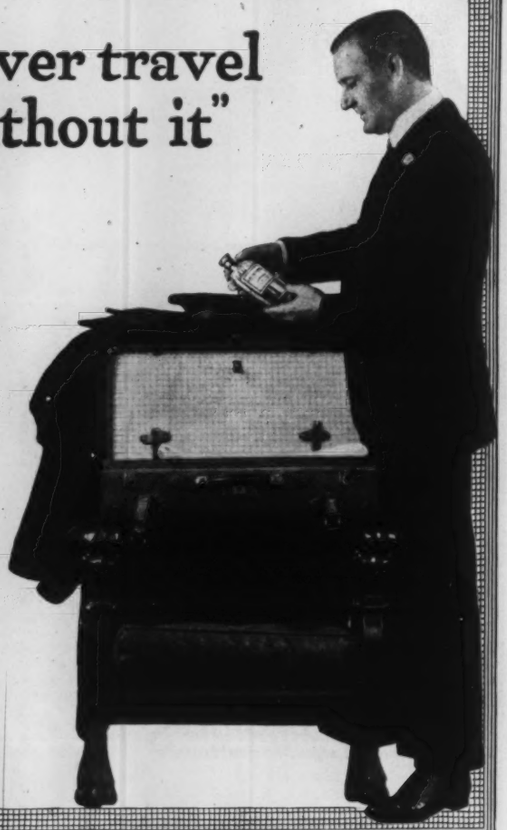

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Keeping Up the Cost of Living

A Problem in Roads, Legislation and Motor Trucks

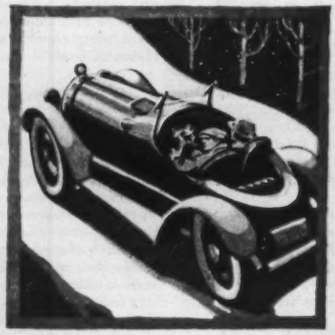
By Waldemar Kaempffert

AN embittered and satirical German once wrote a history of human stupidity. Of the more fatuous asininities recorded in that monument to imbecility I remember the scathing reference to Bohemian peasants who committed suicide in order to escape the census taker's count, to the pills that were sold to credulous Cossacks who dreaded the evil influence of Donati's comet, and lastly to England's "Road Locomotive Act." No Russian Czar ever conceived anything more blighting than that piece of legislation. Its purpose was to crown the horse as the king of England's highways and to stop the invention of automobiles.

Steam stage-coaches ran successfully in England as early as 1824. They carried passengers regularly between Cheltenham and Gloucester at an average speed of ten to fourteen miles an hour. The draymen and the horse-coach owners noted that. Accordingly, they saw to it that the steam-wagons were compelled to pay prohibitive tolls. That almost blotted the mechanical vehicle out of existence—but not quite. The steam coach still twitched with a few signs of life. And so horse owners induced Parliament to assume the rôle of executioner, which it obligingly did by passing the Road Locomotive Act.

When you consider the more important provisions of that Eiffel Tower of legislative idiocy you can understand why a misanthropic German would relish the task of tomahawking them in a history of human stupidity. The Road Locomotive Act shot the steam coach in the head by providing that at least three men must operate the vehicle. Then it stabbed it in the heart by making it a criminal offense to blow off steam, which prohibition is the equivalent of forbidding a man to breathe. And finally it clubbed the steam coach to a pulp by preventing a mechanical vehicle from running at all unless its speed were limited to four miles an hour and unless it were preceded by a man bearing a red flag! That law adorned the statute books until 1896. No wonder that not England, but Germany and France gave the world the gasoline automobile.

We are passing road locomotive acts in this country now—acts not quite so perniciously funny and grotesquely retroactive as England's historic piece of highway legislation, but nevertheless irritatingly hampering to the free development of the motor truck.



It has been discovered that heavy trucks wear out roads. In bizarre China, where they read books backward and begin dinners with desserts, the authorities would probably build roads to withstand heavy motor traffic and tax the entire community to pay for the cost. But in a community inhabited by Anglo-Saxons such queerness is not to be tolerated. It matters not that mechanical haulage reduces the cost of flour, eggs and vegetables to the customers of every city grocery; the roads are worn away. Accordingly, many of our states have blindly decided to place a prohibitive tax on heavy commercial motor trucks.

A road is to a city what a harbor is to a port. Through some inexplicable oversight, no one has thought of taxing ships for using the waters leading into a harbor. To be sure, the water is not worn much, but for all that, princely sums must be spent to dredge channels for great passenger liners and freight carriers. In the fiscal year of 1916, some twenty-one million tons of freight entered the harbor of New York by way of expensively maintained passages—tons carried in huge ships and therefore far more cheaply than would have been possible in little steamers for which no dredges would have to open a way. More than forty-four million dollars was appropriated by Congress in 1916 for the improvement of our rivers and harbors. But not a ship is taxed. Can it be that the droll notion has gained ground that a vessel does not visit merely the port in which she casts anchor and that the goods in her hold are to be distributed over the entire country?

In July, 1916, Maryland passed laws which have actually taxed motor trucks and motor omnibuses as much as $250 a year. No wonder that some motor trucks have been driven from Maryland's highways. Rhode Island has increased her truck fees from one and one-half to almost ten times her former impositions. Delaware, California and New Jersey are likewise considering ways of making it hard for a motor truck to reduce the cost of living.

The attitude of our state legislatures is strikingly like that of the quaint Parliament that passed the Road Locomotive Act. A New Jersey legislative committee, for example, suggested the happy provision that the driver of a truck should carry a waybill for each load, which waybill was to show the gross weight and the net weight carried. Imagine the perplexity of a motor-truck's driver as he gathers up fifty packages at different points and delivers them to as many addresses! Can't you see him puzzling over his waybill, with the stub of a pencil, whenever he takes off a parcel? Can you imagine a better way of reducing the average speed of a motor truck to that of a horse?

The man who had to carry a red flag in front of a crawling automobile to comply with the old Road Locomotive Act is no mean subject for the comic weeklies. New Jersey almost succeeded in matching the law by which he was created. The state legislature considered the proposal of compelling motor vehicles to carry spare wheels, "so as to avoid the possibility of any part of the steel rims coming into contact with the surface of the roads, should the rubber tires become broken or otherwise damaged." Could you shift a safe with your thumb? Could a damaged rear wheel weighing eight hundred pounds with its load be lifted from the road with bare hands? That fine conception of the spare wheel shows that legislators have not deteriorated in imagination since the days of the old Road Locomotive Act.

The State of New York has enacted a law which increases motor truck fees from twice to fourteen times the old charges. The yearly fee or tax for motor trucks now varies from ten dollars for a two-ton vehicle to seventy dollars for a thirteen-ton vehicle. Motor omnibuses must pay from fifteen dollars to sixty-seven and a half dollars a year, depending upon the number of passengers which they carry. It will cost one express company $70,000 a year more than before to operate its motor trucks, because of New York's law.

More than two hundred thousand motor trucks will be put into service during 1917. If the restrictions imposed by New York were applied to all of them, they would have to sustain a burden of about five million dollars a year, not including the personal property tax, which would amount to about two per cent. of the value of the trucks, or, in round numbers, nine million two hundred thousand dollars. Thus, fourteen million, two hundred thousand dollars would be levied on motor trucks, if the New York

Mr. Kaempffert will be glad to answer any questions concerning this article. This service is free to McClure readers

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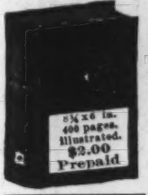

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idea were generally carried out. And, let it not be forgotten, New York rather sets the fashion in automobile legislation.

Less than one per cent. of the 8,500,000,000 tons of miscellaneous and farm products handled each year over the country's roads is conveyed in motor trucks. If the cost of this haulage is increased by only two cents a ton, we must pay $1,700,000 more to live. According to a preliminary report of Mr. Redfield, Secretary of Commerce, the cost of city cartage is an important factor in the high cost of living. The delivery expense of department store merchandise is less than two per cent. of the selling price; of milk, twelve per cent.; of coal and wood, nineteen per cent.; of ice, forty-five per cent. All these commodities can be delivered in larger units and in less time by motor trucks than by horses. But the taxes to be levied by many of our populous states will be paid not by horses, but by motor trucks. We invent an efficient means of reducing the cost of living, and then we tax it heavily, so that we are nearly as badly off as we were before!

Highways have been worn away because they were not built to withstand the traffic of the present day. The motor vehicle has developed more rapidly than our roads. In Massachusetts, for example, motor traffic has increased 129 per cent. in the last three years. New York State alone has more motor trucks than all England, and New York City more than any other city in the world.

It never seems to strike any legislature that present-day roads were built not for trucks but for passenger automobiles, and that the motor truck should not be penalized because politicians failed to consider it when they authorized roads for touring cars.

Since a legislator is as emotional as a poet, it is not to be expected that he will consider for a moment any sensible plan of taxing vehicles for the use of roads. If we must tax vehicles because they wear out macadam, concrete and bitumen, let us be just. First of all, we must find out the relative wear on a road of horse-drawn vehicles, pleasure automobiles, and motor trucks. That relative wear cannot be ascertained by guessing. Let us build a mile of road and by its means actually measure the wearing effect of different conveyances. And then let us apportion the road tax fairly, if the quixotic idea of taxing vehicles which are of benefit to the whole community must be carried out.

What has happened in the foregoing instalments of

SUMMER

CHARITY ROYALL had been "brought down from the Mountain" by Lawyer Royall when a child and had been taken into his home. After Mrs. Royall's death, seven or eight years later, there had been some talk of sending Charity to a boarding-school, but this did not materialize. For a while Charity took care of the home, but having a keen desire to earn some money so as to leave the dreary little New England village, she asks to be appointed librarian of the Hatchard Library.

The arrival of Lucius Harney, an architect interested in old houses, is the first real ray of sunshine in Charity's life and she immediately begins to weave a romance about him—a dream which is brought to an abrupt end when Charity learns that complaints have been made about her negligence of the library. Furious at Harney, who, she believes, has started the complaints, she dashes to the library to get her personal belongings and leave the place before she is dismissed. Realizing that his suggestions for improving the ventilation of the library have been misconstrued, Harney begs Charity to wait until he has seen his aunt, Miss Hatchard, about the matter. This Charity promises to do and she remains at the library.

Wishing to study old houses in the neighboring villages, Harney hires Lawyer Royall's buggy, and Charity drives him around on these expeditions. On one of their trips they go to see a broken-down old house up on the Mountain, but just as they reach the top of the Mountain they are caught in a storm and are obliged to ask shelter of the family living there. The squalid conditions in which they find these people, and the realization that these are the kind of folks she belongs to, completely unnerve the young girl, and when the storm abates sufficiently for them to leave they hurry out and start their drive home, Harney trying to comfort Charity.

How I Raised My Earnings from $30 to $1000 a week

The Story of a Young Man's Remarkable Rise, as Told by Himself.

THREE years ago I was earning $30 per week. With a wife and two children to support it was a constant struggle to make both ends meet. We saved very little, and that only by sacrificing things we really needed. Today my earnings average a thousand dollars weekly. I own two automobiles. My children go to private schools. I have just purchased, for cash, a $25,000 home. I go hunting, fishing, motoring, traveling, whenever I care to, and I do less work than ever before.

What I have done, anyone can do—for I am only an average man. I have never gone to college, my education is limited, and I am not "brilliant" by any means. I personally know at least a hundred men who are better business men than I, who are better educated, who are better informed on hundreds of subjects, and who have much better ideas than I ever had. Yet not one of them approaches my earnings. I mention this merely to show that earning capacity is not governed by the extent of a man's education and to convince my readers that there is only *one* reason for my success—a reason I will give herein.

One day, a few years ago, I began to "take stock" of myself. I found that, like most other men, I had energy, ambition, determination. Yet in spite of these assets, for some reason or other I drifted along without getting anywhere. My lack of education bothered me, and I had thought seriously of making further sacrifices in order to better equip myself to earn more. Then I read somewhere that but few *millionaires* ever went to college. Edison, Rockefeller, Hill, Schwab, Carnegie—not one of them had any more schooling than I had.

One day something happened that woke me up to what was wrong with me. It was necessary for me to make a decision on a matter which was of no great consequence. I knew in my heart what was the right thing to do, but something held me back. I said one thing, then another; I decided one way, then another. I couldn't for the life of me make the decision I knew was right.

I lay awake most of that night thinking about the matter—not because it was of any great importance in itself, but because I was beginning to discover myself. Along towards dawn I resolved to try an experiment. I decided to cultivate my will power, believing that if I did this I would not hesitate about making decisions—that when I had an idea I would have sufficient confidence in myself to put it "over"—that I would not be "afraid" of myself or of things or of others. I felt that if I could smash my ideas across I would soon make my presence felt. I knew that heretofore I had always begged for success—had always stood, hat in hand, depending on others to "give" me the things I desired. In short, I was controlled by the will of others. Henceforth, I determined to have a strong will of my own—*to demand and command what I wanted.*

But how shall I begin? What shall I do first? It was easy enough for me to determine to do things—I had "determined" many times before. But this was a question of will power, and I made up my mind that the first step was to muster up enough of my own will power to stick and carry out my determination.

With this new purpose in mind I applied myself to finding out something more about will power. I was sure that other men must have studied the subject, and the results of their experience would doubtless be of great value to me in understanding the workings of my own will. So, with a directness of purpose that I had scarcely known before, I began my search.

The results at first was discouraging. While a good deal had been written about the memory and other faculties of the brain, I could find nothing that offered any help to me in acquiring the new power that I had hoped might be possible.

But a little later in my investigation I encountered the works of Prof. Frank Channing Haddock. To my amazement and delight I discovered that this eminent scientist, whose name ranks with James, Bergson and Royce, had just completed the most thorough and constructive study of will power ever made. I was astonished to read his statement, "The will is just as susceptible of development as the muscles of the body"! My question was answered! Eagerly I read further—how Dr. Haddock had devoted twenty years to this study—how he had so completely mastered it that he was actually able to set down the very exercises by which anyone could develop the will, making it a bigger, stronger force each day, simply through an easy, progressive course of Training.

It is almost needless to say that I at once began to practise the exercises formulated by Dr. Haddock. And I need not recount the extraordinary results that I obtained almost from the first day. I have already indicated the success that my developed power of will has made for me.

But it may be thought that my case is exceptional. Let me again assure you that I am but an average man, with no superdeveloped powers, save that of my will. And to further prove my contention let me cite one or two instances I have since come across, which seem to show conclusively that an indomitable will can be developed by anyone.

One case that comes to my mind is that of a young man who worked in a big factory. He was bright and willing, but seemed to get nowhere. Finally he took up the study of will training, at the suggestion of Mr. W. M. Taylor, the famous efficiency expert of the Willys-Overland Company, and in less than a year his salary was increased 800%. Then there is the case of C. D. Van Vechten, General Agent of the Northwestern Life Insurance Company, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Just a short time after receiving the methods in will development suggested by Prof. Haddock, he felt that they would be worth from $3,000 to $30,000 to him.

Another man, Mr. H. D. Ferguson, residing in Hot Springs, Ark., increased his earnings from $40 a week to $90 a week in a remarkably short space of time after he began the study of will training. These are but a few—there are many other equally amazing examples which I personally know about. And aside from the financial gain, this training has enabled thousands to overcome drink and other vices almost overnight—has helped overcome sickness and nervousness, has transformed unhappy, envious, discontented people into dominating personalities filled with the joy of living.

Prof. Haddock's lessons, rules and exercises in will training have recently been compiled and published in book form by the Pelton Publishing Co., of Meriden, Conn. Mr. Pelton has authorized me to say that any reader who cares to examine the book may do so without sending any money in advance. In other words, if after a week's reading you do not feel that this book is worth $3, the sum asked, return it and you will owe nothing. When you receive your copy for examination I suggest that you first read the articles on: the law of great thinking; how to develop analytical power; how to perfectly concentrate on any subject; how to guard against errors in thought; how to drive from the mind unwelcome thoughts; how to develop fearlessness; how to use the mind in sickness; how to acquire a dominating personality.

Some few doubters will scoff at the idea of will power being the fountainhead of wealth, position and everything we are striving for, and some may say that no mere book can teach the development of the will. But the great mass of intelligent men and women will at least investigate for themselves by sending for the book at the publisher's risk. I am sure that any book that has done for me—and for thousands of others—what "Power of Will" has done—is well worth investigating. It is interesting to note that among the 150,000 owners who have read, used and praised "Power of Will," are such prominent men as Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, Ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieut.-Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster-General Britt; General Manager Christeson, of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Governor Arthur Capper of Kansas, and thousands of others.

As a first step in will training, I would suggest immediate action in this matter before you. It is not even necessary to write a letter. Use the form below, if you prefer, addressing it to the Pelton Publishing Company, 12-H Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. This one act may mean the turning point of your life, as it has meant to me and to so many others.

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The Plays

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SEVENTH SIN
PRIDE
WRATH
SLOTH
GREED
ENVY

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The Wealth in Waste

[*Continued from page 19*]

conversion of waste into wealth. The process is usually accompanied by howls of protest from factory owners. Show one of our recklessly conservative manufacturers how to save money and forthwith he throws up his hands and swears that a legislative conspiracy has been formed to ruin him. There is hardly an ore-smelting company in the United States that has not protested against laws framed to protect farmers and to prevent the pollution of the atmosphere with fumes that kill vegetation for miles around, and there is not a single company that has ceased its abominable practices that would return to the halcyon days when it not only blasted every spear of green around it but lost a fortune besides.

The fumes that roll out of a smelter's stack (fumes which to an artist symbolize industry but which are a badge of shame) are worth money — much money. In normal times we import three-fourths of our bismuth; yet three thousand pounds a day fume away from western smelters. Fully twenty thousand pounds of arsenic float off in the smelting of ores every year; one plant alone wastes enough arsenic in a year to supply the entire annual demand of the country. Sulphur is often combined with valuable ores. When the ore is smelted the sulphur is released in the form of a gas. Sulphur is one of the most necessary commodities in the world; yet a single smelter of moderate size will waste a thousand tons of sulphur a day. A horrified chemist has estimated that if the supposedly wise business men who sit at the directors' boards of smelting companies would only take the trouble to catch the smoke that pours out in livid clouds from their stacks, it would make eight million tons of sulphuric acid in a year. But that is not all. Besides the sulphur a certain amount of recoverable copper, lead, zinc, tin, gold, silver, and nickel is lost. Would you believe that a company of supposedly sane, hard-headed, yellow-back loving, free-born Americans would fling into the air four thousand dollars worth of these metals every working day? The half-intoxicated miner who thrills a Chicago hotel lobby by lighting his cigar with a twenty dollar bill has become a classic symbol of reckless abandon. But what a pusillanimous, feeble, shabby attempt at wantonly destroying wealth is his compared with the sensational feat of throwing away four thousand dollars between every sunrise and sunset.

Chemists pointed out the folly of these ways over and over again; but theirs were voices crying in the wilderness. When outraged farmers applied to courts for injunctions and to legislatures for relief, the smelting companies began to bestir themselves. One southern copper company now recovers two hundred and fifty thousand tons of sulphuric acid a year. Of the three million tons of sulphuric acid made in this country annually, at least two hundred thousand are obtained from the roasting of zinc sulphide. The more that is recovered, the better for the farmer. Not that the farmer has much use for the acid as such, but that without it the phosphate that he needs to fertilize his fields cannot be obtained from the rock in which it is bound. Plentiful, cheap acid means plentiful crops — agricultural wealth.

To Professor F. G. Cottrell is due much of the credit for enriching smelting companies by showing them how to make money out of smoke. He has invented a very ingenious method of electrically precipitating chimney fumes — a method which is one of the most remarkable scientific achievements of our time and about which more should be known. Sooner or later it will be applied to every chimney which belches dividends that ought to be paid to stockholders.

There are wonderful business chances in smoke. If Wall Street knew more about chimneys it would take many a flyer in smoke. You ask for an opportunity of making money? Go to Waterbury, Connecticut, and study the brass industry. That one town alone wastes seventy-five hundred pounds of zinc a day in the form of zinc oxide which passes out of the chimneys of its brass industry. There are a dozen New England towns in which the same waste can be observed. Invent some kind of electrically heated furnace and combine with it Cottrell's method of precipitating zinc fumes and you will spend your old age yachting along the Riviera.

If a few smelters and foundry stacks can squander wealth on a scale so alarming, what shall be said of chimneys that pour ordinary coal smoke into the air — of the chimneys of textile mills, locomotives, steamships, and ordinary homes? Smoke costs London $73,000 a day in extra lighting bills, with the deplorable result that the greater the amount of artificial light required, the greater is the amount of smoke produced. The black fumes of Chicago cause an annual loss of $50,000,000 in ruined merchandise. Since one-third of our population lives in cities, the United States Geological Survey estimates, on this basis, that the total annual loss caused by soot reaches a dizzy total of $600,000,000. We could build two Panama Canals for that. Much of this appalling loss is due to bad stoking. Hundreds of automatic devices for smokeless combustion have been patented. Most of them are failures because the patentees have never ascertained the cause and have concerned themselves chiefly with the problem of conveying coal to the furnace and not with the manner in which the furnace should be fired. Still, there are enough properly designed mechanisms, both for large and small plants, to warrant the statement that efficient machine firing is now possible.

After the discovery that the ordinary boiler furnace burns money as well as coal, what may not be expected of the engines themselves? We have been using steam engines for a century, but we have not yet learned how to build one which is economical. Even well-designed engines deliver only about ten per cent of the energy derived from a ton of coal. The engineer who can make the steam engine less wasteful will earn everlasting glory. As if not content with the prodigality of their locomotives as wasters of energy, our railroads allow them to accumulate boiler scale. An incrustation only one-sixteenth of an inch thick means a loss of thirteen per cent efficiency; an eighth of an inch (found only too frequently) means a loss of twenty-five per cent. All told, about fifteen million tons of coal are annually wasted because of this locomotive boiler scale.

TIME was when the steel industry was the arch offender in wasting fuel. The Germans taught it a lesson which it has learned by heart. About 1894 they began experiments which culminated in a method of driving engines with the gases given off in a steel plant. No longer are the valuable gases from a blast furnace in which iron is melted discharged into the air. They are collected and washed now in order to drive great engines which furnish power for the plant itself. Whole towns are lighted with power thus generated. Politicians, who know nothing of science but a great deal about gullible human nature, pointed to the reduction in the price of steel from one hundred and forty-five to twenty dollars a ton as an evidence of what a beneficent tariff act could accomplish in the way of reducing instead of raising prices. To this day the average voter does not know that the price of steel was reduced because the chemist and the engineer had solved the problem of utilizing waste blast furnace gases.

If steel makers save gas it may be supposed that they make the most of other wastes. After iron is smelted slag is left. What can be done with it? Once upon a time the ironmonger was glad to have someone haul it away and use it for road-building. Much of it is still so utilized. Now he sells it to the cement manufacturer, who converts it into a material with a thousand uses. Over ten per cent of the cement out of which houses, dams, and bridges are built is made of slag, and that ten per cent aggregates nine million barrels a year. The saving is more far-reaching than may be supposed. The companies that make Portland cement are true conservationists; they have done more constructive work in preventing the waste of our natural resources than Congress. Whole forests are now standing which would have been cut down to provide shingles, beams and boards, had it not been for the introduction of cheap, slag building-cements.

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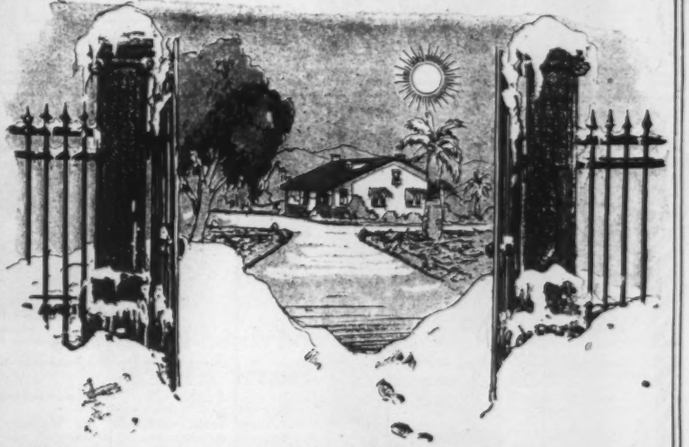

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dust of a blast furnace. What is three per cent? A mere speck compared with the millions of tons actually converted into steel, something at which one can snap one's fingers. And yet that three per cent of dust, when collected and treated with metallurgical intelligence, means a saving of one million, three hundred thousand tons of iron annually.

The coal baron who puts all historical squanderers of wealth to shame with his careless methods of mining and coking coal has a rival in the paper duke — only the paper duke wastes his substance with tears in his eyes, confessing that something ought to be done to stop him and calling to the government to help him. He has reason to weep, and so have we. Fifty per cent of the wood out of which all our printing paper is made flows down drains and defiles rivers, so that fish will no longer visit them to spawn. Dozens of chemists have endeavored to save money by devising ways of utilizing the liquors of what is known as the "sulphite process," by which much of our paper is made. As yet a commercially practicable method has not been worked out. The man who solves the problem satisfactorily will do as much for mankind as the man who invented printing; for he will make it possible to sell paper cheaper and to print fine editions of Shakespeare and Darwin for ten cents a volume.

The paper duke can be forgiven for pouring money into streams because he has not been materially assisted by the chemists as yet. But what shall be said of the lumber king? What fitting denunciation can be phrased to describe the yearly waste of one hundred and twelve million tons of wood in manufacturing merchantable timber — more than a ton for every man, woman and child in the country? Only fifteen per cent of the standing tree appears as finished lumber after the ax and the saw have done their work; more than sixty-five per cent is left on the ground. The money lost in the form of mill waste is far greater than the profit made from salable lumber.

Every sawmill produces an amount of sawdust which must be disposed of in some way, if it is not to be piled up in a huge mound, a prey to spontaneous combustion. There are not enough dolls to stuff into life-like rotundity with it, nor enough bar-room floors to sprinkle with it. One lumberman blows his sawdust through a pipe — like peas from a pea-shooter — into freight cars and sells it for thirty dollars a car to ice companies, packing houses and stables. Others try to burn it, but without much success. It is hard to burn powder-like combustibles. More or less successful attempts have been made to convert the sawdust into a gas and to drive engines with it. In Europe, where coal is dear, it is compressed into briquettes and shoveled into furnaces of special construction. Better still is the European method of mixing it with binders, such as soluble glass, slaughter-house blood, and potassium bichromate to make a plastic mass, which, pressed into a very beautiful artificial wood, looks for all the world like what it is not.

The Forest Products Laboratory, a government institution at Madison, Wisconsin, has long been engaged in devising methods for manufacturing sawdust into salable things. For all you know the silk socks on your feet, the biscuits that you eat with your tea, the rugs on your floor, the twine with which you tie up a parcel may have been made from sawdust by processes akin to those which have been evolved by the Forest Products Laboratory; for sawdust can be chemically and mechanically converted into artificial silk, baking powder, sugar, twine, milk-bottles, rugs, and the strongest paper ever made. Not so long ago the members of the National Lumber Manufacturers' Association of Chicago visited this "sawdust laboratory" and ate biscuits made with baking powder and sugar into which sawdust had been chemically metamorphosed. Last year silk stockings to the value of five million, five hundred thousand dollars were made from sawdust, which would have been burned a few years ago. More than twenty thousand tons of wood flour, valued at three hundred thousand dollars, are used annually in the United States in the manufacture of dynamite and of inlaid linoleum. That is only a beginning; for thirty-six million cords of such waste are produced by our sawmills each year. If more outlets for sawdust are needed the chemist can indicate them. He will tell you that alcohol, acetic acid, wood naphtha and oxalic acid can all be made from sawdust.

When you consider that mill waste alone amounts to over a cord for every thousand feet of lumber why is it that bankers, who are supposed to have a highly developed faculty for making money, do not turn to the forest instead of to the automobile and munitions factory for investment opportunities? Thousands of fortunes are to be made in the south alone. Arthur D. Little, a well-known paper chemist, maintains that in our southern states the wastes of long-leaf yellow pine alone would produce every day — yes, every day — forty thousand tons of paper, three thousand tons of rosin, three hundred thousand gallons of turpentine, six hundred thousand gallons of ethyl alcohol, together with fuel sufficient to meet the requirements of all the industries that could produce these products. Professor Robert Kennedy Duncan once figured out that a pine tree is worth ten dollars a ton standing; cut and stripped its value is fifteen dollars a ton; boiled into pulp it can be sold for forty dollars a ton; bleached it is worth fifty-five dollars a ton; turned into viscose and spun into silk it brings five thousand dollars. Why are there no Carnegies of the pine?

AFTER so disheartening an example of an opportunity missed it is a relief to return to an enterprise so admirably conducted that it wastes nothing. The most conspicuous example in the United States of the wealth that can be made from waste is unquestionably presented by the meat packing industry. Meat is dear; but it would be dearer still if ways had not been found for utilizing the things that the old-time butcher threw away when he killed and dressed a steer or a hog. The meat industry has become a chemical industry. A carcass is not only a source of food but of the raw materials for many a manufacturing enterprise. Out of the blood an albumen is made for clarifying sugar, tanning and calico printing. What fat is not sold over the counter with the meat, is rendered, to be used in the making of oleomargerine, poultry food, soap and candles. Out of the hoofs and horns a hundred useful articles are manufactured — buttons, tooth brushes, knife handles, combs, Prussian blue, gelatine for jellies, and glue. The hides go to the tanner, and the hair and bristles to the mattress maker and brush manufacturer. The bones are ground up to make fertilizer or made into buttons and knife handles. A drug factory is connected with every packing house; for the glands are the basis of a rich pharmaceutical industry. Many a disease is cured with preparations made from those parts of a calf which were once thrown into the offal pile. Nothing escapes the boiling kettle or the machine. A steer is used up from the tip of his horns to the last hair of his tail.

The cotton industry may soon rival the slaughter houses of Chicago and Omaha. Before 1890 the lint was the only valuable part of cotton. Laws are still to be found on the statute books of some states to punish the ginner who accumulates large quantities of rotting cotton seed. It is not impossible that in the near future cotton will be grown as much for seed as for the fiber. Out of every ton of cotton seed about forty-five gallons of oil are squeezed. Olive oil finds in that oil a close competitor. Lard, soaps, cathedral burning oil, lubricants and oleomargerine are made with it. The cake left after the oil has been squeezed out of the seed is a fine fertilizer and cattle food. And the fiber of the seed, carefully stripped off before the oil is expressed, forms part of your mattresses, pillows and felt hats.

In the course of time the things that were once considered by-products, things to be thrown away or sold at any price, have almost become main products. The war has been responsible for a few such curious reversals. Soap, in these topsy-turvy times is less important than the glycerine by-product also produced in its manufacture. Any first-class safe-blower knows that glycerine is one of the essential ingredients of nitro-glycerine — "soup" in his expressive vernacular. So does the munitions maker. No longer may soap be imported into Great Britain. That is not because Great Britain is prejudiced against foreign soap but because it is not accompanied by its waste glycerine. In order that glycerine may be obtained in large quantities it becomes an Englishman's patriotic duty to scrub himself as frequently as possible with British soap. Every time a Manchester clerk uses up a cake of soap he kills a "boche," metaphorically speaking; at least he has increased the domestic output of glycerine, which amounts almost to the same thing.

War is a fine industrial educator. Cut off the ordinary channels of communication and there is no place like home for making money.

It pays now to poke into scrap piles. Small fortunes have been made by "mining" the rubber in an abandoned factory dump-heap. "Mining" is the right word, because claims were actually staked out in this miniature Klondike. Chlorine gas, a by-product of German chemical works, is compressed into a liquid and shipped to the battlefield. Released from the steel cylinders in which it is imprisoned, it steals over the ground, wafted by a favorable zephyr, in a low-lying cloud, the beautiful, sinister, yellowness of which is a warning of the agonizing death that awaits those who breathe it. Hydrogen is another gas which is a by-product of German factories. Do the Germans throw it away? The question almost answers itself, when the buoyancy of the gas is considered. It is bottled and used to inflate Zeppelin raiders and observation balloons.

When wastes are utilized in this fashion, curious economic effects are often produced. Who would connect molasses with gold mining? Yet the discovery of what is known as the cyanide process of gold extraction brought West Indian molasses and Transvaal mines together. At first cyanide cost over one dollar a pound; before the war its market price was fifteen cents. The reduction in price is in part due to the utilization of molasses. Now, molasses is a waste product in sugar making. Distilled it makes a good rum. But who would intoxicate the world simply to utilize a waste? It makes a good cattle fodder. But cattle, as well as humans, sicken from eating too much sweet. As might be expected, the Germans solved the problem. Two factories in Germany produce annually from molasses five thousand tons of ammonium sulphate fertilizer and five thousand tons of sodium cyanide. Before the war Transvaal miners paid one million, seven hundred thousand dollars a year for gold-extracting cyanide. It is easy to understand why the Germans took so lively an interest in molasses when you consider that a reduction of a single cent a pound in the price of cyanide means an annual saving of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to the gold industry alone and about twelve million dollars annually to the entire world. But there is more in waste molasses than cyanide. There is medicine, too. A chemist found that molasses contains betaine. He devised a process for converting the betaine into the "acidol-pepsin" prescribed by physicians for indigestion.

Bagasse is another waste of the sugar industry. It is the cellular matter of the cane stalk left after milling. Most of it is burnt. Four tons of wet bagasse will yield one ton of paper worth twenty dollars. Even in tropical countries where coal is dear, bagasse is worth six times as much as paper than as fuel.

DO you remember the dispute about potash which we had with Germany a few years ago? It was a very one-sided dispute because Germany owns the one big potash deposit in the world, so that she could carry out any marketing scheme that she saw fit to devise, whether or not our farmers liked it. Our land has been fertilized for half a century and more with German potash sold to us by an admirably managed German trust at trust prices. The war has accentuated the whole world's utter dependence on Germany for potash. So hard put to it is every country for potash, that some of the methods that have been proposed to obtain it sound almost ridiculous. Since the ash left by your cigar or cigarette consists of about one-fifth potash, an English chemist has very seriously proposed the collection of all hotel, club and restaurant tobacco ash. It sounds German. When you are told, as he tells you, that he collected two pounds and eight ounces of ashes and stubs from a single large restaurant in ten days, that the United Kingdom consumes 44,529 tons of tobacco and cigars, that all this, when burnt, gives 13,359 tons of ash and therefore 2072 tons of potash, you begin to believe that not only should all the tobacco ash in the United Kingdom be husbanded, but that smoking is a patriotic duty.

It so happens that in our Pacific kelp, a sea weed which grows in such profusion that it is a nuisance, we have a source of potash which some day may make us independent of German potash. Fully 1,000,000 tons of potash a year could be extracted from this kelp. Our kelp is a source of potash three times as big as our total potash importations from Germany. Besides, we can make from the kelp some good foods relished by the Japanese, much cattle fodder, and iodine worth millions at present prices.

The German monopoly of potash has been irksome for the whole world. To get potash the French were among the first to make the most of wool. A sheep is an animated chemical factory. When he chews grass he absorbs a certain amount of potash, which circulates through his system and eventually exudes through his skin and sticks to his wool. Nearly two-thirds of a fleece's weight is composed of this potash. This grease and grime is ordinarily lost in washing the wool. But the French keep the dirty water and turn it over to chemists. No less than three million pounds of potassium carbonate are annually made from the potash thus saved in the mills and scouring establishments of France and Belgium. Besides, the wool fat and wool perspiration are collected to serve as the basis of some useful pharmaceutical preparations. Every hundred pounds of raw wool contains seventy cents worth of matter commonly regarded as waste. Before the solvent process of "degreasing" wool was introduced, nearly three million dollars worth of wool fat and potash were annually wasted in the United States.

Nearly every industry has its wastes, which should serve as the raw materials of still other industries. Out of the by-products of a celluloid factory, a good artificial leather is made. Putrid cheese, reacting on sugar, or distilled, rancid butter, treated with alcohol and sulphuric acid, yields an acceptable oil of pineapples. Many an artificial perfume is made from a vile-smelling compound. Thus a stench may be elevated to the dignity of a fashionable scent. The clothes that we discard, so far from ending their career in the ash barrel are picked apart and respun into new fabrics in which cotton plays a part; and the fabric after having again done duty in a pair of trousers is converted into shoddy, which is an indispensable material to the weaver, if prices are to be kept down. No one can truly say that he alone wore the coat on his back; it may be but the promoted rags of a vagabond. Many a fine substitute for oil of sweet almonds has been squeezed out of waste cherry pits. And many a fine house has been built of ceramic stone composed in part of broken whiskey bottles. The billiard ball that rolls over a green table is probably a new form of cow's milk. You and I write our love letters on what was once an old linen cuff, with ink made from the rusty hoop of an old beer barrel. Hamlet was chemically right when he inquired: "Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till we find it stopping a bung-hole?"

Read the adventures of the modern industrial chemist as he struggles with garbage and filth and the miracles of fairy tales pale in comparison. A wand may change a pumpkin into a state coach. Is that more wonderful than turning out of an old shirt a piece of note-paper on which you may pen a billet-doux? Or the transformation of milk into combs? Or conjuring sugar out of sawdust?

Tell the industrial chemist who works these wonders that he is a magician, and he will look at you with mingled amazement and pity. He doesn't want to be classed with the vaudeville prestidigitator who cracks eggs in silk hats and thereupon pulls out yards and yards of motley colored paper ribbons. He is a scientific counsellor to business men — one who analyzes the offal of a factory with test-tube and retort and determines whether or not it has industrial possibilities. He prospects scrap heaps as a gold miner prospects an Alaskan alluvial deposit. He teaches the business man that the dump heap is a mine — that in the lexicon of manufacturing there should be no such word as waste. "Wealth in Waste" is the motto emblazoned over the portals of his laboratory.

There's a use for everything in this world — even for the dead rat. Every dump is a potential gold mine. Not so long ago we saw a check for $50,000 paid by a great manufacturing company to a chemist who had discovered a profitable use for a waste. That company typifies every manufacturing plant, great and small. Because a thing is thrown away it is no good. If you are a manufacturer and you feel that the chimney, the drain-pipe and the scrap heap are eating into your profits, tell us so. Perhaps we can help you, either by referring you to some printed technical publication in which a problem similar to yours has been discussed and the solution given, or by giving you the name of some competent industrial chemist or engineer whom you can consult. No matter how small your plant may be, its wastes may be worth exploiting. Write to the Editor of McClure's.

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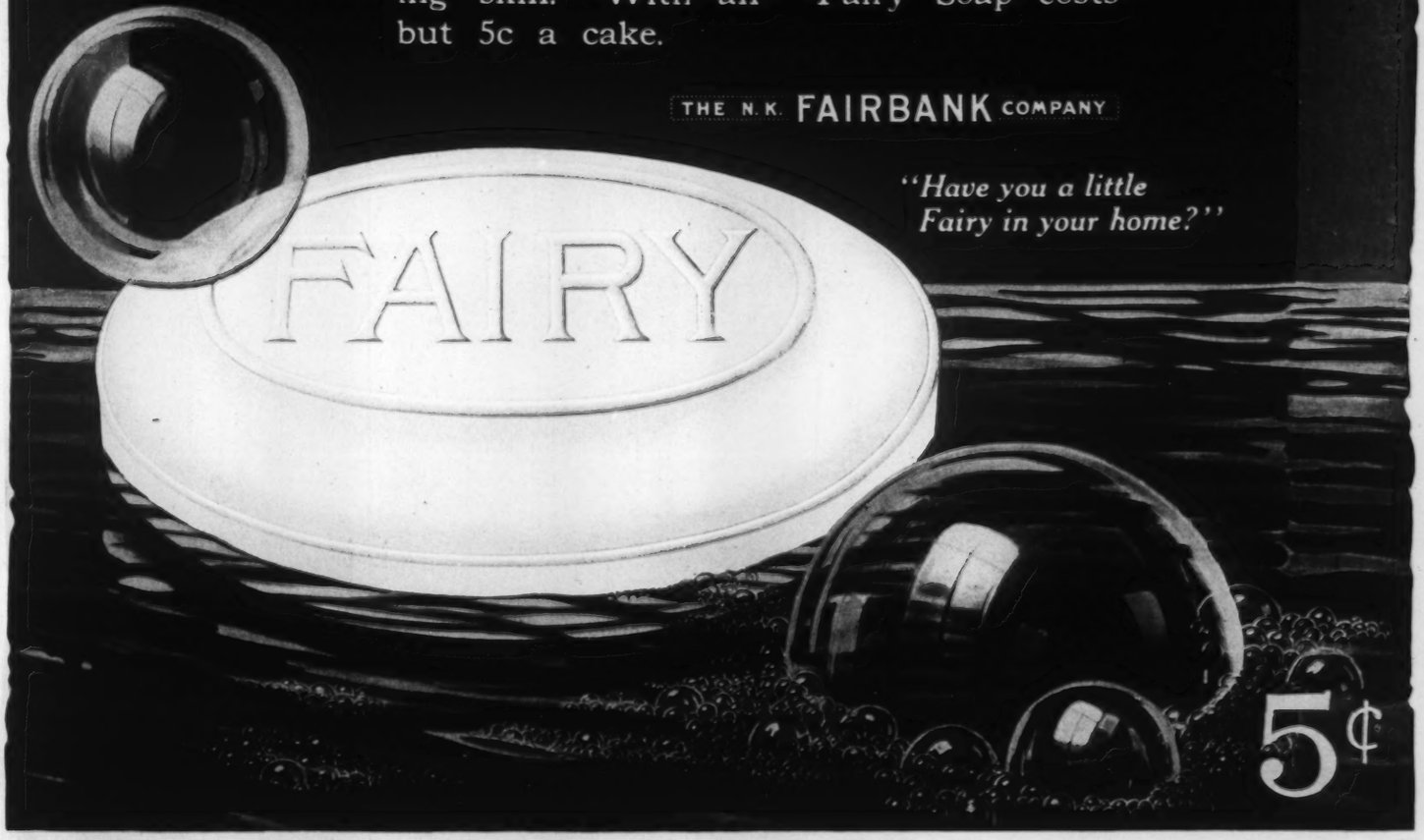

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